C. W. DILKE

There were also, with the Volume, two half of two Quarto sheets of writing paper, preserved I presume because much written on by Warburton. The passages by Warburton were inserted I will be found marked at pp 219. 20 - 474 - and 543. One the last - the after the last part of the Life - Warburton wrote

"The decent reserve which you so properly supported throughout with regard to the Character of the Editor must make indeed me to be more earnest with you to put your name to the Life, to screen me from the abuse of an iniquitous public who will give it to me for many foolish reasons, and there abuse me for speaking civily of my self, tho' with so much reserve. [You have said little or nothing of his prose pieces, though they be as exquisite in their kind as his poetry.] The
The remarks I have made throughout are only hints for your consideration, of which you are entire master, to reject or make use of. Only more you think fit to use I must beg you to draw out in a proper manner, and to insert them as your own in their proper places, for as I made the remarks as I read, some of them are out of place."

The Warburton MSS, formerly belonging to Ruffhead, are in Mr Murray's possession - I have marked the twelve passages which are in Warburton's hand-writing, & they will be found pp 220 - 341, 2 - 340, 9 - 394 - 407, 8 - 535 - 540 - -

I have seen an Edition of [illegible] which had been submitted to Warburton, with his notes transcribed — The title page so far incomplete that it scarcely announced "Printed for" without the names of the booksellers.

The Notes were mostly critical — as to style. The suggestions up to p 440 were not adopted — and after 306 a cordial was the consequence — upon which I suppose that the Bishop's proofs were not returned in time. At p 440 a passage was struck out, the one beginning "But the true master" substituted by Warburton. Three were considered so far important as to require a cancel, as appears from reference to this Volume. After this for some sheets the proofs were returned with greater dispatch — for a time for the corrections were made on the proof and found in the Volume. Lastly the Bishop fell into arrears, there are three or four notes which I have marked worth transferring — see p 491 - 513 - 526 - 572 — (also 306)

It might be inferred from the above that Warburton had to do with Pastoralls' Life. None has been generally asserted — but there was proof in one note that Warburton had seen the work in MS. that probably amongst the metrical & written passages. (see also title page) There at p 461, the note beginning "In truth" did in the first instance come nine lines further, to the effect that — Pope observed to a particular friend that Young or some other had observed &c in respect to Pompey's Theatre to be which Warburton wrote — "This paragraph placed here, has lost all its grace, (if it ever had any) in being disjoined from the place where I directed it to be put. Nor was this an observation of Mr Pope, but intended for an observation of the writer of his Life, and to be given amongst the reasons for his not writing for the stage. I think it ought not to stand here. But to be transferred to the place where I designed it, namely where the reasons are given why he did not write for the stage, in the very words of my MS paper. And I think this might to be reformed in this Edition by cancelling a leaf or two."

12274 U.T.

1227 # 6,2.

ALEXANDRO POPE,
M·H·
GULIELMUS EPISCOPUS GLOCESTRIENSIS
AMICITIÆ CAUSA FAC·CUR·
MDCCLXI.
POETA LOQUITUR.
For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.
Heroes and Kings your distance keep,
In Peace let one poor Poet sleep:
Who never flatter'd folks like you,
Let Horace blush and Virgil too.

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

COMPILED FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS;

WITH A CRITICAL ESSAY ON HIS WRITINGS AND GENIUS.

By OWEN RUFFHEAD, Esq.

LONDON:

Printed for C. Bathurst, H. Woodfall, W. Strahan, J. and F. Rivington, W. Johnston, B. White, T. Caslon, T. Longman, B. Law, Johnson and Payne, S. Bladon, T. Cadell, and the Executors of A. Millar. MDCCLXIX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Hiſtory hath been chiefly compiled from original manuſcripts, which the writer had the honour to be entruſted with by the reverend and learned prelate, the Biſhop of Glouceſter, the intimate friend of Mr. POPE.

As a compoſition of this nature ought to be compleat in itſelf, without reference to any other work, the reader will, nevertheleſs, unavoidably meet with ſome repetitions of matter, which is already perhaps familiar to him.

In thoſe inſtances, where the writer hath been indebted to others, more eſpecially in what he hath borrowed from the Commentary and Notes, he hath, for the moſt part, followed the very words of the author, from whom the paſſages are taken. As in juſtice to the public, he would not preſume to alter expreſſions which he could not mend; ſo in juſtice to himſelf, he would not

incur the ſuſpicion, of attempting to conceal the true owner, by a pitiful variation.

With reſpect to the critical animadverſions on Mr. POPE's writings, and genius, he is far from being over anxious to make others adopt his ſentiments. He will think it ſufficient, if his remarks ſhould engage the reader to review his own opinions. Where he hath preſumed to differ from the moſt reſpectable authorities, he would be rather underſtood to propoſe a doubt, than to offer a contradiction: he is not ſo vain, to make light of the opinions of others; nor yet ſo modeſt, to ſuppreſs his own. It will give him leſs concern, however, to expoſe his want of judgment, than to be conſcious of the deſpicable inſincerity of feigning a conviction, which he does not feel.

To ſome, perhaps, the extracts will appear too copious, and he once entertained thoughts of referring to the paſſages, he judged proper to ſelect. But, beſide the great trouble and inceſſant interruption, which this would have occaſioned to the reader, it occurred to him that it would be impoſſible, more eſpecially in our

author's moral and didactic pieces, fully and candidly to exemplify the beauties and blemiſhes of his compoſitions, without giving a ſhort connected view of the plan of each piece, and of his chain of reaſoning; which contributes, in ſome inſtances, to conſtitute the peculiar excellencies and faults, which are moſt material to be remarked.

It would, to a few perhaps, have been ſufficient to have pointed out particular beauties by inverted commas, or other marks of diſtinction; and the writer is aware of the oſtentation of citing fine paſſages with *general applauſes*, and *empty exclamations*, at the ends of them. But he recollected, that ſlight intimations do not always ſtrike precipitate readers. Beſides, it is ſcarce poſſible ſometimes, when we are ſmitten with a fine paſſage, to ſuppreſs thoſe involuntary burſts of applauſe---*Euge! atque belle!* though, in truth, they are but empty exclamations.

Whenever ſuch may have eſcaped from his pen, he truſts that the candid reader will aſcribe them to a ſolicitude, which made him rather earneſt to do juſtice to the poet's merit, than to raiſe an admiration of his own judgment.

Should

ADVERTISEMENT.

Should the following ſheets, which have been the fruit of a leiſure vacation, be deemed by his graver friends, too foreign from the line of his profeſſion; he hath only to anſwer, that as the nature of the human mind requires diverſity to preſerve the edge of attention, ſo, to him, no kind of relaxation could have been more agreeable: and in his choice, he is juſtified by the authority of the great Lord Coke—After making certain allotments of time, not much perhaps to the taſte of a modern ſtudent, this great ſage of the law thus directs the application of the remainder—

Quod ſupereſt, ultro ſacris largire camenis.

Middle-Temple,
Jan. 2, 1769.

OWEN RUFFHEAD.

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq.

AMONG the chief beauties of a famous Italian poem, is the following allegory, ſo juſt and ingenious in the opinion of a great philoſopher, that he has borrowed it to illuſtrate and adorn a general principle in one of his more capital works——Attached to the thread of every man's life, ſays the noble allegoriſt, is a little medal, whereon each man's name is inſcribed, which TIME, waiting on the ſhears of FATE, catches up, as they fall from the inexorable ſteel, and bears to the river LETHE; into which, were it not for certain birds which keep flying about its banks, they would be immediately immerged. But theſe ſeize the medals ere they fall, and bear them for a while up and down in their beaks, with much noiſe and flutter; but careleſs of their charge, or unable to ſupport it, they moſt

of them ſoon drop their ſhining prey one after another into the oblivious ſtream. Nevertheleſs among theſe heedleſs carriers of fame, are a few *ſwans*, who, when they catch a medal, convey it carefully to the Temple of IMMORTALITY, where it is conſecrated.

Theſe ſwans, of later ages, have indeed been *rarae aves:* What innumerable names have been dropped into the dark ſtream of oblivion, for one that has been conſecrated in the bright temple of immortality!

When it is conſidered that the faculties which men receive from Nature, are perhaps nearly equal *, and that ſo few diſtinguiſh themſelves by the diſplay of any ſuperior talents, we are curious to become acquainted with the hiſtory of thoſe, who by their merits have tranſmitted their names to poſterity; and are anxious to diſcover by what means they attained that degree of excellence, which immortalized their memories.

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* It would be too much to conclude with ſome ſyſtematical writers, that all men properly organized, are equally capable of the greateſt efforts of genius: and that the inequality of talents is owing altogether to the difference of education. This is contradicted by daily experience. Education contributes moſtly, but not wholly. Among youth, ſome are found to receive inſtruction with uncommon quickneſs of perception; while others, under the ſame preceptor, betray a ſlowneſs of apprehenſion, which evidently marks a conſtitutional difference between their mental faculties.

It is indeed difficult, to assign the reasons why talents equally promising, should, even under the like early cultivation, bear such unequal crops of fame. But if we attend minutely to the causes by which men have acquired renown, we shall find that perhaps the far greater part owed their reputation to adventitious circumstances, concurring to excite their emulation, and render application grateful.

Genius is not forward to endure the toil of persevering study. It is aspiring and impatient. Unless animated by the early dawn of enlivening hope, it will soon become torpid and supine: or at best only break forth by sudden and unequal starts. Praise and renown, are the rich rewards it covets. Praise, as POPE observes, is to a young wit, like rain to a tender flower. If it is not occasionally revived by refreshing showers of applause, it will shrink and wither.

The fruits of genius can only be matured by a constant and assiduous culture *; without it, excelling parts may now and then produce a momentary blaze, but will never diffuse that strong and steady splendor, which shines to latest posterity.

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* The display of genius seems to depend on the power of attention, which is greater or less according to the strength of the passion which excites it: and this again in a great measure depends on certain constitutional, though unknown, differences in the structure of our minds.

As ſuch aſſiduity alone, can procure and eternize the glory of public applauſe, ſo it is the beſt title from whence we can derive the heart-felt pleaſures of ſelf-commendation. To be proud of the gifts of nature, is a prepoſterous vanity. Our improvements only, are what we can properly call our own, and which afford the moſt rational ground of inward approbation.

Various circumſtances however frequently occur to check the habit of improvement. The ſame exquiſite ſenſibility, and ſtrong glow of ſpirits, which warms the genius, fires the libertine; and opens to every mode of diſſipation. The blandiſhments of beauty, the joys of feſtivity, the attractions of pleaſure, under all its alluring forms, conſpire to withdraw the mind from great and noble purſuits. Theſe allurements have greater or leſs aſcendancy, in proportion as the objects of ambition are more or leſs diſtant. The habit of application will be vigorous or faint, as the reward propoſed is great or ſmall, near or remote. When genius wanders without a friendly guide to direct its ſteps, and encourage its progreſs; when it views but a faint proſpect of reaping the rich rewards to which it aſpires, then it too often becomes deſpondent *; and reſigns itſelf to the fatal in-

* We now and then, it is true, meet with a rare inſtance, where the paſſion which inſpires a genius, is ſo ſtrong and irreſiſtible, as to riſe ſuperior to all diſcouragements and oppoſitions.

toxication

toxication of the ſofter pleaſures. Thus in many, the latent powers of the mind remain unknown even to the poſſeſſor; and to theſe, among other reaſons, it may be imputed that ſo many ſtop ſhort in the career of glory, and that their names never reach poſterity.

Among the few diſtinguiſhed characters, however, whoſe names are reſcued from oblivion, and enrolled in the bright annals of fame, they ſtand in the moſt conſpicuous line, who have reaped the harveſt of glory, in the active ſcenes of life. The bulk of mankind, are more ſolicitous to learn the hiſtory of ſtateſmen and warriors, than to be acquainted with the calm and tranquil purſuits of poets and philoſophers.

The regular and uniform tenor of a ſtudious life, affords little variety for the entertainment of thoſe who are more amuſed by a ſucceſſion of glaring incidents, which gratify idle curioſity; than affected by a hiſtory, which might tend to enlarge the fund of uſeful knowledge.

It is nevertheleſs of more general importance to be acquainted with what, in ſome degree, concerns men of every rank, than with that which can only be intereſting to a few, who move in the higher ſtations. It is more eſſential to reflect on the means by which an obſcure man made his way to fame, through the ſtill paths of life, than to pry into the intrigues of miniſters, or gape at the atchievements of heroes.

Add to this, that in the hiſtories of ſtateſmen and warriors, we often admire merit which is not their own. They are often directed by thoſe, whom they appear to guide. Accident likewiſe, has a conſiderable ſhare in the events, which render them celebrated. Nay, their very errors frequently, by ſtrange and fortuitous occurrences, prove propitious to their fame.

But when we peruſe the lives of the learned, when we admire the ſentiments which adorn their pages, when we approve the moral and ſocial rules, by which they framed their conduct; we then pay the juſt tribute of applauſe, where alone it is due.

At the ſame time it muſt be confeſſed, that even literary reputation has ſometimes been undeſervedly acquired, and unjuſtly withheld. There are not many readers perhaps who judge for themſelves. The far greater part determine upon the authority of others, rather than from their own ſentiments. Thus the partial judgment or caprice of ſome faſhionable and over-ruling critic, often miſleads the herd.

When a falſe judgment is once eſtabliſhed, it is not eaſily ſubverted. They, adhere moſt pertinaciouſly to their opinions, who build them on the authority of others. Men in general are not forward to condemn, what their fathers approved. Thus error gains a kind of preſcriptive title: till ſome other admired critic, to whom the throng pay implicit homage, has the

ſpirit

ſpirit and virtue to oppoſe miſtaken prejudice, and ſet the public judgment right.

There have been ſome, however, in the learned world, whoſe merit ſtands on ſo fair and firm a baſis, as not to need the prop of partiality to ſupport it, or to be in danger of being ſhaken or undermined by prejudice or caprice.

Among the few whoſe fame is thus firmly rooted, Mr. Pope ſtands capitally diſtinguiſhed. Our bard, however, experienced the common fate of every man who ſtarts from the crowd. Ignorance and envy waged war againſt his merit. So true is Moliere's obſervation——

La vertu dans le monde eſt toujours pourſuivie,
Lex envieux mouront, mais non jamais l'envie.

His towering fame however ſoon ſoared above the reach of thoſe obſcure Dunces, who would have ſtopped his aſpiring growth. But envy would not quit her hold; and when ſhe could no longer detract from the faculties of his mind, maliciouſly endeavoured to arraign the virtues of his heart.

With what little juſtice attempts have been made to depreciate either the one or the other, will be examined in the courſe of the following ſheets; and as an admiration of his genius ſhall not pervert the juſtice of criticiſm, ſo neither

ſhall a regard for his virtues, be an inducement to conceal his failings.

The life of a ſtudious man can conſiſt of little elſe than a character of *himſelf*, and of his *writings*; and the hiſtory of the author and of the man are ſo intimately blended, that they ſerve to illuſtrate each other: ſince, to an accurate obſerver, the temper and morals of a writer generally breathe through his works.

In this hiſtory, therefore, which will contain the moſt intereſting particulars of our poet's life, an account will be interwoven of his writings, as they are publiſhed in the *octavo* edition; with ſuch animadverſions as they may occaſionally furniſh: as likewiſe with remarks on ſuch criticiſms as have appeared on particular pieces: and from this review of his writings, an attempt will be made to form a general critique, on the nature, force and extent of his *genius*.

As a critical diſquiſition of this nature, however, will be more peculiarly calculated for the entertainment of the learned, the reader's attention will be occaſionally relieved, and his curioſity gratified, by a detail of ſeveral anecdotes, concerning our author and his cotemporaries; of which many have never yet been made public.

Several inſtances likewiſe will be occaſionally produced from his *unpubliſhed* letters, of the ſtrict

ſtrict correſpondence between his public and private ſentiments. Such a compariſon, it is apprehended, will be of ſingular benefit; for a reader cannot fail to receive additional delight and profit, when he is convinced of the ſincerity of the writer's ſentiments: which cannot be better demonſtrated, than by ſuch an exemplification.

Laſtly, his *moral* character will be particularly exemplified in all its various relations: and this part of the deſign will be of the moſt general uſe; for though, to many, the account of the author may be moſt entertaining, yet the hiſtory of the man will be found moſt inſtructive. All may, and ought to, emulate the latter, though very few are bleſt with powers to rival the former.

Having thus ſtated the plan of the enſuing hiſtory, it next remains to make the reader acquainted with the circumſtances of our author's life.

In the hiſtories of celebrated perſons, we frequently meet with fabulous relations of miraculous incidents, which attended them either in the womb, or in the cradle, as prophetic of their future eminence. We do not find, however, that any thing remarkable happened to our poet, either at his birth, or during his early infancy. No bees were ſeen to hang upon his lips, no doves bound his temples with the laurel of Apollo, or the myrtle of Venus.

He

He was born in London, on the 21ſt day of May, in the year 1688, and was chriſtened by the name of Alexander. He deſcended from a good family in Oxfordſhire, and we are indebted to the baſe and illiberal aſperſions * which malice attempted to throw on his character, for the following ſhort account of his genealogy.

His father, whoſe Chriſtian name was likewiſe Alexander, was a conſiderable merchant, and a diſtant relation to the Earl of Downe, whoſe ſole heireſs married the Earl of Lindſay. Our poet's mother, Editha, was the daughter of William Turner, Eſq; of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died, in the ſervice of King Charles I. And the eldeſt, becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remained after the ſequeſtrations and forfeitures of her family.

Our bard was naturally of a tender and delicate conſtitution, but of a temper nevertheleſs

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* In one of Curl's and other pamphlets, Mr. POPE's father was ſaid to be a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay a bankrupt; but what is ſtrange, a nobleman (if ſuch a reflection could be thought to come from a nobleman) had dropt an alluſion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper, called An Epiſtle to a Doctor in Divinity. The following line likewiſe——

"Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obſcure,"

fell from a like courtly pen, in certain verſes to the imitator of Horace.—Our author, by way of refutation of theſe mean falſehoods, was tempted to publiſh the account of his genealogy which is given above.

peculiarly ſweet and engaging; theſe circumſtances, no doubt, contributed to endear him to his parents, for, as on the one hand, the mildneſs and ſuavity of his diſpoſition attracted their love, ſo on the other hand, the imbecility of his frame, excited a tender commiſeration; and thus both co-operated to increaſe and confirm their parental affection.

It was probably owing to their tenderneſs for him, that it was late before he was ſent to ſchool, having in his childhood been taught to read by an aunt. By the time he was ſeven or eight years old, he is ſaid to have taken uncommon delight in reading: and it is remarkable that he learnt to write by imitating print, which he copied with great correctneſs and exactneſs.

When he attained his eighth year, he was placed under the private tuition of one Taverner, a prieſt *, who lived ſomewhere in Hampſhire; from him he learned the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues, and he made a very conſiderable progreſs under the care of this inſtructor.

At this very early age, he diſcovered the bent of his genius. About that time, he chanced to meet with Ogilby's tranſlation of

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* His family was of the Romiſh religion, in which he himſelf was educated, and conſtantly profeſſed: but an occaſion will occur hereafter to ſpeak more particularly of his religious principles.

Homer,

Homer, and was ſo ſmitten with the ſubject, that he read it with great avidity and delight; being then too young to be diſguſted, by the poverty and inſipidity of the verſion. He ſoon after took Sandys's Ovid in hand, and the agreeable impreſſions he received from theſe indifferent tranſlations, were ſo powerful, that he ever after continued to ſpeak of them with pleaſure.

He did not remain long, however, under the tuition of the prieſt; he was ſent from him, in a little time, to a private ſchool at Twiford near Wincheſter. Neither did he continue there any conſiderable time; for in about a year he was removed from thence to a ſchool near Hyde-Park Corner, being then about ten years of age. At theſe ſchools, he made no proficiency, but rather loſt, under theſe two laſt negligent maſters, what he had acquired under the former. He was himſelf ſo ſenſible of the inſufficiency of his maſter at Twiford, that, among his earlieſt pieces, he wrote a very juſt ſatire, expoſing the failings and defects he had diſcovered in him.

In the courſe of his ſchool exerciſes however, he tranſlated above one fourth of Ovid's Metamorphoſis, beſides detached pieces here and there. The tranſlation of the Thebaid of Statius, was likewiſe among the productions of his childhood, but finding the verſes, on a review of them, better than he expected, he gave it ſome correction in his riper years, and put it into

into the form wherein it is now printed in the octavo edition.

While he was at the ſchool near Hyde-Park Corner, the attention paid to his conduct was ſo remiſs, that he was ſuffered to frequent the playhouſe in company with the greater boys. At his years, and with his caſt of genius, it is eaſy to conceive that the novelty of theatrical repreſentation, muſt have made a more than ordinary impreſſion on his mind. He was ſo forcibly ſmitten with the charms of the drama, that he was diſpoſed to imitation, and applied himſelf to turn the chief tranſactions of the Iliad into a kind of play, compoſed of a number of ſpeeches from Ogilby's tranſlation, tacked together with verſes of his own.

By his early abilities and winning diſpoſition, he had acquired ſuch influence among his ſchool-fellows, that he perſuaded ſome of the upper boys to take parts in a repreſentation of this juvenile piece, and he prevailed on the maſter's gardener to act the character of Ajax. The dreſſes of the actors were all modelled after the faſhion of the prints in his favourite Ogilby, which, as ſome have remarked, formed the chief merit of that book, they having been deſigned and engraved by artiſts of note.

At the age of twelve, he went to reſide at Binfield, in Windſor-Foreſt, with his father, who had retired thither from buſineſs about the time of the

revolution: and, having converted all his effects into money, he is ſaid to have brought with him into the country, near 20,000 *l.* Being a papiſt, he could not veſt his money on real ſecurity; and as he adhered to the intereſt of James, he deemed it a point of conſcience not to lend it to the new government. He therefore locked up this ſum in his cheſt, and lived upon the principal, till by that time his ſon came to the ſucceſſion, a great part of it was conſumed. To this miſtaken pertinacity, our bard, ſpeaking of his father, alludes in the following lines, in his Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

"For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
"He ſtuck to poverty, with peace of mind."

Soon after our author was, for a few months, placed under the tuition of another prieſt, one Deane, from whoſe inſtructions however, he received very little benefit, having made no farther progreſs under him, than that of being able to conſtrue a little of Tully's Offices.

Our poet was often heard to ſay, that he could never follow any thing which he did not purſue with pleaſure: and his maſters either wanted ſagacity to diſcover the bent of his genius, or talents to adapt their inſtructions accordingly, ſo as to render his ſtudies an amuſement to him. Finding that he profited ſo little under their tuition, he formed a noble reſolution, at this early period of life, of becoming his own maſter, and he began to cultivate his talents

talents with unwearied ſedulity. The method of ſtudy which he preſcribed to himſelf for this purpoſe, was the reading of the claſſic writers, more eſpecially of the poets, to whom he applied with great eagerneſs and enthuſiaſm.

It is in our early years, that the true bent of genius is diſcovered. It then acts ſpontaneouſly, nay in ſome, as has been intimated, it is ſo powerful as even to act againſt oppoſition. Mr. Pope's paſſion for poetry was ſo ſtrong, that he often declared he began to write verſes earlier in life than he could call to memory; and he ſays, in his Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

"I liſp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."

When he was yet a child, his father would frequently ſet him to make Engliſh verſes, and, though no poet, was nevertheleſs ſo very difficult to be pleaſed, that he would make his ſon correct them again and again. When they were to his mind, he took pleaſure in peruſing them, and would ſay, "Theſe are good rhymes." It has been well obſerved, that the early praiſes of a tender and reſpected parent, co-operating with the powerful bias of natural inclination in the ſon, might fix our young bard in his ambition to become eminent in this art.

It ſeems, however, that his father had ſometimes recommended to him the ſtudy of phyſic*, but

* Letter 8th, to Cromwell.

this

this could be no more than a bare recommendation, ſince our author himſelf aſſures us, in the epiſtle above mentioned, that he broke no duty, nor diſobeyed any parent by commencing poet——

"I left no calling for this idle trade,
"No duty broke, no father diſobey'd."

By the time he was fifteen, having made a very reſpectable proficiency in the learned languages, he expreſſed a very ſtrong deſire of removing to London, in order to learn French and Italian. His family, whoſe ſolicitude chiefly regarded the improvement and preſervation of his health, and who knew that his miſerable infirm ſtate of body, would never ſuffer him to travel abroad, where thoſe languages might be of moſt uſe to him, could not help conſidering his deſign as wild and extravagant. He nevertheleſs perſiſted in it; and they yielding to his importunities, he came to town, where he maſtered thoſe languages with ſurprizing diſpatch. It was very remarkable, that though he was vaſtly impatient of reſtraint in the common ſcholaſtic forms of education, yet, now he was his own maſter, he readily ſubjected himſelf to the fatigue and drudgery of perpetually recurring to grammars and dictionaries: by which means, with a ſtrong appetite for knowlege, which made him intent on every ſubject he read, he inſenſibly made himſelf maſter of the learned and modern languages.

His

His paſſion for poetry, however, being predominant, he was eager to explore all the treaſures of Parnaſſus; and between this and his twentieth year, he devoted himſelf entirely to the reading of the moſt conſiderable poets and critics in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian and Engliſh languages. About this time likewiſe, he made a tranſlation of Tully *de Senectute*, a copy of which, it is ſaid, is preſerved in Lord Oxford's library.

In all this time, he has been heard to declare that he never read any treatiſe on the art of logic or rhetoric. Locke indeed fell into his hands, but he confeſſed that his eſſay was at firſt quite inſipid to him. Nature, however, having early diſpoſed him to method in his compoſitions, and philoſophic reflection quickly following, and ſoon enabling him to correct the flights of his imagination, as clearly appears from his juvenile letters, he became delighted with that *preciſion of thought*, which is the characteriſtic of that immortal eſſay: and Mr. Locke had ſo warmed and fortified his innate love of truth, that the only thing, he uſed to ſay, he could never forgive his philoſophic maſter, was the dedication to the eſſay *.

He likewiſe read Sir William Temple's eſſays; but when he met with any thing political in them, he owned that he had no manner of reliſh for

* This dedication, though it contains many juſt and ſenſible remarks, is in general couched under ſuch terms of unmanly adulation, as degrade the ſcholar and the philoſopher.

it. This diſreliſh for politics, continued throughout his whole life: and farther than a warm love for his country, which never could miſlead him, and for his friends, which ſometimes, perhaps, did, (that is, his judgment only) his indifference at laſt ended in averſion. In a word, his early ſtudies were confined to poetry, and the Belles Lettres *. But ſtill, as he aſſures us, he read without any deſign but that of pleaſing himſelf. He proſecuted ſuch ſtudies as accident threw in his way, or as the caprice of fancy inclined him to purſue. He uſed to obſerve, that, during this time, he was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, juſt as they roſe before him; and he always ſpoke of theſe four or five years, which were paſſed in mere curioſity and amuſement, as the moſt pleaſing part of his life.

Whenever he met with any paſſage or ſtory which delighted him more than common, it was his cuſtom to imitate it. But he has often declared, that the firſt propenſity to imitation, proceeded rather from motives of modeſty, than vanity. He perceived how defective his own productions were, and endeavoured to mend his compoſition by copying the capital ſtrokes of others: and thus he became a poet, as the beſt artiſts have become painters, by copying from

* He uſed to declare, that of the Latin poets, he preferred Statius next after Virgil; and that of the Italian, he liked Taſſo better than Arioſto. His taſte in this latter reſpect had not been viciated like Milton's, by much reading of the Gothic romances of chivalry.

the *antients*; with this difference only, that as he frequently copied the beſt *moderns* likewiſe, which thoſe painters had not the ſame opportunity of doing in their art, he as commonly excelled as he copied.

Mr. Pope's diſcernment, however, was too acute not to perceive the defects of ſuch irregular and deſultory habits of ſtudy. For though a retentive memory and correct judgment enabled him to remedy many of thoſe defects, they at the ſame time contributed to render him more ſenſible of them all. At twenty therefore, when the impetuoſity of his ſpirits began to ſubſide, and his genius grew more patient of reſtraint, he ſubjected himſelf to the toil of renewing his ſtudies from the beginning, and went through the ſeveral parts of a learned education, upon a more regular and well-digeſted plan. He penetrated into the general grounds and reaſons of ſpeech; he learnt to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral ſpecies of ſtile; he ſtudied the peculiar idiom of each language, with the genius and character of each author; he maſtered thoſe parts of philoſophy and hiſtory *, which moſtly contributed to enrich the ſtore of ſentiment:

* Our author, in his riper years, uſed to ſay, that the true uſe of reading was not to know facts, but to underſtand human nature, and therefore recommended the ſtudy of hiſtory. "I ſhould read, ſaid he, in a very different manner now than when I had my early fit of reading, from 14 to 20. Then it was merely from the amuſement the ſtory afforded me, now it ſhould be with the view of learning how to make myſelf and others better."

and laſtly, he reduced his natural talent for poetry, to a ſcience.

From the age of twenty to twenty-ſeven, he purſued this ſyſtem with unremitted attention and ſeverity; and he uſed to ſay, that he had ſpent theſe ſeven years, in unlearning all that he had acquired before.

Many circumſtances, however, contributed to fix him in a habit of perſevering induſtry. His conſtitution was too infirm and delicate to ſuſtain the violent agitations of licentious pleaſures: ſo that his tender frame preſerved him from thoſe modes of intemperance, to which genius, in particular, has often proved a victim. The ſtrength of the paſſions, as has been hinted, will always be in proportion to the vigour of the imagination. For true genius, as is well obſerved by a critic whom I ſhall ſhortly have occaſion to mention, rarely reſides in a cold phlegmatic conſtitution. But his ſickly ſtate of health ſoon making him ſenſible of ſenſual exceſſes, he was early checked from giving way to thoſe allurements, which, unleſs the mind is armed with a due portion of firmneſs, lead to every ſpecies of inertneſs and diſſipation.

Perhaps too the uncomelineſs of his perſon, might not be without ſome effect. It has been well remarked by Lord Bacon, that whoever hath any thing fixed in his perſon, that doth induce contempt, hath alſo a perpetual ſpur within himſelf, to reſcue and deliver himſelf from ſcorn. This conſideration, therefore, might render

render our poet more aſſiduous to cultivate his mental faculties, that he might atone for the defects of an ungraceful figure, by the accompliſhments of an elegant and poliſhed mind.

As theſe conſiderations were incentives to his induſtry, ſo the condition of his circumſtances proved propitious to the perfection of his ſtudies. For, in the early part of his life, he inherited a decent competence, ſufficient to defray all the expences which his conſtitution and appetites required. Being free from want and dependance, he was under no neceſſity to produce fugitive incorrect pieces for a preſent ſupply; or to proſtitute his talents to ſerve the intereſt of a bookſeller, or flatter the depravity of the times.

During his retirement in Windſor-Foreſt, he became acquainted with Sir William Trumball *, who, in the year 1691, was appointed one of the principal ſecretaries of ſtate, which office he reſigned in the year 1697, and retired to Eaſt-Hamſtead, the place of his nativity, which was near Binfield; and it was not long before Mr. Pope was introduced to him. Sir William delighted in learned converſe, being of a ſtudious turn, and particularly inclined to claſſical and polite literature. Our poet, therefore, could

* Among other ſingularities in the character of this ſtateſman, it is ſaid, that in the year 1687, being appointed ambaſſador to the Ottoman Porte, he performed the journey on foot.

not fail of being agreeable to one with whom nature had formed him to aſſimilate, notwithſtanding the inequality of their years: and Sir William ſoon admitted him to a ſhare of his friendſhip. They aſſociated together on terms of intimacy, and, when they were ſeparated, a literary correſpondence ſubſiſted between them, ſo long as Sir William lived; and at his death, Mr. POPE did juſtice to his memory, by the epitaph now extant among his works.

This retirement in the foreſt, could not be otherwiſe than grateful to a ſtudious mind, and we may judge of the impreſſions it made, from our poet's having, about this time, compoſed his Ode on *Solitude*, which is the firſt fruit now extant of his poetical genius, and which ſtrongly paints that tranquil, contemplative, and moral caſt of mind, which diſtinguiſhed the writer *.

In this retreat likewiſe, he firſt became acquainted with the writings of Waller, Spencer and Dryden. The works of Spencer, he peruſed with great delight, and renewed his acquaintance with them in his riper years. But on the firſt view of Dryden's works, he was ſo ſtruck with the excellence of a writer, whoſe

* We muſt not infer from hence, however, what a learned critic would inſinuate, that Mr. POPE's genius was confined, and that he was not maſter of a creative and glowing imagination, the "*Acer ſpiritus ac vis.*" But the nature, force, and extent of his genius, will be beſt determined by a progreſſive and candid examination of his ſeveral pieces.

talents

talents were congenial with his own, that he abandoned the reſt, and ſtudied his writings with uncommon pleaſure and unremitted attention. He uſed to ſay, that Dryden had improved the art of verſification beyond any of the preceeding poets, and that he would have been perfect in it, had he not been ſo often obliged to write with precipitation. His works, therefore, ſerved as one of the models from whence our poet copied, and he even adopted the very turns of his periods: juſt as Mr. Addiſon did thoſe of Sir William Temple in proſe, not leſs ſtrongly marked than the imitations of the poet, though leſs commonly obſerved. In ſhort, from Dryden principally, our bard learnt all the magic of his verſification.

From the time he became ſo enamoured of Dryden's works, he grew impatient to ſee the author, and at length procured a friend to introduce him to a coffee-houſe which Dryden frequented, where he had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him. But Dryden died before any intimacy could take place between them, which Mr. Pope often lamented, particularly in his firſt letter to Mr. Wycherley, in the following pathetic manner.—— "*Virgilium tantum vidi.*" He never ſpoke of him without a kind of rapturous veneration, and he makes reſpectable mention of him in ſeveral parts of his works.

During his reſidence in the foreſt, our poet, being then between the years of thirteen and fifteen, compoſed a comedy and a tragedy. With regard to the ſubject of the former, we are wholly in

the dark; the latter however was founded on a ſtory taken from the legend of St. Genevieve. But whether he diſtruſted his talents for dramatic poetry, or whether he was cautious of hazarding his fame on the fickle taſte of a captious audience, he could never be prevailed on to write for the ſtage, though he was ſtrongly importuned by ſeveral, and particularly by Betterton *, with whom he was acquainted from a boy †.

In

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* It appears to have been Mr. Betterton's good fortune, to have been not only admired as a player, but eſteemed as a man. In the poſtſcript to one of our author's letters to Mr. Cromwell, he ſpeaks of him in a manner, which does honour to his memory.

"This letter of deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr. "Betterton's; over whom I would have this ſentence of "Tully for an epitaph, which will ſerve him as well in his "*moral*, as in his *theatrical* capacity——

"*Vitae bene actae jucundiſſima eſt recordatio.*"

In another letter to the honourable J. C. he ſpeaks of him with greater warmth of affection——"I am very glad, ſays he, for the ſake of his widow, and for the credit of the deceaſed, that Betterton's remains are fallen into ſuch hands, as may render them reputable to the one, and beneficial to the other. Beſides the public acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I alſo had a ſlender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private converſation, and ever thought it pity he was neceſſitated, by the ſtraitneſs of his fortune, to act (and eſpecially to his lateſt hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himſelf, and advantage to his neighbour."

† Mr. Cromwell likewiſe preſſed our author very ſtrongly to pay his court to the Tragic Muſe, as appears from the following paſſage.

"Leave

In his latter days he told a particular friend that he had a ſtrong propenſity to the tragic drama, and ſhould certainly have made it his principal ſtudy, had not the moral and intellectual characters of the players of his time, ſo different from that of Betterton, always deterred him from putting his deſign in execution. And whoever has carefully obſerved, in his other works, the profound penetration into nature, and eaſy ſublime of expreſſion, together with his uncommon correctneſs of judgment, will hardly doubt but he would have ſucceeded to the utmoſt of his ambition, and what is more to his own ſatisfaction, in the merit of theatrical compoſition.

Soon after his compoſing theſe dramatic pieces, our poet had the courage to attempt the arduous taſk of writing an epic poem, which he called Alcander ‡, of which he wrote four books of about a

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" Leave elegy and tranſlation to the inferior claſs, on whom the Muſes only glance now and then, like our winter's ſun, and then leave them in the dark. Think on the dignity of tragedy, which is of the greater poetry, as Dennis ſays, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have done in criticiſm. Every one wonders that a genius like yours will not ſupport the ſinking drama; and Mr. Wilkes (tho' I think his talent is comedy) has expreſſed a furious ambition to ſwell in your buſkins."

‡ As ſome, perhaps, may be curious of farther information reſpecting this early and adventurous eſſay, it may not be improper to ſubjoin the following particulars. Alcander was a prince of Rhodes, driven from his crown by Deucalion, father of Minos. In this epic piece, Alcander diſplayed all the

a thouſand verſes each. Into this piece, he confeſſed, though with a ridicule on the attempt, that he had thrown all his learning, as Milton has done with too much profuſion, in his Paradiſe Loſt. This Alcander was chiefly an imitative poem, in which Mr. POPE had collected the ſeveral beauties of all the epic writers he was then acquainted with *.

It is the characteriſtic of a great genius to make early efforts far beyond its ſtrength. Our poet, however, was ſenſible of the weakneſs of this attempt, and ſpeaks of it with the moſt amiable frankneſs, in a paſſage reſtored to the excellent preface before his works. "I confeſs," ſays he, "there was a time when I was in love with myſelf, and my firſt productions were the children of ſelf-love upon innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes of Europe, and I thought myſelf the greateſt genius that ever was. I cannot but regret theſe delightful viſions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we ſee when our eyes are ſhut, are vaniſhed for ever."

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the virtues of ſuffering, like Ulyſſes, and all the courage of Eneas. Apollo, as the patron of Rhodes, was Alcander's great protector; and Cibele was his great enemy, as being patroneſs of Deucalion and Crete. She raiſes a ſtorm againſt him, as Juno does againſt Eneas: he is caſt away, and ſwims to ſhore, as Ulyſſes did, to the iſland of Phæacia.

* Among other propoſals, which Betterton made him to write for the ſtage, he ſtrongly preſſed him to turn this Alcander into a tragedy; but no importunity could prevail on Mr. POPE to engage in ſuch an undertaking.

Atter-

Atterbury, the Biſhop of Rocheſter, a little before he left England, adviſed him to burn it, which he did *, though as he confeſſed with ſome regret.

The biſhop, on this occaſion, in one of his letters to Mr. Pope, expreſſes himſelf thus—— "I am not ſorry your Alcander is burnt; had I known your intentions, I would have interceeded for the firſt page, and put it, with your leave, among my curioſities." As a proof, however, that this early piece was deeply imprinted in his memory, and that he was not partial to its imperfections, he took a pleaſure in laughing at the childiſh extravagances in this poem, and in mentioning them to his friends. Among theſe, was a deſcription of a Scythian hero, who contemned a pillow, though of ſnow, as luxury and effeminacy. Some of theſe extravagances, are pleaſantly produced for examples in the art of *ſinking in poetry*, under the title of verſes by an Anonymous. He muſt be a writer of true genius, who has the virtue to ridicule his own defects.

The ridicule, however, of this juvenile attempt, did not diſcourage him from once more attempting this ſpecies of compoſition; for, in his riper years, he formed a deſign of writing an epic poem, founded on a ſtory recorded in the old annaliſt

* It may not be immaterial to add, that the dramatic pieces above ſpoken of, ſhared the ſame fate.

Geoffrey

Geoffrey of Monmouth, concerning the arrival of Brutus the ſuppoſed grandſon of Æneas into our iſland, and the ſettlement of the firſt foundations of the Britiſh monarchy, of which more hereafter.

Mr. POPE's next poetical eſſay, after this epic piece of Alcander, was his *Paſtorals*, which he wrote at the age of ſixteen: and he uſed to ſay pleaſantly, that herein he literally followed the paſſage in Virgil, where he ſays,

"*Cum canerem reges et praelia*," &c.

Being now come to ſuch part of his works, as have undergone the trials of criticiſm; it remains agreeably to the plan propoſed, to examine the ſeveral pieces reſpectively, in the order they ſtand in the *octavo* edition.

This examination, however, will not be made with the partial bias of a panegyriſt, in order to reſcue his writings from juſt cenſure; but to meaſure them by the ſcale of candid criticiſm, the better to aſcertain the nature, force and extent of his genius.

The name of a critic, being generally received in an ill ſenſe, is become odious, becauſe the office hath been abuſed by half learned or envious witlings; who have been curious to detect blemiſhes, forgetting the other and more pleaſing taſk of a critic, which is to point out beauties.

Many

Many of thoſe who have occaſionally criticiſed on our poet, have written only to expoſe their ignorance or their ill nature. Peace to the remains of futility and envy!

There is one however, (the author of *An Eſſay on the genius and writings of* Pope) who * has undertaken the office in form; and has, ſo far as he has gone, executed it, at leaſt with politeneſs and elegance. If I am inclined to diſpute ſome of his principles, and cannot always ſubſcribe to the propriety of his applications, I ſhall at leaſt, wherever I diſſent from him, endeavour to expreſs myſelf with the ſame temper, and with the ſame decorum. Perſuaded as I am, that the learned writer meant

* This work is anonymous, but the name of the author is well known to the learned world. As he has himſelf, however, thought proper to conceal it from the public, I do not think myſelf at liberty to proclaim it: for though the merit of the work is ſuch, as, upon the whole, might do credit to any name, yet it is but decent to allow every writer to be the beſt judge of what conduces to his own intereſt and reputation. At the ſame time, I will be free to obſerve, that though this eſſay is evidently the work of an elegant critic and polite ſcholar; yet it by no means anſwers to the title. Paſſages are frequently cited from Mr. Pope, without the leaſt remark upon them; and only ſerve to introduce a ſtring of anecdotes and quotations concerning foreign writers, or perhaps foreign ſubjects. This method, it is true, is extremely entertaining to readers of a certain claſs; but it is rather too miſcellaneous and digreſſive: and, let it be ſaid, without envy or ill-manners, that it ſavours too much of a laviſh diſplay of erudition, to which a writer, of ſuch approved learning, might have deemed himſelf ſuperior.

to fix the true merit of our poet, and to ſerve the cauſe of literature; and being conſcious that I am influenced by the ſame motives, I ſhall freely animadvert on the errors and inaccuracies of the critic, and as candidly admit the juſtice of his cenſure, and the propriety of his corrections. In this critique, however, I ſhall purſue a different method from the author of the Eſſay: for before he enters into any examination of our poet's writings, he, in his dedication to Dr. Young, and in other places, more than hints his opinion of the nature and extent of our poet's genius. But I propoſe firſt to analyze Mr. POPE's writings, and from thence ſhall attempt to aſcertain the nature and force of his genius: for as I ſhould bluſh to miſlead, ſo I equally ſcorn to prepoſſeſs the reader.

The *paſtorals* are the firſt pieces which fall under the examination of our critic; and with reſpect to theſe, he obſerves in the very opening, "that it is ſomewhat ſtrange that in the "paſtorals of a young poet, there ſhould not be "found a ſingle rural image that is new." As the eſſayiſt, in the courſe of his criticiſms, frequently objects a barrenneſs of invention to Mr. POPE, it is to be wiſhed that he had previouſly defined what *invention* is, or at leaſt what he intended by the uſe of that word. As he has omitted it however, an attempt will be made in its proper place, to aſcertain the meaning of *invention*, the better to determine how far the want of it may be imputed to Mr. POPE.

At preſent it is ſufficient to obſerve, that was it true as the critic objects, that there is not a ſingle rural image in theſe paſtorals that is new, it is no more than what our poet himſelf premiſes, with that candor and modeſty which is ever attendant on genuine merit. For in his excellent diſcourſe prefixed to theſe paſtorals, he concludes with the following declaration. "But after all, if they have any merit, it is to "be attributed to ſome good old authors, whoſe "works as I had leiſure to ſtudy, ſo I hope I "have not wanted care to imitate." Notwithſtanding this modeſt declaration, perhaps ſome paſſages may be juſtly deemed original.

It is obſervable that a paſtoral is appropriated to each ſeaſon of the year, and that the ſcene as well as the hour of the day, is artfully diſtinguiſhed in each, which in ſome inſtances gives a peculiar beauty to the imagery; as in the following couplet deſcribing the *ſummer* ſeaſon: the ſcene is by a river ſide; and the time of the day, *noon*.

"Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters play'd,
"And verdant Alders form'd a quiv'ring ſhade."

Theſe lines are perfectly pictureſque, nor are the following inferior.

"Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
"The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
"The naiads wept in ev'ry watry bow'r,
"And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r."

Though

Though it may be allowed that the new images in theſe paſtorals are not frequent, yet in truth, it is too much to ſay, that they do not afford a ſingle image that is new. Let any reader of ſenſibility attend to the following lines in the ſecond paſtoral, where the poet deſcribes the charms of his miſtreſs's voice.

"But would you ſing and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
"The wond'ring foreſt ſoon ſhould dance again,
"The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
"*And headlong ſtreams hang liſt'ning in their fall.*"

The laſt line ſurely preſents a *new* image, and a bold one too *.

The following couplet likewiſe from the fourth paſtoral, deſcribing the effects occaſioned by the

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* Perhaps it will be thought that Mr. POPE had Milton's Maſque in remembrance, wherein the latter ſpeaks of Thyrſis,

"——whoſe artful ſtrains have oft delay'd
"The huddling brook to hear his madrigal."

But this, compared to Mr. POPE's, is rather *narrative* than *deſcriptive*. Mr. POPE preſents us with the *image* of *attention*, which is purely his own.

I cannot avoid taking notice of theſe beautifully plaintive lines in the ſame paſtoral, which are not imitations of any writer I know of.

"Once I was ſkill'd in ev'ry plant that grew,
"And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew;
"Ah! wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art
"To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart."

death

death of Daphne affords a new image, and the perſonification has a fine effect.

" The balmy *zephyrs*, ſilent ſince her death,
" Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath *."

The ſame may be ſaid of the following beautiful couplet in this paſtoral.

" No more the mounting larks, while Daphne
" ſings,
" *Shall liſt'ning in mid-air ſuſpend their wings.*"

The image of the birds liſtening with their wings ſuſpended in mid-air, is ſtriking; and I truſt, new †.

Our critic having thus ſet out with denying our poet the merit of invention, he immediately makes a kind of digreſſion in praiſe of Theocritus; whom he very frequently ſtiles the father and model of this enchanting kind of compoſition. Theocritus, he obſerves, derived many

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* The four lines which precede theſe, are incomparably fine; but I know not whether they may not be conſidered as imitations of thoſe beautiful paſtoral images in Eve's ſpeech to Adam; which are thus recapitulated:

" But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
" With charm of earlieſt birds," &c.

† The two lines however which immediately follow,

" No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
" Or huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays,"

do but convey the ſame image, a little diverſified.

advantages from the climate in which he lived and wrote. "The poet," ſays he, "deſcribed what he ſaw and felt, and had no need to have recourſe to thoſe artificial aſſemblages of pleaſing objects, which are not to be found in nature. The figs and honey which he aſſigns * as a reward to a victorious ſhepherd, were in themſelves exquiſite, and are therefore aſſigned with great propriety."

With due deference to our critic, however, theſe remarks do not appear to be well founded. The figs and honey of Sicily, however exquiſite in themſelves, were common to the inhabitants: and whoever is acquainted with the nature of the human appetites, will allow that things in general eſtimation, are not always valued becauſe they are in themſelves exquiſite, but becauſe they are ſcarce and rare. If they are common, they in ſome degree loſe their value, and conſequently any other reward, though leſs exquiſite in itſelf, is moſt likely to become the object of deſire. Any other premium than figs and honey, might therefore, in Sicily, have been aſſigned with greater propriety, and would have diſplayed more *invention* in the Sicilian bard.

A poet is not confined to his own country for images. He may range throughout the univerſe, and is not always, as Addiſon remarks, ſtrictly bound by the laws of nature; much leſs

* Idyll. 1. v. 146.

reſtrained

reſtrained in his deſcriptions to the produce of particular climes. He may impregnate every ſoil with what ſeed beſt ſuits his purpoſe: he may make the ſpicy gales of Arabia, diffuſe their fragrance over ſcentleſs and ſterile wilds: he may bring the garden of the Heſperides from its native Africa, and make the golden fruit ripen in the moſt untoward clime. The following cenſure, therefore, will probably be thought too nice and captious. "Complaints," ſays he, "of immoderate heat, and wiſhes to be conveyed to cooling caverns, when uttered by the inhabitants of Greece, have a decorum and conſiſtency which they totally loſe in the character of a Britiſh ſhepherd."

That ſuch cauſes of complaint will more frequently occur in the Grecian climate, is unqueſtionable; but is it neceſſary to make a complaint of this kind conſiſtent, that every day ſhould be a dog-day? The Britiſh ſhepherd might very conſiſtently deſcribe what he often felt, though not ſo frequently as the Grecian; and we have days in England, which might make even a Grecian faint.

He admits, however, that Mr. Pope was ſenſible of the importance of adapting images to the ſcene of action; which he inſtances in the tranſlation of the following line:

"*Audit* Eurotas, *juſſitque ediſcere lauros.*"

Here our poet, as the critic candidly obſerves, has dropped the *laurels* appropriated to Eurotas,

as he is ſpeaking of the river Thames; and has rendered it

" Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
" And bade his *willows* learn the moving ſong *."

Our critic objects that " a mixture of Britiſh and Grecian ideas, may be juſtly deemed a blemiſh in the PASTORALS of POPE: and propriety," he adds, " is certain to be violated when he *couples* Pactolus with the Thames," &c. How far ſuch a violation is to be imputed to our poet, let the lines from the mouth of the ſhepherd ſpeak for themſelves.

" O'er golden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
" And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
" *Bleſt* Thames's *ſhores the brighteſt beauties*
" *yield* †,
" Feed here, my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field."

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* The author of the Elements of Criticiſm, objects to this deſcriptive perſonification, as deſtitute of reſemblance to any thing real. " Admitting," ſays he, " that a river gently flowing, may be imagined a ſenſible being liſtening to a ſong; I cannot enter into the conceit of the river's ordering his laurels to learn the ſong: here all reſemblance to any thing real is loſt. This, however," he concludes, " is copied literally by one of our greateſt poets."

It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that this fiction of the imagination, is, in the foregoing inſtance, uſed rather licentiouſly. But the critic is miſtaken in ſaying, that our author has copied the original literally; ſince, as above obſerved, he has very judiciouſly changed the image, though he has given full ſcope to the fiction.

† The third line of this ſtanza, is very far from being ſmooth and harmonious. The genitive caſe hangs upon the tongue, and beſide, occaſions a very diſagreeable hiſſing.

What

What the critic means by *coupling* Pactolus with Thames, it is not eaſy to conjecture. They ſtand evidently *contradiſtinguiſhed:* and ſurely the poet might draw a contraſt from Greece, without being chargeable with a faulty *mixture* of Britiſh and Grecian ideas.

Ever partial to his favourite Sicilian, the critic prefers his imagery to Mr. Pope's in the following inſtance. "A ſhepherd," ſays he, "in Theocritus, wiſhes with much tenderneſs and elegance, both which muſt ſuffer in a literal tranſlation,——"Would I could become a murmuring bee, fly into your grotto, and be permitted to creep among the leaves of ivy and fern, that compoſe the chaplet which adorns your head." Pope, he obſerves, has thus altered this image:

"Oh! were I made by ſome transforming pow'r
"The captive bird that ſings within thy bow'r!
"Then might my voice thy liſt'ning ears *employ*,
"And I thoſe kiſſes he receives, enjoy."

"On three accounts," he concludes, "the foregoing image is preferable to the latter. For the paſtoral wildneſs, delicacy, and uncommonneſs of the thought."

It is ſomewhat ſtrange that the critic ſhould applaud the Greek image for the uncommonneſs of the thought: ſince it is the perfection of paſ-

toral images to be ſimple and natural. The beauty of this kind of poetry, ariſes from a natural eaſe of thought, and ſmoothneſs of verſe. Now nothing can be more ſimple and natural, and at the ſame time more plaintive and pathetic, than the image of Mr. POPE; nor can any thing be expreſſed with greater beauty, and harmony of numbers *.

A lover who wiſhes for a metamorphoſis, for the ſake of approaching more cloſely to his miſtreſs, would undoubtedly wiſh to be transformed into ſomething which might be the object of her careſſes, and not into that from which ſhe would ſhrink and retire.

The image in Theocritus is ſtrained and unnatural: that in POPE is natural and fervid.

The pleaſure which the ſhepherd in Theocritus propoſes from his transformation, of creeping among the leaves of ivy and fern which compoſe his miſtreſs's chaplet, is cold and inſipid, compared to the animated and glowing wiſh of POPE's ſhepherd, who longs to ſupplant his feathered rival; and dwell upon the enchanting lip of his favourite fair.

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* Perhaps, however, in point of ſtrict propriety, the word *employ*, in the third line, is not happily choſen. To *employ*, is to call forth the exertion of ſome *active* faculty. But the ear in liſtening is *paſſive*: and if the rhyme would have admitted, the verb *engage* ſhould ſeem moſt proper.

Impar-

Impartial judgment muſt, nevertheleſs, in ſome degree, ſubſcribe to the propriety of our critic's animadverſion on the riddle of the Royal oak, in the firſt paſtoral, which is in imitation of the Virgilian enigma; and, as he well obſerves, ſavours of pun and puerile conceit.

" Say, Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears,
" A wond'rous tree that ſacred monarchs bears?"

" With what propriety, the critic aſks, could the tree whoſe ſhade protected the King, be ſaid to be prolific of princes?" Here however, there does not ſeem to be the impropriety which the critic apprehends. For the tree, by preſerving the royal line, may, not improperly, be ſaid to be prolific of Princes. After all, if idle riddles be a rural amuſement all the world over, there can be no great objection to their being introduced in paſtoral ſcenes: and if reaſon would not juſtify the uſe of them without example, our bard could ſhelter himſelf under no authority more unexceptionable than that of Virgil.

Among theſe paſtorals, the moſt conſpicuous is the Meſſiah, a ſacred eclogue, in imitation of Virgil's Pollio *. This, the critic allows to be

* It is but juſt to obſerve, that our critic has corrected a grammatical error in the *Meſſiah*, where our poet ſhould have ſaid, The ſwain——

" *Shall* START amidſt the thirſty wild to hear
" New falls of water murmuring in his ear."

ſuperior to the Pollio: and indeed, if Mr. POPE had given no other inſtance of the ſublime, this alone would prove the ſublimity of his genius †. How ſolemn and awful is the following invocation!

——" O Thou my voice inſpire
" Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!"

In what a bold exalted ſtrain, does the poet break forth,

" Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſart cheers;
" Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
" A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
" The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
" Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
" Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, riſe;
" With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay:
" Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
" The Saviour comes! by antient bards foretold:
" Hear him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold."

Upon the whole, it is not too much to ſay of theſe paſtorals, that though they are *profeſſedly* imitations of the antients; yet there are few paſſages, which our poet has borrowed, without improving them; as the reader may judge by comparing the imitations with the originals,

† Sir Richard Steele, in one of his letters to our author, ſpeaking of his eclogue, ſays,——" I have turned to every verſe and chapter, and think you have preſerved the ſublime heavenly ſpirit throughout the whole."

which

which are collected by the learned editor of his works *. Some inſtances of imitation however, ſeem to have eſcaped his recollection. The 84th line in particular, of the 4th paſtoral †, on winter;

"Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe ſhall "live ‡!"

is an imitation, or rather indeed, a literal tranſlation of the following line in Virgil——

"*Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt.*"

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* The preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter.

† This, which was our author's favourite paſtoral, was written to the memory of Mrs. Tempeſt, a lady of an antient family in Yorkſhire, and particularly admired by our author's friend Mr. Walſh; who having celebrated her in a paſtoral elegy, deſired his friend to do the ſame, as appears from one of his letters, where he ſays,—"Your laſt eclogue being on the ſame ſubject with that of mine on Mrs. Tempeſt's death, I ſhould take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the ſame lady, if they were not written for ſome particular woman, whom you would make immortal. You may take occaſion to ſhew the difference between poets miſtreſſes, and other men's." The death of this lady having happened on the night of the great ſtorm in 1703, gave a propriety to his eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it.

‡ It is obſervable, that the ſame line occurs, with little variation, towards the concluſion of the third canto of the Rape of the Lock——

"So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live."

Theſe

Theſe paſtorals were ſo much admired, that they brought our poet acquainted with the moſt eminent men of that time. Sir William Trumball, who was his zealous patron, firſt ſhewed them to Mr. Wycherley, who communicated them to Mr. Walſh, the author of many pieces both in proſe and verſe, and eſteemed by Mr. Dryden, to have been one of the beſt critics of his age. He was ſo delighted with them, that, in his letter to Mr. Wycherley, he ſays--- "The author ſeems to have a particular genius for this kind of poetry, and a judgment that far exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the antients, but what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery to ſay that Virgil had written nothing ſo good at his age. The preface is very learned and judicious; and the verſes very tender and eaſy. I ſhall take it as a favour, if you will bring me acquainted with him."

Lord Lanſdown likewiſe, about the ſame time, mentioning the youth of our poet, ſays (in a printed letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley) that "if he goes on as he hath begun in the paſtoral way, as Virgil firſt tried his ſtrength, we may hope to ſee Engliſh poetry vie with the Roman."

Theſe paſtorals alſo paſſed through the hands of Dr. Garth, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring and ſeveral others, who all gave our author the greateſt encouragement.

Not-

Notwithſtanding the early time of their production, our author himſelf eſteemed theſe as the moſt correct in the verſification, and muſical in the numbers, of all his works; being conſcious, as we may learn from his preface, how much their excellence depended on thoſe niceties; in which he appears, even then, to have had uncommon ſkill: for in one of his letters to Mr. Walſh about this time, we find an enumeration of ſeveral niceties in verſification, which perhaps have never been ſtrictly obſerved in any Engliſh poem, except in theſe paſtorals.

Our poet, indeed, ſeems never to have remitted his attention to the correctneſs of his verſification; to which he was greatly encouraged by the advice of Mr. Walſh, who uſed to tell him there was one way left, of excelling: for that, though we had ſeveral great poets, yet we never had any that was correct; and he therefore recommended correctneſs to him, as his principal ſtudy and aim.

It muſt be confeſſed, however, that theſe paſtorals did not eſcape the malice of criticiſm, at the time of their publication.

Many, who had not judgment to diſtinguiſh what is *rural* from what is *ruſtic*, imputed to them that they wanted that ſimplicity, which is the characteriſtic of paſtoral poetry. To ridicule theſe objections, Mr. Pope privately ſent an eſſay, which was publiſhed in a paper called the *Guardian*; and which contained an ironical compariſon

between his own paſtorals, and thoſe of Phillips. In this eſſay, our author went ſo far as to deny that his own had any claim to be called paſtorals; adding humouroufly, that though they were by no means paſtorals, yet they were ſomething better.

He pleaſantly obſerves, that neither Theocritus nor Virgil intended their poems for paſtorals; "and in that reſpect," ſays he, "Phillips hath excelled both Theocritus and Virgil. Virgil, he continues, hath been thought guilty of too courtly a ſtile. Mr. POPE, he adds, hath fallen into the ſame error with Virgil. His clowns do not converſe in all the ſimplicity proper to the country: his names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the ſcenes of his paſtorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrſis on Britiſh plains, as Virgil hath done before him on the Mantuan. Whereas Phillips, who hath the ſtricteſt regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; ſuch as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout."

One would think that the irony in this paſſage, to ſay nothing of the reſt, was too obvious to be miſtaken, even by a Bœotian critic; nevertheleſs many were ſtupid enough to imagine it was a ſerious criticiſm by Steele, (who received it from an unknown hand.) Nay all at Button's, conſidered it as ſuch, except Mr. Addiſon, who ſaw into the joke immediately; and

and the next time he met Mr. POPE, told him, into what a ridiculous ſituation he had put his friends; who had declared their diſlike of having Phillips ſo extolled at the expence of another of the club: which is the language Steele had before held with POPE, when he firſt received the papers.

Some who were weak enough to ſuppoſe this compariſon ſerious, thought that it proceeded from a partiality to Mr. Phillips; for whom Sir Richard was ſuppoſed to have a perſonal kindneſs.

But the real occaſion of that ludicrous piece of criticiſm, was Mr. Phillip's injuſtice to Mr. POPE. Whether occaſioned by the latter's ſuperior talents, or the former's over-heated zeal for whiggiſm, certain it is, that Mr. Phillips was always induſtrious to repreſent Mr. Pope as engaged in the intrigues of the tory miniſtry; for which he had no other grounds whatever, than the acquaintance and friendſhip Mr. POPE had with thoſe eminent tory wits Swift and Prior, as alſo the miniſters Oxford and Bolingbroke. But in their frequent meetings, politics never entered among the topics of converſation: And I am warranted to ſay from the beſt authority, that Mr. POPE never wrote a political paper in his life.

Mr. Phillips's mean injuſtice on this head, raiſed the indignation of ſome of Mr. POPE's friends, and particularly occaſioned the SHEP-

HERD'S WEEK of Gay, in the proem of which, that *ſimplicity*, for which Mr. Phillips ſo much valued himſelf, in his paſtorals, is pleaſantly ridiculed; as is the naiveté of the incidents of theſe paſtorals in the SHEPHERD'S WEEK itſelf. Yet, this is remarkable, that they who were not in the ſecret, miſtook Gay's paſtorals for a burleſque on Virgil's. How far this goes towards a vindication of Phillips's manner in the conſtruction of his poem, let others judge.

Our bard, nevertheleſs, was, in general, peculiarly happy in cultivating, improving, and preſerving, a friendſhip with writers of reputation, though he ſometimes gave offence by the ingenuous candour and freedom, which he himſelf ſo ſtrongly recommends in the following lines——

" With mean complacence ne'er betray your
" truſt,
" Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt."

He particularly diſguſted Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Cromwell by this friendly liberty. He was ſcarce eighteen, when he was ſo high in the eſtimation of the former, that he engaged him to correct his poems, which he had publiſhed without ſucceſs, in order to their paſſing through the preſs a ſecond time with greater advantage. Mr. POPE undertook this nice office, which he executed with great judgment, and with an honeſt freedom. But the errors he corrected were ſo numerous, and his criticiſms ſo juſt, that

that his old friend was hurt to ſee his inſufficiency ſo expoſed. Being aged and captious, he had not ſtrength of underſtanding enough left to admire this noble exertion of one of the beſt offices of friendſhip, nor to receive it with ſuitable thanks and gratitude. Nevertheleſs, though his pride was ſo much offended that he, for ſome time, diſcontinued all correſpondence with Mr. Pope, yet his judgment was ſo far corrected, that he deſiſted from his deſign of republiſhing his poems.

This weak and ungenerous return, Mr. Pope reſented with a moderation and dignity far above his years. For when Mr. Cromwell gave him the firſt hint of Wycherley's chagrin, he anſwered thus——

"I may derive this pleaſure from it, that whereas I muſt otherwiſe have been a little uneaſy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailties, exerciſe my gratitude and friendſhip more, than himſelf either is, or perhaps ever will be ſenſible of.

"*Ille meos, primus qui ſibi junxit, amores*
"*Abſtulit, ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro.*"

In the laſt viſit which Mr. Pope made to him, the breach was openly intimated. "He told me, (ſays Mr. Pope in a letter to Cromwell) he was going inſtantly out of town, and till his return was my humble ſervant." Hereupon

upon Mr. POPE finding that this journey into the country was not ſo inſtantaneous as was pretended, did not ſpare to return the compliment. "I beg you," ſays he, to the ſame friend, "do what you may with all truth, that "is, aſſure Mr. Wycherley I have ever born "all reſpects and kindneſs imaginable to him. "I don't know to this hour, what it is that "has eſtranged him from me; but this I know, "that he may for the future be more ſafely my "friend, ſince no invitation of his ſhall ever "make me ſo free with him."

By the mediation of a common friend, Mr. Wycherley was afterwards prevailed on to reſume the correſpondence, yet it never went farther than cool reſpect or bare ceremonial.

Mr. POPE, however, has been heard to ſay, that his old friend never did any thing unjuſt to him in his life. He uſed to complain indeed, that he was totally forgetful and ſomewhat peeviſh, which now and then occaſioned little miſunderſtandings. But that, nevertheleſs, they were upon good terms to the laſt, and that he went to ſee him on his death-bed *. But, however

* Mr. POPE, in a letter to Mr. Blount, dated 21ſt January, 1715, relates a pleaſant anecdote, which ſerves to characterize Mr. Wycherley. He had often told his acquaintance, that he would marry as ſoon as his life was deſpaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony; and joined together thoſe two ſacraments, which, wiſe

ever ſenſible Mr. POPE was of the ill return which his old friend made to his ſincerity, yet ſome time after Mr. Wycherley's death, his poems being republiſhed by ſome mercenary editor in the year 1728, our author in the following year, printed ſeveral letters which paſſed between them, in vindication of Mr. Wycherley's fame, againſt ſome miſconſtructions prefixed to that edition: and throughout the whole of this miſunderſtanding, Mr. POPE, though a youth, diſplayed a moſt manifeſt ſuperiority.

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wiſe men ſay, ſhould be the laſt we receive: "For, if you obſerve," ſays our author, "matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechiſm, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, ſatisfied in the conſcience of having by this one act, paid his juſt debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) had merit, and ſhewn an heroic reſentment of the ill-uſage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds, which he had with the lady, diſcharged thoſe debts; a jointure of four hundred a year, made her a recompence; and t[illegible] phew he left to comfort himſelf, as well as he coul[illegible] the miſerable remains of a mortgaged eſtate. I ſaw our friend twice after this was done; leſs peeviſh in his ſickneſs, than he uſed to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much aſhamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bed-ſide, and earneſtly entreated her not to deny him one requeſt, the laſt he ſhould make. Upon her aſſurances of conſenting to it, he told her, "My dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking, that ſickneſs, which often deſtroys both wit and wiſdom, yet ſeldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour: Mr. Wycherley ſhewed his, even in this laſt compliment; though I think his requeſt a little hard, for why ſhould he bar her from doubling her jointure on the ſame eaſy terms?"

It is remarkable that our poet had afterwards the ill luck to diſoblige Mr. Cromwell by the ſame commendable frankneſs and ſincerity.

In Mr. POPE's firſt letter to Mr. Gay, in the year 1712, he ſays--- "Your Friend Mr. Crom-"well has been ſilent all this year. I believe "he has been diſpleaſed at ſome or other of my "freedoms, which I very innocently take; and "moſt with thoſe I think moſt my friends." Now it appears by his letters to Mr. Cromwell, that our poet uſed to rally him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticiſm. So he loſt his two early friends, Cromwell and Wycherley, by his zeal to correct the bad poetry of the one, and the bad taſte of the other.

The loſs of theſe two captious friends, however, was amply compenſated by the patronage and eſteem of the moſt eminent men of the age, which his riſing fame procured him. But the uncommon applauſe which he ſo deſervedly obtained in his early years, did not make him remiſs in his application, or negligent in his compoſition. It ſerved to animate, but not to intoxicate him.

Soon after his Paſtorals, he publiſhed his Windſor-Foreſt, which was written at different times; the firſt part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the ſame time with the paſtorals, the latter not being added till the year 1713, in which it was publiſhed at the de-

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ſire of Lord Lanſdown, to whom it is addreſſed, as may be inferred from the motto *.

The author of the eſſay above-mentioned, opens his criticiſm on this piece, by ſaying that "Deſcriptive poetry was by no means the ſhining talent of POPE."

In this premature manner does the eſſayiſt cenſure our poet.---A hard cenſure, which even his own citations contradict.

He admits, for inſtance, that though, ſpeaking of old FATHER THAMES, the trite and obvious inſignia of a river god are attributed to him, yet there is one circumſtance in his appearance highly pictureſque, which is——

"His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind."

He confeſſes likewiſe that the relievo upon his urn is finely imagined——

"The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
"And on their banks Auguſta roſe in gold."

Our critic is farther obliged to acknowledge, that the poet has with exquiſite ſkill ſelected only thoſe rivers as attendants on Thames, who

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* *Non injuſſa cano: Te noſtrae*, Vare, *myricae*,
Te Nemus *omne canet; nec Phoebo gratior ulla eſt,*
Quam ſibi quae Vari *praeſcripſit pagina nomen.*

are his ſubjects, his tributaries, or neighbours. The paſſage alluded to, is too beautiful to be omitted.

" Firſt the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
" The winding *Iſis* and the fruitful *Tame:*
" The *Kennet* ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
" The *Lodden* ſlow, with verdant alders crown'd;
" *Cole*, whoſe dark ſtreams his flow'ry iſlands
" lave;
" And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky wave:
" The blue, tranſparent *Vandalis* appears;
" The gulphy *Lee* his ſedgy treſſes rears;
" The ſullen *Mole*, that hides his diving flood;
" And ſilent *Darent*, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood."

The following ſpecimen likewiſe of pure deſcription may be added to ſhew how little our bard was deficient in this talent.

" In genial ſpring, beneath the quiv'ring ſhade,
" Where cooling vapours breathe along the
" mead,
" The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand,
" Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
" With looks unmov'd, he *hopes* the ſcaly breed,
" And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
" Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply,
" The bright-ey'd perch, with fins of Tyrian die,
" The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd,
" The yellow carp, in ſcales bedrop'd with gold:
" Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
" And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains."

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The other ſports likewiſe of ſetting, ſhooting, and hunting are deſcribed with great beauty.

The following lines are finely deſcriptive, and at the ſame time pathetic. After having deſcribed a pheaſant ſhot, he gives way to the following moving exclamation.

" Ah! what avail his gloſſy, varying dyes,
" His purple creſt, and ſcarlet-circled eyes,
" The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
" His painted wings, and breaſt that flames
" with gold?"

The following lines in the ſtag-chaſe, likewiſe are inimitably fine.

" Th' impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
" And pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain *:
" Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſs'd,
" And ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt."

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* The firſt two lines are tranſlated from Statius.

" *Stare adeo miſerum eſt, pereunt veſtigia mille*
" *Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.*"

Theſe lines, Mr. Dryden, in his preface to his tranſlation of Freſnoy's Art of Painting, calls *wonderfully fine*; and ſays, " they would coſt him an hour, if he had the leiſure, " to tranſlate them, there is ſo much beauty in the original;" which probably excited Mr. Pope to try his art with them.

"See the bold youth ſtrain up the threat'ning
"ſteep,
"Ruſh through the thickets, down the valleys
"ſweep,
"Hang o'er their courſers heads with eager
"ſpeed,
"And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed."

Many other, and more ſtriking inſtances of Mr. POPE's talent for deſcription, appear in the courſe of his works, and ſome will be taken notice of in their proper places.

It is certain, that deſcriptive poetry can claim but a very ſubordinate rank in the ſcale of poetical excellence. As the learned editor of his works has obſerved, it is the office of a pictoreſque imagination to brighten and adorn good ſenſe; ſo that to employ it only in deſcription, is like childrens delighting in a priſm for the ſake of its gaudy colours, which when frugally managed and ſkilfully diſpoſed, might be made to repreſent and illuſtrate the nobleſt objects in nature.

Indeed our poet himſelf thought meanly of deſcriptive poetry, which he humorouſly obſerved was a compoſition as abſurd as a feaſt made up of ſauces: And in his epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, he ſpeaks ſlightly of this ſort of merit, where he ſays——

"---Who

"——Who could take offence
"While pure *Deſcription* held the place of
"Senſe?"

Mr. POPE, however, has not failed in this piece to take every occaſion of adorning good ſenſe; and he ſometimes, as our critic obſerves, introduces moral ſentences and inſtructions in an oblique and indirect manner, in places where one expects only painting and amuſement. Thus we have virtue, as our poet himſelf remarks *, put upon us by ſurprize, and are pleaſed to find a thing where we ſhould never have looked to meet with it.

Among other ſpecimens of this diſtinguiſhing excellence, our critic has candidly ſelected the following, where, after ſpeaking of hare-hunting, the poet ſubjoins——

"Beaſts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beaſts purſue,
"And learn of man each other *to* † undo."

The manly indignation and generous freedom likewiſe with which our poet ſpeaks of the ravages of the Norman kings, deſerves to be admired. After deſcribing the beauties of the foreſt, he thus breaks forth——

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* Iliad, b. 16. in the notes, ver. 465.

† *To* undo is unpoetical, and the *expletive* TO makes the line halt.

" Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
" A dreary deſert, and a gloomy waſte,
" To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
" And kings more *furious* and *ſevere* ‡ than they;
" Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and
" floods,
" The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
" Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and
" caves,
" (For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves;)
" What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts
" obey'd,
" And ev'n the elements a Tyrant ſway'd?"

This leads our poet to lament the miſeries conſequential of ſuch devaſtation, which he bewails with amiable ſenſibility.

" In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
" Soft ſhow'rs diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm
" in vain;
" The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour
" yields,
" And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields."

Our poet cloſes this melancholy ſcene of deſolation, with one of the fineſt pieces of deſcription that can be imagined.

" The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
" The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;

‡ The laſt epithet here ſeems to weaken the force of the former.

" Round

" Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
" O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;
" The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
" And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires."

But the groupe of allegorical perſonages towards the concluſion, are confeſſed to be worthy the pencil of Rubens, or Julio Romano. The eſſayiſt candidly owns that Virgil, in deſcribing the inhabitants of Hell's portal, has exhibited no images ſo lively and diſtinct, as the following living pictures painted by POPE, each of them with their proper inſignia or attributes.

" ---- ENVY her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
" And PERSECUTION mourn her broken
" wheel:
" There FACTION roar, REBELLION bite
" her chain,
" And gaſping furies thirſt for blood in vain *."

After the ſeveral inſtances of beautiful deſcription, which our critic himſelf has applauded, together with others, which will be ſelected or refer-

* The critic aſſures us he was informed by a perſon of no ſmall rank, that Mr. Addiſon was inexpreſſibly chagrined at this noble concluſion of WINDSOR FOREST, both as a politician and as a poet. As a politician, becauſe it ſo highly celebrated that treaty of peace which he deemed ſo pernicious to the liberties of Europe; and as a poet, becauſe he was deeply conſcious that his own Campaign, that gazette in rhyme, contained no ſtrokes of ſuch genuine and ſublime poetry, as the concluſion before us.

red

red to, the reader muſt be left to determine with what propriety it can be aſſerted that "deſcrip-" tive poetry was by no means the ſhining ta-" lent of POPE." Surely his candour and penetration as a critic had been better diſplayed in obſerving "that the ſtudious cultiva-" tion of *deſcriptive poetry* was far below the " poet's comprehenſion and ſublime genius."

Our critic is right, nevertheleſs, in remarking that there are *few* images introduced which are not applicable to any place whatever, and rather deſcriptive of rural beauty in general, than of the peculiar beauties of Windſor Foreſt. At the ſame time it ſhould be remembered, that the foreſt in its ſtate at that time, afforded but few images which could be peculiarly appropriated to it. No magnificent lakes or caſcades, no elegant ſtructures, or other beauties with which royal taſte and magnificence has ſince embelliſhed it, were then appropriated to it. But what beauties were peculiar to it, our poet has deſcribed in the introduction of the poem from verſe nine to forty *, and with reſpect to the other

* It is obſervable that the critic has cenſured the ſimile of the following lines.

" Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
" And part admit, and part exclude the day;
" As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
" Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs."

Bohours,

other images, though they are not peculiar to the foreſt alone, yet they are ſo admirably deſcribed, that they may be truly ſaid to be excellent in their kind, and to prove that Mr. Pope poſſeſſed the talent of deſcriptive poetry in a very eminent degree.

Our poet's talents, however, ripening daily under the benign and foſtering patronage of his noble and ingenious friends, he left ſcarce any ſpecies of poetical compoſition unattempted, and attempted none in which he did not excel.

His lyric pieces, which he compoſed ſoon after his Windſor Foreſt, have been deſervedly admired; and his Ode on St. Cecilia's birth-day, in particular, has been eſteemed the moſt artful as well as the moſt ſublime of his leſſer compoſitions.

Bohours, ſays he, would rank this compariſon among falſe thoughts and Italian conceits: the fallacy conſiſts in giving deſign and artifice to the wood, as well as to the coquette; and in putting the light of the ſun, and the warmth of a lover, on a level.

This is a fault, however, as he acknowledges, very uncommon in the writings of Mr. Pope: And perhaps the fault here imputed to the poet, is rather owing to a miſtake in the critic. It is not the nymph's diſpoſition of mind, to which the chequered ſcene is here compared, but to the *effects* produced by that diſpoſition, viz. *Sun-ſhine* and *gloom*: which are *natural*, in the object of *deſcription*, and *intellectual* in the objects of *compariſon*.

The firſt ſtanza expreſſes the various tones and meaſures in muſic, and is almoſt a perfect concert of itſelf. The ſecond deſcribes their power over the ſeveral paſſions in general. The third explains their uſe in inſpiring the heroic paſſions in particular. The fourth, fifth and ſixth, their power over all nature, in the fable of Orpheus's expedition to hell. The ſeventh and laſt concludes in praiſe of muſic, and the advantages of the ſacred above the profane.

The beginning of the ſecond ſtanza in the opinion of our critic is a little flat, and by no means equal to the concluſion of it. But we might, on this occaſion, very properly anſwer him by a remark of his own in another part, where he ſays, "If we conſider that variety, "which in all arts is neceſſary to keep up at- "tention, we may perhaps affirm with truth "that *inequality* makes a part of excellence: "That ſomething ought to be thrown into "ſhades, in order to make the lights more ſtrik- "ing." It may be added, that this inequality or *flatneſs*, if our critic chooſes to call it ſo, is in the inſtance before us rather a beauty than a blemiſh: For as the ſtanza opens with deſcribing the power of muſic in conferring tranquillity and equanimity, it is rather a proof of our poet's ſkill in adapting his numbers to the ſentiment, and it would have been very injudicious to have riſen too high in the opening, more eſpecially as the ideas which follow, afford him ſuch an opportunity of ſwelling into a beauti-

ful

ful climax. But let the reader judge for himſelf.

" By Muſic, minds an *equal temper* know,
" Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
" If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
" Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
" Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
" Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
" Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
" Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
" Melancholy lifts her head,
" Morpheus rouſes from his bed,
" Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
" Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
" Inteſtine war no more our Paſſions wage,
" And giddy Factions hear away their rage."

Nothing can be more artfully managed than this ſtanza, nor can any thing be more ſtriking and poetical than the beautiful perſonifications here introduced.

To talk of the flatneſs in the beginning of this ſtanza, is as if a learner in the mathematics ſhould cenſure the dryneſs of a theorem, becauſe he does not immediately perceive that fertility and abundance, which ſpring up from it on profound cultivation. Though our poet be as ſublime as Pindar, yet he is infinitely more regular and philoſophic: and it was here his purpoſe to prove that the legitimate uſe of muſic is to temper the paſſions, in ſupport of reaſon. In the two firſt lines therefore, this uſeful propoſition

poſition is delivered, as ſuch always ſhould be, whether in poetry or proſe, with great ſimplicity. But the proof of it, in the various inſtances of its truth, he delivers in all the ſublime of poetic thought and expreſſion.

But our critic's cenſure of the following numbers, which conclude the fifth ſtanza, appears to be better founded.

" Thus ſong could prevail
" O'er death, and o'er hell,
" A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
" Tho' fate had faſt bound her
" With Styx nine times round her,
" Yet muſic and love were victorious."

Though in this place a ſong of triumph muſt be allowed to be well placed; by ill luck, nevertheleſs, the meaſure has been employed in drinking-ſongs, which added to the ſtory, which has been as commonly the ſubject of thoſe ſongs, throws an air of ridicule on what the poet intended to be ſerious; and makes theſe numbers, as the critic obſerves, of ſo burleſque and ridiculous a kind, that one is concerned to find them in a ſerious ode, and in an ode of a writer eminently ſkilled, in general, in accommodating his ſounds to his ſentiments.

He might have extended his cenſure likewiſe to the following lines, where the poet deſcribes the grief and deſpair of the lover, who loſt his Eurydice by looking back.

" Now

" Now under hanging mountains,
" Beſide the falls of fountains,
" Or where Hebrus wanders,
" Rolling in Maeanders,
" All alone,
" Unheard, unknown,
" He makes his moan;
" And calls her ghoſt,
" For ever, ever, ever loſt!
" Now with Furies ſurrounded,
" Deſpairing, confounded,
" He trembles, he glows,
" Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows."

A reader of nice ear, will readily perceive that the meaſure, in theſe lines, is much too ſprightly for the ſentiment. The too frequent returns of rhyme, are highly improper for any ſevere or ſerious paſſion: the difference between the ſubject and the modulation is very ſenſibly felt *.

The eſſayiſt, however, candidly admits that the ſupplicating ſong at the beginning of the fifth ſtanza is highly pathetic and poetical.

" By the ſtreams that ever flow,
" By the fragrant winds that blow
" O'er the Elyſian flow'rs;
" By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
" In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
" Or Amaranthine bow'rs;

* See *Elements of Criticiſm.*

" By

" By the heroes armed ſhades,
" Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;
" By the youths that dy'd for love,
" Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
" Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
" Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!"

Theſe images he obſerves are pictureſque and appropriated, and the notes are ſuch as might—

" Draw iron tears *from* Pluto's cheek,
" And make hell grant what love *did* ſeek. †"

Our bard, likewiſe, compoſed two choruſes in the lyric ſtrain, at the deſire of the Duke of Buckingham, to embelliſh a very bad play which his grace had altered from Shakeſpeare. They had, as the editor obſerves, the uſual effects of

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† Theſe lines, which the critic has taken from *Milton*'s *Il Penſeroſo*, are not accurately tranſcribed. Milton has ſaid more properly, " *down* Pluto's cheek."

It may be obſerved, however, that the auxiliary verb *did*, in the ſecond line, is extremely inelegant and unpoetical.

I am very far, however, from the preſumption of making this remark with the petulant deſign of carping at the writings of this immortal bard. But though the ſplendid beauties may more than atone for the blemiſhes and inequalities of a great genius, yet they ought not to paſs unnoticed, leſt the reverence which is paid to their authority, ſhould miſlead the public taſte and judgment, and incline the haſty and injudicious, not only to admire, but to imitate imperfections.

ill adjuſted ornaments, only ſerving to make the meanneſs of the ſubject more conſpicuous. Nevertheleſs, they were ſet to muſick many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-houſe.

Theſe lyric pieces alone, are ſufficient to prove Mr. Pope's abilities for this ſpecies of poetry, and it is to be lamented that he did not proſecute his purpoſe of executing ſome plans of this nature, which he had chalked out. But the characters of the managers of the play-houſes at that time, determined him, as he ſaid, to lay aſide all thoughts of that kind. Other conſiderations likewiſe probably co-operated to render him averſe from having any thing to do with the ſtage. He remembered that *Pliny*, or ſome other antient author, had delivered down to us this extraordinary particular, concerning the conſtruction of *Pompey*'s magnificent theatre; that the ſeats of it were ſo contrived, as to ſerve at the ſame time for ſteps to the entrance of the Temple of *Venus*, which he had joined to his theatre. The moral poet could not but ſpeculate on a circumſtance, where the λογος and the μυθος of the ſtory were as cloſely united as the two edifices.

Among other beauties in the lyric pieces under conſideration, there is ſomething very bold and maſterly in the following lines, where, deſcribing the effects of the arts in Britain, he ſays ——

" See Arts her ſavage ſons controul,
" And Athens riſing near the pole!
" Till ſome new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
" And civil madneſs tears them from the land."

In the two laſt lines, there is a happy and noble combination of imagery and ſentiment.

But the next chorus affords a beauty of the ſofter kind, where the poet thus feelingly deſcribes the delights of connubial love.

" Oh ſource of ev'ry ſocial tye,
" United wiſh, and mutual joy!
" What various joys on one attend,
" As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend?
" Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
" While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
" Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye;
" Or views his ſmiling progeny;
" What tender paſſions take their turns,
" What home-felt raptures move?
" His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
" With rev'rence, hope, and love."

A mind endued with the leaſt ſenſibility, cannot fail of being affected by the delicacy and tenderneſs of theſe ſentiments, as well as charmed by the force and propriety of the epithets, and the elegance and harmony of the numbers.

The next piece which falls under conſideration, is the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, which, extraordinary as it may ſeem, was written before our poet had attained his twentieth year; and publiſhed within two years afterwards, being as ſhort a time as he ever ſuffered any thing to lie by him.

It had not probably been publiſhed ſo ſoon, but for the importunity of his old friend Sir William Trumball, to whom he ſent a copy of it, and who

was

was ſo charmed with it, that, in a letter which he addreſſed to him in return, he concludes thus, — "All I can add is, that if your exceſs of modeſty "ſhould hinder you from publiſhing this eſſay, "I ſhall only be ſorry I have no more credit with "you, to perſuade you to oblige the public, and "in particular, Dear Sir, &c.

This poem, the writer of the eſſay candidly allows to be a maſter-piece of its kind, and that notwithſtanding the partial commendation of Mr. Addiſon, who remarks that — "the obſervations "follow one another, like thoſe of Horace's Art "of poetry *, without that methodical regularity, "which would have been neceſſary in a proſe "writer," yet it is evident that the plan is regular, and the conduct of it maſterly.

Indeed, it is difficult, as our poet's learned friend and commentator obſerves, to conceive any prerogative in verſe, to diſpenſe with method and regularity. Beſides, in truth, our poet laid the plan, and digeſted all the matter in proſe; and then, as he has been heard to ſay, he turned it into verſe with great rapidity.

The general order and deſign of this work is fully delineated in the admirable commentary ſubjoined to it. But it would not be conſiſtent with the profeſſed plan of this hiſtory, ſhould I omit to point out its moſt diſtinguiſhed beauties and defects, which cannot be done, without giving a ſhort analyſis of the poet's chain of argument:

* That Horace attended to method in his Art of Poetry, has been ſhewn by a learned critic. See Mr. Hurd's comment on the Epiſtle to the Piſos.

and I cannot help thinking it a capital objection to the *eſſay* above-mentioned on Mr. POPE's *writings*, &c. that the eſſayiſt frequently only ſelects detached paſſages, as the foundation of his encomium or cenſure, without attempting to connect the ſenſe. Unleſs we recollect the writer's general ſcope of reaſoning, we cannot always fully reliſh the beauties of particular parts, more eſpecially in Mr. POPE, who has the particular ſkill to employ poetical ornament in aid of his arguments. Add to this, that when parts are thus taken detached, we may ſometimes impute faults to the writer, which are ſo only from the partial view we have given of his work *.

The poem conſiſts of one book, which is divided into three principal parts, or members. The firſt of them giving rules for the ſtudy of the art of criticiſm; the ſecond expoſing the cauſes of wrong judgment; and the third, marking out the morals of the critic.

Though this piece is intitled ſimply an Eſſay on *Criticiſm*, yet it contains ſeveral precepts, equally relative to the good writing, as to the true judging of a poem; which is ſo far from violating the unity of the ſubject, that it preſerves and compleats it.

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* To this effect, ſays our Poet, in the following lines:

" The critic eye, that microſcope of wit,
" Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
" How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
" The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul,
" Are things which Kuſter, Burman, Waſſe ſhall ſee,
" When man's whole frame is obvious to a *flea*."

The

The poet having in the opening, ſhewn the uſe and ſeaſonableneſs of the ſubject, he proceeds to inquire into the proper qualities of a true critic.

" 'Tis with our *judgments* as our watches, none
" Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
" In Poets, as true *genius* is but rare,
" True *taſte* as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
" Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their light,
" Theſe born to *judge*, as well as thoſe to write."

The reaſoning in theſe lines, as the learned commentator obſerves, is concluſive; and the ſimilitude extremely juſt.

It may be neceſſary, however, to conſider this paſſage reſpecting the human faculties, ſomewhat more critically; as it will be of uſe hereafter, in the attempt to aſcertain the nature and extent of our author's genius.

It has been ſaid that " *judgment*, when it goes " *alone*, is generally regulated, or at leaſt much " influenced, by cuſtom, faſhion or habit; and " never certain and conſtant, but when founded " upon TASTE; which is the ſame in the *critic*, " as GENIUS in the *poet*. That, in fact, genius " and taſte are but one and the ſame faculty dif- " ferently exerting itſelf under different names, " in the two profeſſions of poetry and criticiſm: " for that the art of poetry conſiſts in ſelecting " out of all thoſe images which preſent them- " ſelves to the fancy, ſuch of them as are truly " beautiful: And the art of criticiſm in diſcerning, " and fully reliſhing, what it finds ſo ſelected."

Though it may be allowed, that judgment is never certain, but when ripened into taſte: nevertheleſs we muſt be cautious how we fall into an error, which has been adopted by many writers, who have conſidered *judgment* and *taſte* as things totally diſtinct: for they appear to be the ſame faculty, and to differ only in the degree and extent of their application. *Taſte* is nothing but *judgment* matured and refined. The faculty of judgment, is born with us; taſte is, in a great meaſure, acquired. Judgment, is the faculty of comparing and ſeparating our ideas: taſte, is the ſame faculty of compariſon improved, and applied to works of imagination and elegance.

The man of taſte ſeems at one glance, by a kind of intuition, to diſcern what is beautiful and elegant; and this has miſled many to imagine that taſte is a faculty diſtinct from judgment. But, in truth, we cannot diſcover what is beautiful, but by compariſon: and to compare, as has been ſaid, is the office of judgment. Taſte, therefore, is the reſult of repeated, tho' perhaps imperceptible operations of the judgment, by which, we at length acquire that quick diſcernment of, and habitual reliſh for, the beautiful.

The excellence of taſte, depends on an extenſive knowledge in the ſubjects of the fine arts; and on that habit of compariſon, which alone can enable us to diſcern and *reliſh* what is truly beautiful. For inſtance, ſhould a man of good natural judgment who had never ſeen a picture, behold two portraits of the human figure, daubed upon a ſign, of which the one was manifeſtly a better imitation of nature than the other,

other, he would not fail to be delighted with that which had the preference, and to pronounce it beautiful. But ſhould he afterward become converſant with the works of a *Vandyke* or a *Reynolds*, he would diſcover the uncertainty of his former judgment, and what pleaſed him before as beautiful, he would then deſpiſe as defective. In this ſenſe, we may be allowed to ſay, that judgment in the fine arts is never certain, but when matured and refined to taſte.

At the ſame time it may be doubted, whether *genius* and *taſte* can be ſtrictly conſidered as the ſame faculty, differently exerting itſelf under different names. Genius, as the derivative ſenſe of the word implies, denotes the faculty of inventing, or of forming new aſſociations of ideas; but the buſineſs of *ſelecting* ſuch images as are truly beautiful, ſeems to be the province of taſte; which, as the term imports, is the faculty of diſcerning, or in its etymological ſenſe, of *feeling* what is beautiful.

It is as uſual, and perhaps as proper, to ſay a *writer* of taſte, as a *critic* of taſte: and it ſeems eaſy to conceive a writer of *genius*, that is, of ſtrong creative powers, without *taſte* to *ſelect* ſuch images as are truly beautiful, from the group which throng before him. This defect is ſometimes, perhaps oftneſt, obſervable in writers of the greateſt genius; and ſeems to ariſe from too quick a ſenſibility, which cauſes the novelty of various images, to make ſuch a

powerful impreſſion on their minds, as to prevent the timely interpoſition of judgment, to diſſipate the charm which miſleads them in their choice. But though taſte is ſpoiled by too exquiſite a ſenſibility, yet without a certain degree of it, neither taſte nor genius can exiſt. They ſpring from the ſame common ſtock; ſenſibility is the root of both: and though both may be improved and refined by exerciſe, yet the ſeeds of each are ſown by nature.

The poet himſelf, indeed, ſeems to have had the diſtinctions in view which I would endeavour to point out. He ſays;

" Authors are partial to their *wit*, 'tis true,
" But are not Critics to their *judgment* too?
" Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
" Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their
" mind:
" Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
" The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are
" drawn right."

Taking theſe lines, and thoſe before quoted together, it ſhould ſeem from the context, that the poet uſes judgment and taſte, as two words denoting degrees of the ſame faculty, and that he conſiders genius as ſomething diſtinct from both.

Among the cauſes which prevent the due culture of the ſeeds of judgment, our Author reckons

reckons falſe learning, falſe reaſoning, falſe wit, and falſe politeneſs: on which he farther expatiates in the ſecond part. Againſt falſe wit, which is the moſt frequent cauſe of a perverſion of judgment, he is particularly ſevere.

" Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
" Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools
" at laſt.
" Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs,
" As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
" Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in
" our iſle,
" As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
" Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
" Their generation's ſo equivocal."

Nothing can be more keen and ſarcaſtic than theſe lines, in which the images are moſt happily choſen to heighten the ſatire.

He next proceeds to deliver the precepts of criticiſm, recommending it to the critic in the firſt place to examine his own ſtrength: nature he obſerves has ſet fixed limits to the human faculties—The lines by which he expreſſes this ſentiment are incomparable.

" Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
" And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending
" wit.
" As on the land while here the ocean gains,
" In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;

" Thus

" Thus in the ſoul while *memory* prevails,
" The ſolid pow'r of *underſtanding* fails;
" Where beams of warm *imagination* play,
" The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
" One ſcience only will one genius fit;
" So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit."

The poetry as well as the philoſophy of this paſſage, can ſcarcely be too much admired. How chaſte and elegant, yet how ſtrong and lively, is the imagery by which he illuſtrates the tendencies of the different faculties! There is peculiar beauty in repreſenting the *beams* of *warm* imagination, as *melting* away the *ſoft* figures of memory. Every epithet is ſo happily adapted, that it is impoſſible to change a word, without doing prejudice to the image.

Having ſhewn that *nature* is the proper foundation on which to eſtabliſh criticiſm, he points out the aids which may be borrowed from *art*. He intimates that the rules of art were not invented by the fancy, but diſcovered in the book of nature: and are ſtill nature, though methodized. This he explains by a happy illuſtration, wherein he gives a juſt definition of liberty; from whence we may perceive how eſſentially it differs from that *licentiouſneſs*, which too often uſurps its name and character.

" Nature, like Liberty, is but reſtrain'd
" By the ſame Laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd."

Theſe rules of art, he obſerves, the critics borrowed from the antient poets, who drew them immediately from nature.

" Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
" She drew from them, what they deriv'd from
" Heav'n.
" The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
" And taught the world with Reaſon to admire.
" Then Criticiſm the Muſe's handmaid prov'd,
" To dreſs her charms, and make her more
" belov'd:
" But following wits from that intention
" ſtray'd,
" Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the
" maid;
" Againſt the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
" Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they
" learn'd.
" So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
" By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
" Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
" Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools."

There is a great deal of ſprightly wit and keen raillery in this paſſage, in which the poet has drawn his obſervations from Quintilian; but has ſkilfully enlivened them, as he ſeldom fails to do any trite or borrowed ſentiments, with all the graces of a ſplendid imagination.

Our author next obſerves, that there are graces beyond the reach of precept.

" If,

" If, where the rules not far enough extend,
" (Since rules are made but to promote their end)
" Some lucky licence anſwers to the full
" Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
" Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
" May boldly deviate from the common track.
" From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
" And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art.
" Which without paſſing thro' the judgment, " gains
" The heart, and all its end at once attains."

The eſſayiſt, before mentioned, has cenſured the foregoing illuſtration; where, as he obſerves, there is evidently a blameable mixture of metaphors, the attributes of the horſe and the writer being confounded. The former, ſays he, may be juſtly ſaid " to take a nearer way," and to " deviate from a track;" but how can a horſe " ſnatch a grace," or " gain a heart?"

To this, however, it may be anſwered, that *Pegaſus* is here uſed only as a generic name for *poetry*. And the poet evidently intended to have wrote---*for* Pegaſus.---But by ſaying---*thus* Pegaſus---he makes a *ſimilitude* of what he only deſigned for the *explanation of a precept*.

Our poet adds, that if we muſt offend againſt the precept, we ought never to tranſgreſs the end: and that we ſhould, at leaſt, have the precedent of the antients to juſtify us——

" Let

" Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
" And have, at leaſt, their PRECEDENT to plead."

This muſt be conſidered as a precept of *prudence* only, and to avoid cenſure: for ſurely it is debaſing genius to ſhackle it with the fetters of PRECEDENT. Irregular ſtrokes, *audaciter ſumpta*, will always be juſtified by the natural effects they produce, though there ſhould be no precedent to plead for them. If theſe effects will not vindicate them, the diſpenſing *power* of the antients will plead in vain.

It is admirably obſerved by a writer of true original genius *, that we might expect to learn the principles of the arts from the artiſts themſelves; but, ſays he, they have been too much occupied in the practice, and have ſought the rules of the arts in the wrong place; they have ſought it among poems, pictures, &c.—" But," he continues, " art can never give the rules that " make an art. This is, I believe, the reaſon " why artiſts in general, and poets principally, " have been confined within ſo narrow a circle; " they have been rather imitators of one " another, than of nature; and this with ſo " faithful an uniformity, and to ſo remote an " antiquity, that it is hard to ſay who gave the " firſt model. Critics follow them, and there-

* The author of a Philoſophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.

" fore

" fore can do little as guides. I can judge but
" poorly of any thing, whilſt I meaſure it by
" no other ſtandard than itſelf. The true ſtand-
" ard of the arts is in every man's power, and
" an eaſy obſervation of the moſt common,
" ſometimes of the meaneſt things in nature,
" will give the trueſt lights, where the greateſt
" ſagacity and induſtry, that ſlights ſuch obſer-
" vation, muſt leave us in the dark, or what is
" worſe, amuſe and miſlead us by falſe lights."

Our poet, however, the better to enforce the authority of the antients, endeavours to vindicate them from the preſumptuous cenſure of modern critics.

" I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous
" thoughts
" Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
" Some figures monſtrous and miſ-ſhap'd
" appear,
" Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
" Which, but proportion'd to their light, or
" place,
" Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace."

This juſt and ſtriking metaphor, is nicely appropriated to illuſtrate the ſentiment; and is, perhaps, the beſt apology that can be offered for the ſeemingly bold deviations of the antients.

Tranſported with their beauties, he breaks out into a kind of rapturous exclamation, on contemplating the rare felicity of thoſe few who ſtill

ſtand

ſtand green with bays; and turns towards their manes, in the following moſt admirable apoſtrophe:

" Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier
" days;
" Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
" Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
" As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow:
" Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall
" ſound,
" And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be
" found!
" O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
" The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
" (That on weak wings, from far, purſues
" your flights;
" Glows while he reads, but trembles as he
" writes)
" To teach vain Wits a ſcience little known,
" T'admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their
" own!"

In theſe beautiful lines, the poet appears, as the commentator ſtrongly expreſſes it, " with " the *humility* of a Suppliant at the ſhrine of " Immortals, and the *ſublimity* of a Poet par- " ticipating of their fire." There is not, I believe, a ſtronger indication of true genius, than the enthuſiaſtic veneration with which an early candidate for literary fame, looks up towards thoſe who have reached thoſe arduous heights, to which his ambition aſpires. A cold phlegmatic genius, deſpairing to ſoar to ſuch an exalted pitch,

pitch, beholds their towering pre-eminence, with languid and unemulating regard.

The rules for perfecting the art of criticiſm, having been ſet forth in the firſt part, the cauſes tending to impede its perfection are next explained. Of theſe the firſt——

" Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
" Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
" She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
" For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
" What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with
" wind:
" Pride, where Wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
" And fills up all the mighty Void of ſenſe.
" If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
" Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
" Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
" Make uſe of ev'ry friend---and ev'ry foe."

The ſimile here employed to ſhew the reſemblance between an inflated mind and a bloated body, is the moſt happy that could be conceived.

Superficial learning is the next cauſe which our author expoſes. He adviſes the critic to

" Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring."

At the ſame time, he points out the labours and difficulties attending the progreſs towards ſcience, which he aptly illuſtrates in the following lines.

" So

" So pleas'd at firſt, the tow'ring Alps we try,
" Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the
" ſky,
" Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
" And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the
" laſt:
" But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
" The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
" Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring
" eyes,
" Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!"

The *Eſſayiſt* does not ſeem inclined to applaud this celebrated illuſtration. The images, he obſerves, are too general and indiſtinct: but if the mind, as it enlarges itſelf in the purſuit of learning, be indeed in the ſtate of a wearied traveller, when entered on the paſſage of the Alps (as it is ſurely) could there be an apter ſimilitude? And if, in the deſcription of this journey, the *images are too general and indiſtinct*, it is the fault of that barren and extenſive region, and not of the poet, who muſt deſcribe what he finds or conceives. But the *Eſſayiſt* would have him an INVENTOR at the expence of every other faculty of the poet or the man.

In truth, however, though the ſimile is, on the whole, very fine and appoſite, yet it ſeems to be ſpun out to a languid iteration of idea. " The Alps riſing on Alps," is but an echo of " hills peeping o'er hills;" and there is too much in theſe lines of what the French call *Verbiage*: a word which I would not uſe, but that

I do not know one in our own language ſo expreſſive of my meaning.

Among other cauſes which occaſion wrong judgment, he reckons a *narrow capacity*; which may be expoſed in judging either of the *matter*, or the *manner*, of the work. Of the matter, in judging by parts; or in preferring one favourite part, to a diſregard of all the reſt. Of the manner, in confining the attention only to *conceit*, *language* or *numbers*.

The poet firſt expoſes thoſe phlegmatic critics, who, not entering into the ſpirit of their author, take a partial ſurvey, and are curious to detect trivial faults.

" A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
" With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ:
" Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to
" find
" Where nature moves, and rapture warms the
" mind;
" Nor loſe for that malignant dull delight,
" The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with
" wit.

A critic, whoſe capacity is not ſufficiently comprehenſive to take in the whole, can never feel the lively impreſſions with which a warm imagination is ſmitten on a general ſurvey of nature, and muſt conſequently confine his view to detached parts, which, to his ſhort ſight, will frequently

frequently appear irregular. This, however, the poet himſelf admirably illuſtrates.

" In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
" Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
" 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
" But the joint force and full reſult of all.
" Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd
" dome,
" (The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine,
" O Rome!)
" No ſingle parts unequally ſurprize,
" All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
" No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length
" appear;
" The Whole at once is bold, and regular."

There is a moſt happy propriety in this illuſtration, and perhaps it will not be too much to ſay, that there is even a ſublimity in it, which excites our admiration of the noble ſtructure which the poet deſcribes.

The folly of making the whole ſubſervient to a part, is pleaſantly ridiculed by the tale of *La Mancha*; which is told with incomparable humour, and is a ſtrong proof of our author's various merit, which enabled him, with that happy facility, to ſlide imperceptibly from the gravity of the didactic, to the gaiety of the facetious narrative.

The poet next expoſes the limited talents of thoſe who confine their attention to conceit and

wit, which he ridicules by a ſimile drawn from a ſiſter art.

" Poets, like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
" The naked nature and the living grace,
" With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
" And hide with ornaments their want of art."

Having ridiculed the *falſe*, he deſcribes the nature of the *true* ſpecies of wit.

" True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd."

The dreſs which is moſt becoming, the poet points out in the following beautiful illuſtration.

" As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
" So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit."

This is that delightful ſimplicity, which adds grace and propriety to all the works of the fine arts: and the poet has ſhewn great ſkill in the conduct of theſe ſimilies, by which the nature, both of true and falſe wit, are explained by images drawn from the ſame art.

An extraordinary attention to language falls next under our author's cenſure; and the abſurdity of it is finely exemplified in an admirable ſimile.

" Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
" Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
" The

" The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
" All glares alike, without diſtinction gay."

Imagination cannot conceive any thing more happily appropriated than this ſimile, to ridicule the fantaſtic glare of falſe eloquence.

He then expoſes the folly of too great a fondneſs for the harmony of numbers; ridiculing thoſe who only haunt *Parnaſſus*, to pleaſe their ear: and next gives rules for true harmony, of which the chief is, that the ſound ſhould be an echo to the ſenſe; which precept he illuſtrates by ſeveral examples of ſmoothneſs, roughneſs, ſlowneſs, and rapidity.

I cannot help thinking, that upon the whole, there is great merit in the following exemplifications; though I am free to confeſs, that there is great juſtice likewiſe in ſome of the animadverſions, made by the ingenious author of the Rambler; though others are perhaps rather nice and faſtidious.

" Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr *gently* blows,
" And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers
" flows;
" But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhoar,
" The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the tor-
" rent roar:
" When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight
" to throw,
" The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:

" Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
" Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along
" the main."

" The verſe," this author obſerves, " intended " to repreſent the whiſper of the vernal breeze, " muſt ſurely be confeſſed not much to excel in " *ſoftneſs* and *volubility*; and the ſmooth ſtream " runs with a perpetual claſh of jarring con- " ſonants."

But notwithſtanding the authority of this criticiſm, a man may, with good reaſon, perhaps, be ſuppoſed to have a very ſingular ear who does not diſcover a peculiar ſoftneſs, in the firſt verſe; and as to volubility, that might indeed have been neceſſary, had the poet been deſcribing the ruſhing of a whirlwind; but why it ſhould be eſſential in repreſenting the *gently* blowing breeze, is difficult to conceive. *Gentle* and *voluble* are oppoſite terms, and to have repreſented the one by the other, would have been a very prepoſterous attempt. At the ſame time it muſt be admitted, that the line intended to deſcribe the *ſmooth ſtream*, though there is nothing jarring in it, yet nevertheleſs, when conſidered as an example of ſmoothneſs, it abounds too much with conſonants to render the exemplification ſtriking.

" The noiſe and turbulence of the torrent," this writer continues, " is indeed diſtinctly " imagined; for," he adds, " it requires very " little ſkill to make our language rough.

" But,"

"But," he proceeds, "in the lines which men-
"tion the effort of Ajax, there is no particular
"heavineſs or delay."

This laſt cenſure, however, ſeems to be ill founded. It is ſcarce poſſible to read theſe lines with any degree of fluency and volubility.

Nothing can be more tardy, nor move with greater proſaic drag, than theſe lines, which abound with ſluggiſh monoſyllables; which are particularly adapted to expreſs the tardy motion of a laborious effort *.

"The ſwiftneſs of Camilla," the writer adds,
"is rather contraſted than exemplified. Why
"the verſe ſhould be lengthened to expreſs ſpeed,
"will not eaſily be diſcovered. In the dactyls
"uſed for that purpoſe by the antients, two ſhort
"ſyllables were pronounced with ſuch rapidity,
"as to be equal only to one long; they therefore
"naturally exhibit the art of paſſing through a
"long ſpace in a ſhort time. But the Alexan-
"drine, by its pauſe in the midſt, is a tardy and
"ſtately meaſure; and the word *unbending*, one
"of the moſt ſluggiſh and ſlow which our lan-
"guage affords, cannot much accelerate its mo-
"tion."

Theſe remarks, it muſt be allowed, are not without propriety. But though the Alexandrine

* Monoſyllables likewiſe, as Mr. POPE ſome-where obſerves, may be happily employed to expreſs *melancholy*.

is in this place rendered faulty by the choice of words, which cannot be pronounced with rapidity, yet if it was compoſed of epithets which would run with fluency, the Alexandrine would be the meaſure beſt calculated to exemplify ſwiftneſs; becauſe it would then moſt naturally exhibit the act of paſſing through a long ſpace in a ſhort time. It may, on this occaſion, be worth remarking too, that though *unbending* be indeed ſluggiſh, and ill-adapted, by its *ſound*, to exemplify ſwiftneſs; yet, if we attend to the *ſenſe*, it will appear, that nothing could be more happily choſen. It is impoſſible to convey a higher idea of the rapidity of Camilla's motion, than by deſcribing her to have flown ſo faſt, that the corn did not even bend to the impreſſion ſhe made in her flight. The ſame happineſs of expreſſion is likewiſe obſervable in the cloſe of the line, where ſhe is repreſented *ſkimming* along the main.

But one of the beſt exemplifications of celerity, is to be found in the celebrated line of the Odyſſey.

"Αυτις επειτα πεδονδε Κυλινδετολαας αναιδης."

Yet, after all, perhaps, the adapting the ſound of the words to the ſenſe, is, in moſt caſes, more the effect of chance, than art; nay, I know not whether, in deſcribing boiſterous images eſpecially, ſuch adaption is not rather a matter of neceſſity, than deſign: for I believe it would be difficult to expreſs ſuch images in words, which

are

are not rough and ſonorous. In ſhort, the ſkill, in the ſeveral inſtances of adapting the ſound to the ſenſe, ſeems to lie rather in the arrangement, than in the choice of the words.

The laſt cauſe which the poet enumerates, as tending to obſtruct the judgment, is *Partiality*; which he conſiders in its various branches, as it begets prejudices againſt particular things or perſons: Firſt, as it induces critics to prefer foreign writers, before our own; the antients, before the moderns——

" And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
" Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
" But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes."

Theſe lines are very poetical, and convey a juſt cenſure of a failing, to which not only the unlearned, to whom the poet particularly applies them, but even the learned, are too apt to incline. When men have beſtowed a great deal of time and attention to make themſelves acquainted with claſſic lore, they frequently ſet too high a value on the acquiſition. They are often partial to the merit of the antients, while they diſregard excellence among the moderns. Perhaps ſelf-love may induce them, to prefer what has coſt them moſt pains to acquire.

Our author next proceeds to expoſe the inſtances of partiality in the learned, ſuch as ſingularity and novelty, and in the laſt place expreſſes his

his indignation againſt *party rage* and *envy*, for which he had a natural abhorrence. The compariſon between envied merit, and the ſun eclipſed, is moſt happily conceived, and the laſt lines are even ſublime.

" Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue ;
" But like a ſhadow, proves the Subſtance true:
" For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes
" known
" Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
" When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſ-
" plays,
" It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
" But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
" Reflect new glories, and augment the day."

Having expoſed thoſe deteſtable principles, our author next, with an amiable liberality of mind, warns the true critic to be the firſt to befriend true merit. As our language, he obſerves, is failing and changeable, the date of modern fame is in its nature ſhort. This he illuſtrates by a compariſon, which is moſt incomparably fine.

" So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
" Some bright Idea of the maſter's mind,
" Where a new world leaps out at his com-
" mand,
" And ready Nature waits upon his hand:
" When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
" And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;

" When

" When mellowing years their full perfection
" give,
" And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
" The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
" And all the bright creation fades away!"

Nothing, as the eſſayiſt candidly admits, was ever ſo happily expreſſed on the art of painting: a ſubject on which POPE always ſpeaks *con amore*, being himſelf, as will be ſhown, a practitioner, in that pleaſing art.

But if, ſays our author, any dregs of the ſour critical humour ſtill remain, let them be vented againſt *obſcenity* and *impiety*. Here he takes occaſion to brand the *fat age of pleaſure*——

" When Love was all an eaſy monarch's care."

There is great merit in the following beautiful lines, in which the poet at once cenſures the prurient taſte of the dramatic writers of thoſe days, and the indelicacy of the fair ſex, to whom that taſte had ceaſed to be offenſive.

" The Fair ſate panting at a Courtier's play,
" And not a Maſk went unimprov'd away:
" The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
" And Virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd
" before."

There is a ſweetneſs and melody in theſe lines, which give the elegance and delicacy of the ſentiment, a peculiar reliſh.

In

In the *third* part, our author conſiders the *Morals* of the critic; under which are comprehended candour, modeſty, and good breeding.

Without the firſt eſſential requiſite, he ſhews that all other talents are inſufficient.----

" 'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning,
" join;
" In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine."

The truth likewiſe muſt be communicated with modeſty----

" Be ſilent always, when you doubt your ſenſe;
" And ſpeak, *though ſure*, with ſeeming diffi-
" dence."

To make the truth palatable, it muſt likewiſe be offered with good-breeding;

" Without Good-Breeding, truth is diſapprov'd,
" That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd *."

The poet, having eſtabliſhed the foregoing precepts, proceeds to illuſtrate them by examples drawn from the antients, and opens this part of his ſubject, with a ſtriking apoſtrophe, in which he has drawn a finiſhed picture of a true critic.

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* This paſſage reminds me of a beautiful thought of Dr. Young's, who ſays—

" Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good ſenſe."

" But

" But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
" Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to
" know?
" Unbiaſs'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
" Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
" Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred,
" ſincere;
" Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere;
" Who to a friend, his faults can freely ſhow,
" And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
" Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
" A knowledge both of books and human
" kind;
" Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
" And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?"

The poet then anſwers the queſtion himſelf, and ſhews that ſuch critics were to be found in the better ages of *Athens* and *Rome*, and points out their characters, beginning firſt with *Ariſtotle*, whom he deſcribes in the following bold metaphor.

" The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
" Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps
" explore;
" He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
" Led by the light of the Mæonian ſtar."

With the Stagirite, *Horace* is contraſted, and his character is juſtly and happily deſcribed in two lines.

" Horace

"Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
"And without Method talks us into ſenſe."

That of *Dionyſius* ſucceeds——

"See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts *refine*,
"And call new beauties forth from ev'ry
"line!"

Theſe verſes are cenſured by the Eſſayiſt, not only as ſpiritleſs, and proſaic, but as the character they expreſs, is not equal to the merit of the critic whom they are intended to celebrate. Nevertheleſs, though they do not excel in point of verſification, they are fraught with a great deal of meaning. In the firſt of theſe lines, on which the other depends, is deſcribed that moſt material and uſeful part of an able critic's office, who (like the *Refiner*) purifies the rich ore of an original writer. For ſuch an one, buſied in *creating*, often neglects to ſeparate and refine the maſs, and pours out his riches rather in *bullion*, than in *ſterling*.

I know not whether the Eſſayiſt is not too nice in his objections to the character of Petronius, of whom POPE ſays——

"Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
"The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's
"eaſe."

The Eſſayiſt remarks, that the chief merit of Petronius, is that of telling a ſtory with *grace* and

and *eaſe*: But the Poet is not here ſpeaking (nor was it for his purpoſe to ſpeak) of the *chief merit* of Petronius, but in what his merit *as a critic* conſiſted, which was ſoftening the art of a ſcholar with the eaſy fancy of a courtier. And whoever reads and underſtands the critical parts of his abominable licentious fragments will ſee, that the poet has truly characterized him.

It is obſervable likewiſe, that though the eſſayiſt confines the merit of *Petronius* to the art of telling a ſtory with *grace* and *eaſe*, yet he immediately adds, "that his own ſtile is more "*affected*, than even that of his cotemporaries." How the eſſayiſt can reconcile the *grace and eaſe* which he admits, with the *affectation* which he objects to him, I own I am at a loſs to conceive.

Indeed the eſſayiſt obſerves, with good reaſon, that many of Petronius's metaphors are far fetched and mixed, of which he produces a very glaring inſtance. But this is ſo far from contradicting POPE's judgment of him, that it rather tends to eſtabliſh it. Such as write with the court-like eaſe which Mr. POPE ſpeaks of, are moſt apt to fall into a confuſion of metaphors. It is not the correctneſs and accuracy, but the fancy and eaſe of Petronius, which our poet commends, and which in truth the eſſayiſt admits.

Our author's character of Quintilian, alſo falls ſhort of the eſſayiſt's eſtimate.

"In

" In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
" The juſteſt rules, and cleareſt method join'd."

Whoever ſtudies and practiſes *Compoſition*, cannot pay too much attention to the Inſtitutes of Quintilian, whoſe rules will lead to perfection in this part of literature. This is amongſt the higheſt praiſes a critic can *deſerve*. And this is given to him, in theſe two very lines.

Nevertheleſs, the eſſayiſt remarks, that Quintilian deſerves a more appropriate and poetical character: And indeed, conſidering that our author has, in the piece before us, been indebted to him for many of the precepts which he has ſo admirably illuſtrated, it is to be wiſhed that his juſt encomium on the critic's merit, had been ſomewhat more amplified. But he ſeems to have reſerved his ſtrength to characterize the great Longinus; whom he addreſſes with an abruptneſs, which at once ſurprizes and charms us.

" Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
" And bleſs their Critic with a Poet's fire.
" An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his truſt,
" With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always
" juſt:
" *Whoſe* own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
" *And* is himſelf that great Sublime he draws."

The ſpirit, energy, and propriety of theſe lines *, are equally admirable; and as the

* There ſeems, nevertheleſs, to be a grammatical inaccuracy in theſe lines, in making the copulative follow the genitive caſe of the pronoun.

eſſayiſt

eſſayiſt candidly obſerves, more ſuitable to the character of the perſon addreſſed, than if he had coldly ſpoken of him in the third perſon.

The poet then gives a ſhort, but animated hiſtory, of the decline of arts and ſciences under deſpotic power; and obſerves, that though they afterwards made ſome little efforts to revive, they were again overwhelmed:——

" A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
" And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths
" begun."

Then he turns towards that ſecond period, in which the true critic again appeared at the revival of letters in the weſt.

" But ſee! each Muſe, in LEO's golden days,
" Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd
" bays,
" Rome's antient Genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
" Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend
" head."

Theſe lines are perfectly poetical. With what awful imagery the genius of Rome is repreſented! Nothing can be finer than this deſcriptive perſonification. It is truly ſublime.

Nevertheleſs, the excellence of this compoſition did not ſecure it againſt the malice of criticiſm. Mr. Dennis, and others, vented their ſpleen againſt it; but chiefly Mr. Dennis, a

furious old critic by profeſſion, who took offence at the following lines, where Mr. POPE, after having recommended a generous freedom of advice, and obſerved, that they can beſt bear reproof, who merit praiſe, adds----

" 'Twere well, might Critics ſtill this freedom
" take,
" But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
" And ſtares, tremendous, with a threat'ning
" Eye,
" Like ſome fierce Tyrant in old tapeſtry."

It is ſaid that Mr. Dennis took this picture to himſelf, and upon no other provocation wrote againſt the eſſay and its author, in the moſt abſurd and virulent manner: For as to the mention made of him in ver. 270, he took it as a compliment, and ſaid it was treacherouſly meant, as an inducement for him to over-look this abuſe upon his perſon.

But the aukward apology he made in the preface to his frantic and illiberal critique, at once diſplays the judgment and temper of the man--" I can ſafely affirm," ſays he, " that I never " attacked any of theſe writings, unleſs they had " ſucceſs, infinitely beyond their merit."

Here he avows the true motives of a profeſſional critic; it is not merely the demerits of a piece, but the ſucceſs of it, which provokes their invidious cenſure.

Mr.

Mr. Dennis, however, at this time bore the character of an *acute critic* *; though he was generally condemned as an ill-natured one: And our poet himſelf was once not without apprehenſions from his ſeverity; for being aſked by a particular friend, whether he ever regarded what was written againſt him? he anſwered, "Never much; only the two or three firſt attacks: particularly when Dennis firſt wrote againſt me, it gave me ſome uneaſineſs, but it quickly ſubſided, when I came to read his Criticiſm, and found him in ſuch violent rage."

Nevertheleſs, our poet, with an amiable frankneſs and candour, acknowledged the juſtice of ſome of his animadverſions; and in a letter to the honourable J. C. Eſq; he expreſſes himſelf with admirable temper and good ſenſe, where, ſpeaking of Dennis, he ſays, "To give "him his due, he has objected to one or two lines "with reaſon, and I will alter them in caſe of "another edition: I will make my enemy do me "a kindneſs, where he meant an injury, and ſo "ſerve inſtead of a friend. What he obſerves at

* He appears, however, to have been indebted for this character to thoſe (and they are the groſs body of readers) who could not diſtinguiſh between the *mechanical* part of criticiſm, which was learnt by the ſtudy of the French critics, and that more liberal part which can only be acquired by the *mens divinior*. And had Dennis's turn, on this foundation, been like Mr. Addiſon's, towards encomium rather than cenſure, it had enabled him to have written as good a critic on Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, as that we find in the papers of the SPECTATOR.

" the bottom of page 20 of his Reflections, was " objected to by yourſelf, and had been mended " but for the haſte of the preſs."

What our author ſubjoins, affords an excellent leſſon for authors in general to ſuppreſs their irritability, and to truſt their reputations to the judgment of the diſcerning few, who will not fail to do juſtice between them and their critics.

" I ſhall certainly," ſays he, " never make " the leaſt reply to him, not only becauſe you " adviſe me, but becauſe I have ever been of opi- " nion, that *if a book can't anſwer for itſelf to* " *the public, 'tis to no ſort of purpoſe for its* " *author to do it.* If I am wrong in any ſen- " timent of that *Eſſay*, I proteſt ſincerely, I " don't deſire all the world ſhould be deceived " (which would be of very ill conſequence) " merely that I myſelf may be thought right " (which is of very little conſequence): I would " be the firſt to recant for the benefit of others, " and the glory of myſelf; for, (as I take it) " when a man owns himſelf to have been in an " error, he does but tell you in other words, " that he is wiſer than he was."

It cannot be denied, however, but this piece, upon the whole, notwithſtanding ſome trivial inaccuracies, may be juſtly eſteemed as a pattern of compoſition in the didactic way. It was not only admired by every candid critic of taſte and judgment at home, but its merit diffuſed itſelf abroad

abroad, where it was ſo highly eſteemed, that it was tranſlated into French verſe, by General Hamilton, which occaſioned the following letter from our poet to the tranſlator.

" If I could as well expreſs, or (if you will " allow me to ſay it) tranſlate the ſentiments of " my heart, as you have done thoſe of my head, " in your excellent verſion of my *Eſſay*; I " ſhould not only appear the beſt writer in the " world, but what I much more deſire to be " thought, the moſt your ſervant of any man " living. 'Tis an advantage, very rarely known, " to receive at once a great honour and a great " improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded " me; having at the ſame time made others " take my ſenſe, and taught me to underſtand " my own; if I may call that my own, which " is indeed more properly your's. Your verſes " are no more a tranſlation of mine, than *Vir-* " *gil*'s are of *Homer*'s; but are like his, the " juſteſt imitation, and the nobleſt commentary.

" In putting me into a French dreſs, you " have not only adorned my outſide, but mended " my ſhape; and if I am now a good figure, " I muſt conſider you have naturalized me into " a country, which is famous for making every " man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, " that (contrary to moſt young travellers) I am " come back much better than I went out."

The ſtrain of compliment in this letter will be excuſed, when it is conſidered that it was addreſſed, from a young writer, to the cele-

brated Author of the Life of Count Gramont; and that fulſome adulation was, in truth, more particularly the vice of the times.

This piece was afterwards tranſlated into French by other hands, and ſeveral verſions of it have ſince appeared in the Latin language *.

But whatever reputation our author may have gained by this didactic eſſay, in which he diſplayed ſuch uncommon compaſs of learning, ſuch extenſive knowledge of human nature, and ſuch ſtrength of judgment; yet, as a *Poet*, he acquired ſtill greater fame by the *Rape of the Lock*. The full force of his poetical talents appears combined in this celebrated piece. All the beauty of deſcription, the richneſs of invention, the glow of imagination, together with all the ſprightlineſs of gallantry, are here alternately diſplayed with the moſt exquiſite harmony of numbers: And this may be juſtly deemed the moſt excellent of all heroi-comic compoſitions.

But to have a perfect reliſh for this excellent piece of raillery, it will be neceſſary to be apprized of the following anecdotes, which gave riſe to it.

Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was ſecretary to Queen Mary, wife of James the 2d. whoſe for-

* It was tranſlated into Latin by Dr. Kirkpatrick, a gentleman well known in the literary world. As alſo by Mr. Smart. There was a Latin verſion of it likewiſe made by an unfortunate man, who was executed for *High-Treaſon*, relating to the *Coin*, whoſe name I therefore ſuppreſs.

tune

tune he followed into France, and author of the comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of ſeveral tranſlations in Dryden's Miſcellanies) originally propoſed the ſubject to our author, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a difference that was ariſen between two noble families, thoſe of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occaſion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. This little liberty was taken too ſeriouſly; and though the two families had long been friends, it occaſioned a coolneſs between them.

The firſt ſketch of this exquiſite piece, which Addiſon calls *Merum Sal*, was, as we learn from one of Pope's letters, written in two cantos only, in leſs than a fortnight, in the year 1711, when he was about the age of twenty-three.

Our author ſent a copy of it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted, and ſhe was ſo delighted with it, that ſhe diſtributed copies of it among her acquaintance, and at length prevailed on him to publiſh it, as appears by the motto *.

The piece produced the deſired effect; for it reconciled the two families, and gave offence to no one but Sir *George Brown*, who often obſerved, with ſome degree of reſentment, and indeed juſtice too, that he was made to talk

---

* *Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;*
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuiſſe tuis.

nothing but nonſenſe, in the character of *Sir Plume.*

Our bard uſed to ſay, that what he wrote faſteſt, always pleaſed moſt; and the truth of his obſervation was exemplified in the uncommon ſucceſs which attended this piece; which was ſo well received, that he made it more conſiderable the next year, by the addition of the *Machinery of the Sylphs*, and extended it to five cantos, when it was printed, with an elegant letter to Mrs. Fermor, which is prefixed to the piece *.

When

* He afterwards addreſſed another letter to the ſame lady, on her happy marriage, which, for good ſenſe and elegant turn of ſentiment, may be ſo juſtly deemed a pattern of epiſtolary compoſition, that I cannot reſiſt the pleaſure of tranſcribing it.

" Madam,

" You are ſenſible, by this time, how much the tender-
" neſs of one man of merit, is to be preferred to the addreſ-
" ſes of a thouſand; and, by this time, the gentleman you
" have made choice of, is ſenſible how great is the joy of
" having all thoſe charms and good qualities, which have
" pleaſed ſo many, now applied to pleaſe one only. It was
" but juſt, that the ſame virtues which gave you reputation,
" ſhould give you happineſs; and I can wiſh you no greater,
" than that you may reap it in as high a degree, as ſo much
" good nature muſt infallibly give it to your huſband.

" It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title
" of being a wit, ſhould ſay ſomething more polite on this
" occaſion; but I am really more a well-wiſher to your
" felicity, than a celebrater of your beauty. Beſides, you
" are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great
" many better things, than a fine lady; ſuch as an excel-
" lent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at laſt, as
" the conſequence of them all, a ſaint in heaven. You ought

" now

When Mr. Pope, as his friend and commentator obſerves, had projected to give the Rape of the Lock the form of a mock heroic poem, he was obliged to provide it with its machinery. For as the ſubject of the epic conſiſts of two parts, the *metaphyſical* and the *civil*; ſo this mock epic, which is of the ſatiric kind, and receives its grace from the ludicrous mimickry of the other's pomp and ſolemnity, was to have the like compoſition: And as the *civil* part is intentionally debaſed by the choice of ſome trifling action, ſo ſhould the *metaphyſical*, by the application of ſome very extravagant ſyſtem. A rule which, though neither *Boileau* nor *Garth* had been careful enough to attend to, our author's good ſenſe would not ſuffer him to overlook; and that ſort of machinery which his judgment taught him was only fit for his uſe, his admirable *invention* ſoon ſupplied. There was but one ſyſtem in all nature that was to his purpoſe, the *Roſicruſian Philoſophy*: And this, by the effort of a well

---

" now to hear nothing, but that which is all you ever de-
" ſired to hear, (whatever others may have ſpoken to you)
" I mean truth; and it is with the utmoſt that I aſſure you,
" no friend you have, can more rejoice in any good that
" befalls you, is more ſenſibly delighted with the proſpect
" of your future happineſs, or more unfeignedly deſires a
" long continuance of it.

" I hope you will think it but juſt, that a man, who will
" certainly be ſpoken of as your admirer after he is dead,
" may have the happineſs, while he is living, to be eſteemed

Yours, &c.

directed

directed imagination, he preſently ſeized upon. The fanatic alchemiſts, in their ſearch after the great ſecret, had invented a means altogether ſuitable to their end. It was a kind of theological philoſophy, made up in a mixture of almoſt equal parts of Pagan Platoniſm, Chriſtian Quietiſm, and the Jewiſh Cabbala: a mixture, monſtrous enough to fright reaſon from human commerce. This ſyſtem, he tells us, he took it as he found it in a little French tract, called *Le Comte de Gabalis*. The book is written in dialogue, and is a delicate and very ingenious piece of raillery, by the *Abbe Villiers*, on that inviſible ſect, of which, the ſtories circulated at that time, made a great deal of noiſe at Paris. But, as in this ſatirical dialogue, Mr. POPE found ſeveral whimſies of a very high and myſterious nature told of theſe elementary beings, which were unfit to come into the machinery of ſuch a ſort of poem, he has, in their ſtead, with great judgment, introduced the legendary ſtories of *Guardian Angels*, and the nurſery tales of the Fairies, and artfully accommodated them to the reſt of the *Roſicruſian ſyſtem*. To this artful addreſs, he ſeems to have referred, in the two following lines.

" If e'er one Viſion touch'd thy infant thought
" Of all the Nurſe, and all the Prieſt have
" taught."

Thus, by the moſt beautiful invention imaginable, he has contrived, that, as in the ſerious epic, the popular belief ſupports the machinery;

chinery; ſo in his mock epic, the machinery, taken from a circumſtance the moſt humiliating to reaſon, in all philoſophical fanaticiſm, ſhould be employed to diſmount learned pride and arrogance.

The invention of the machinery, which is ſkilfully interwoven in proper places, without the leaſt appearance of being awkwardly patched together, was eſteemed by Mr. Pope himſelf as the higheſt effort of his poetical art: And it is admitted by all critics, though perhaps ſomewhat invidiouſly, that it is in this piece Pope principally appears as a Poet; having in this diſplayed more imagination, than in all his other works taken together. It ſhould, however, be remembered, it is added by the eſſayiſt before-mentioned, "that he was not the firſt former and creator of thoſe beautiful machines, the *Sylphs*, on which his claim to imagination is chiefly founded. He found them exiſting ready to his hand, but has indeed employed them with ſingular judgment and artifice." With what juſtice and conſiſtency the critic makes this drawback on the portion of praiſe he thought proper to allow Mr. Pope, I ſhall examine when I conſider the general nature and extent of his genius.

In the mean time, as I truſt it will be no unwelcome amuſement to the reader, I ſhall ſelect ſome of the moſt ſtriking paſſages to exemplify the general excellencies I have ventured to aſcribe to this piece.

Our

Our poet, in the opening, ſhews much addreſs in making Belinda's guardian Sylph forewarn her of ſome impending danger: and in diſcloſing to her the myſtery of ſuperintending aerial ſpirits, he ridicules female credulity with a great deal of pleaſant raillery.

" Some ſecret Truths, from learned pride
" conceal'd,
" To Maids alone, and Children are reveal'd:
" What tho' no credit doubting Wits may
" give?
" The Fair and Innocent ſhall ſtill believe."

He likewiſe touches on female vanities, with much delicacy and good humour, and diſplays great fancy in deſcribing the transformation of women of different diſpoſitions, into different ſorts of ſpirits.—

" Think not when Woman's tranſient breath
" is fled,
" That all her Vanities at once are dead;

* * * * * * * * * *

" For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
" To their firſt elements their Souls retire.
" The Sprites of fiery Termagants, in Flame,
" Mount up and take a Salamander's name.
" Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
" And ſip, with Nymphs, their elemental
" Tea.

" The

" The graver Prude ſinks downward to a
" Gnome,
" In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on Earth to roam.
" The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
" And ſport and flutter in the fields of Air."

Beſides the delicate ſtrokes of Satire and play of imagination exhibited in theſe lines, they afford, as the editor obſerves, a beautiful fiction on the platonic theology, of the continuance of the paſſions in *another ſtate*, when the mind, before its leaving *this*, has not been well purified by philoſophy.

There is great elegance and richneſs of fancy in the account which the Sylph gives of the influence which theſe ſuperintending ſpirits have over female conduct, and there is a peculiar eaſe and pleaſantry in the following lines, which ridicule affectation and coquettry.

" 'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
" Inſtruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
" Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
" And little hearts to flutter at a Beau."

The deſcription of the toilette is in the true mock-heroic ſtile, and is inimitable in its kind.

Homer, as the Eſſayiſt remarks, does not deſcribe the armour of Achilles with more pomp and ſublimity, than our poet dignifies the various apparatus employed in attiring Belinda; and the more to heighten the importance of the ſubject,

ſubject, the aerial train exerciſe their ſeveral functions in decorating the heroine.

"The buſy Sylphs ſurround their darling
"care,
"Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair,
"Some fold the ſleeve, while others plait the
"gown;
"And Betty's prais'd for labours not her
"own."

The enſuing Canto opens with the ſcene on the Thames, which is perfectly gay and riant.—Belinda's charms, above all, are painted with a rapturous glow of imagination. There is great wit and gallantry, as well as exquiſite ſenſibility, in theſe two lines.

"On her white breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe
"wore,
"Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore."

Here the *Lock*, which is the ſubject of the poem, is introduced with great propriety and judgment: and the ſacrifice which the Baron makes to obtain it, is well conceived, and appropriated to exalt the mock dignity of the ſubject. He is deſcribed as having adored every power——

"But chiefly Love——to Love an Altar built,
"Of twelve vaſt French Romances, neatly
"gilt.

" There lay three garters, half a pair of
" gloves;
" And all the trophies of his former loves;
" With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
" And breathes three am'rous ſighs to raiſe
" the fire."

The guardian ſylph, anxious for Belinda's fate, calls together his aerial ſpirits, who are imaged with a fancy at once luxuriant and poetical.

" Some to the ſun their inſect-wings unfold,
" Waft on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of
" gold;
" Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
" Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
" Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew,
" Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
" Dipt in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
" Where light diſports in ever-mingling dies;
" While ev'ry beam new tranſient colours
" flings,
" Colours that change whene'er they wave
" their wings."

The enumeration, likewiſe, of the various taſks aſſigned to theſe aerial ſprites, diſplays the ſame richneſs of imagination, together with a wildneſs of imagery which is admirable.

" Some in the fields of pureſt Ether play,
" And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day.

" Some

" Some guide the courſe of wand'ring orbs on
" high,
" Or roll the planets thro' the boundleſs ſky.
" Some leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale
" light
" Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
" Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
" Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
" Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wat'ry main,
" Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain."

In the lines which ſucceed, the poet has inimitably contrived to intermix the moſt delicate raillery, with the moſt beautiful imagery and perfect harmony of numbers.

" Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
" Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious care;
" To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
" Nor let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
" To draw freſh colours from the vernal
" flow'rs;
" To ſteal from Rainbows, ere they drop in
" ſhow'rs,
" A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
" Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;
" Nay oft, in dreams, invention we beſtow,
" To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow."

There is great humour and addreſs in the conjectures which the ſylph makes reſpecting the impending ill; where ſerious and light miſchances, are artfully and pleaſantly contraſted,

and

and convey an oblique Satire on the female eſtimate of the diſaſters which ſurround them.

" Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
" Or ſome frail China jar receive a flaw;
" Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
" Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade;
" Or loſe her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
" Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock
" muſt fall."

But our poet no where diſplays more poetical fancy, than where he aſſigns to theſe ſpirits their reſpective charges about Belinda's perſon.

" Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
" The flutt'ring fan be *Zephyretta*'s care;
" The drops to thee, *Brillante*, we conſign;
" And, *Momentilla*, let the watch be thine;
" Do thou, *Criſpiſſa*, tend her fav'rite Lock;
" Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock."

The ſolemnity with which this charge is given and the ingenuity with which the poet has appropriated names to the ſeveral ſpirits, correſpondent with the various offices they are deſtined to diſcharge, is truly admirable*: and

* It had, perhaps, been better, however, if Ariel, the chief of the aerial train, had himſelf taken ſome charge about Belinda's perſon; the care of the favourite Lock had been worthy of his ſuperintendence, and he might have entruſted the Lap-dog to ſome ſubaltern *Sprite*.

nothing can excel the poignant raillery which immediately follows on the hoop petticoat.

" To fifty choſen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
" We truſt th' important charge, the Petticoat:
" Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to
" fail,
" Tho' ſtiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs
" of whale;
" Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
" And guard the wide circumference around."

There is a great deal of delicate ſatire in conſigning the care of this important part of female attire to fifty choſen ſpirits of ſpecial note, and the ſolemn air with which he bewails the weakneſs of that ſeven-fold fence, greatly heightens the poignance of the ridicule.

The puniſhments which Ariel denounces againſt thoſe ſpirits, who ſhall be negligent of their charge, are happily imagined. The implements and furniture of the toilette, as the Eſſayiſt has obſerved, are, with great judgment and elegance, made the inſtruments of their puniſhment.

" Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
" His poſt neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
" Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake
" his ſins,
" Be ſtop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
" Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
" Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
" Gums

" Gums and Pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
" While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in
" vain;
" Or Alum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r
" Shrink his thin eſſence like a rivel'd flow'r:
" Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
" The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
" In fumes of burning Chocolate ſhall glow,
" And tremble at the ſea that froths below!"

There is incomparable merit in raiſing a ſubject ſo trivial by the pomp and dignity of ſtile. But this excellence is no where more conſpicuous than in the next canto, where our poet diſplays all the power of deſcription in the repreſentation of a game at *ombre*.

With what pleaſant pomp the king of ſpades is introduced.

" With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
" The hoary Majeſty of Spades appears,
" Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
" The reſt, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd."

The ſame may be ſaid of the King of Clubs, who was taken by the Queen of Spades.

" The Club's black Tyrant firſt her victim
" dy'd,
" Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous
" pride:
" What boots the regal circle on his head,
" His giant limbs, in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;

" That long behind he trails his pompous
" robe,
" And, of all monarchs, only graſps the
" globe!"

But, ſpeaking of the Knave of Diamonds, our Poet ſtill riſes in excellence, and, to the utmoſt elegance of deſcription, adds the niceſt touches of oblique Raillery.

" The *Knave* of *Diamonds* tries his wily arts,
" And wins *(oh ſhameful chance!)* the *Queen*
" of *Hearts*.
" At this, the blood the virgin's cheek for-
" ſook,
" A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
" She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
" Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
" And now (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd State)
" On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate:
" An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: The King
" unſeen
" Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his cap-
" tive Queen:
" He ſprings to vengeance with an eager
" pace,
" And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
" The nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the
" ſky;
" The walls, the woods, and long canals reply."

There is great addreſs in making the *Knave* of *Diamonds* win the *Queen* of *Hearts*, which conveys a delicate ſatire on the intereſted attachments

ments of the fair, who prefer glittering Knaves to the plain Man of Worth. The political illuſtration likewiſe of the criſis in a diſtempered ſtate, is well conceived, and happily adapted.

The author of the eſſay, I have ſo often had occaſion to mention, very candidly owns, that this deſcription of the game of ombre, is equal, if not ſuperior to the Scacchia of *Vida*; for as *cheſs* is a play of a far higher order than *ombre*, Mr. *Pope* had a more difficult taſk than *Vida*, to raiſe this his inferior ſubject, into equal dignity and gracefulneſs.

There is great merit likewiſe in painting the ſcene of the tea-table, which immediately follows, though the ſame dignity and elegance is not preſerved as in the foregoing. The introductory line is particularly faulty:

"For lo! the Board with Cups and Spoons is
"crown'd."

The appellations of *Cups* and *Spoons* in this place, are too low and common; and they ought to have been mentioned with a periphraſis, to have preſerved the mock dignity of the piece. Mr. Pope was here unmindful of Horace's remark——

"*Difficile eſt propriè communia dicere.*"

The machinery, however, is here very happily introduced, watching over Belinda while

ſhe is ſipping her coffee; and the anxiety with which the aerial ſpirits ſuperintend her motions, is elegantly repreſented.

" Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
" Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
" Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſ-
" play'd,
" Trembling, and conſcious of the rich
" brocade."

The ſylphs ſpreading their plumes to preſerve the brocade from ſtains, is prettily imagined; but our Poet ſtill riſes in delicacy of imagination, when he deſcribes their ſolicitous zeal as the danger draws near.

" Swift to the Lock a thouſand Sprites repair,
" A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the
" hair;
" And thrice they *twitch'd* the Diamond in
" her ear,
" Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the Foe
" drew near."

The triumph of the Baron on obtaining the Lock is deſcribed in an admirable parody of Virgil *, in which the Poet has ſkilfully contrived to interſperſe ſome exquiſite ſtrokes of ſatire and ridicule, on the little vanities and foibles of the fair ſex.

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* " *Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piſcis amabit, &c.*"

" While

" While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in
" air,
" Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh Fair,
" As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
" Or the ſmall pillow grace a Lady's bed,
" While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
" When num'rous wax-lights in bright order
" blaze,
" While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations
" give,
" So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall
" live!"

In the fourth canto, which opens with the rage and deſpair of Belinda, for the loſs of her Lock, there is a fine oppoſition of real and imaginary diſtreſſes, which form an aſſemblage at once ſtriking and agreeable.

" Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
" Not ſcornful virgins who their charms
" ſurvive,
" Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
" Not antient Ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
" Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
" Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd
" awry,
" E'er felt ſuch rage; &c.

The Poet's cloſing the climax with the ſlighteſt diſaſter of all, gives additional poignance to the ridicule in this parody.

There is ſomething very pictureſque in the deſcription of the cave of SPLEEN, who is admirably characterized.

" She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
" Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head."

Her attendants likewiſe, ILL-NATURE and AFFECTATION, are well appropriated. It muſt be owned, however, that there is nothing very characteriſtic in the picture of ILL-NATURE; but AFFECTATION is drawn with a maſterly pencil.

" There Affectation with a ſickly mien,
" Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,
" Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
" Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride."

The phantoms raiſed by the vapour which flies over the place, are happily conceived, and expreſſed in the boldeſt imagery.

" Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling
" ſpires,
" Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple
" fires:
" Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
" And cryſtal domes, and Angels in machines."

The invocation of Umbriel, the Gnome, to the Goddeſs of Spleen, is replete with agreeable raillery; particularly where he conjures her by the

the merit of his former ſervices, which are enumerated with great pleaſantry.

" But Oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a
" grace,
" Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,

* * * * * * * * * * *

" If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
" Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
" Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
" Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a Prude,

* * * * * * * * * * * *

" Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
" That ſingle act gives half the world the
" Spleen."

Theſe concluding lines convey a delicate compliment on Belinda's good-nature, and powerful influence.

The vial which the goddeſs preſents to the Gnome, filled——

" —— with fainting fears,
" Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing
" tears,"

is introduced with great poetical fancy.

The

The ſpeech by which Thaleſtris endeavours to inflame the rage of Belinda, is admirable, and ſeaſoned with exquiſite raillery on the pains which the fair will patiently undergo, to improve their charms.

" Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
" The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare?
" For this your Locks in paper durance bound?
" For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd
" around?
" For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender
" head?
" And bravely bore the double loads of lead?"

The addreſs with which ſhe works up Belinda's reſentment, by inſinuating the prejudice her reputation will ſuffer by the raviſher's diſplaying her Lock, is well imagined: And the exclamation in the concluſion of her ſpeech, diſplays the moſt lively fancy, and agreeable ſatire.

" And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
" Expos'd thro' cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
" And heighten'd by the diamond's circling
" rays,
" On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
" Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-Park Circus grow,
" And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
" Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to chaos fall,
" Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!"

The lamentation of Belinda is not leſs beautiful. With what propriety does ſhe make the

following exclamation, which pleaſantly expreſſes her idea of a lonely ſituation?

" Oh had I rather un-admir'd, remain'd
" In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant Northern land;
" Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
" Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taſte
" Bohea!"

It is uſual in heroic poems to prepare the reader for ſome great event, by introducing certain preſaging omens; and the poet has artfully introduced ſuch portentous ſigns, as ſerve to keep up the mock dignity of the piece, and, at the ſame time, throw an oblique raillery on the trivial objects of female ſuperſtition.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

" Thrice from my trembling hand the patch
" box fell;
" The tott'ring China ſhook without a wind,
" Nay Poll ſat mute, and Shock was moſt
" unkind!"

The ſpeech of the grave *Clariſſa*, in the laſt canto, who endeavours to compoſe the reſentment of *Belinda*, cannot be too much admired. There is ſo much excellent good ſenſe, fraught with ſuch uſeful moral, and expreſſed with ſuch harmony of numbers, that no reader of ſentiment and taſte will think the following quotation too long.

" Say,

" Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd
" moſt,
" The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's
" toaſt?
" Why deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
" Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
" Why round our coaches crowd the white-
" glov'd Beaux,
" Why bows the ſide-box from its inmoſt
" rows?
" How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
" Unleſs good ſenſe preſerves what beauty
" gains:
" That men may ſay, when we the front-box
" grace,
" Behold the firſt in virtue as in face!
" Oh! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day,
" Charm'd the ſmall-pox, or chac'd old age
" away;
" Who would not ſcorn what houſewife's cares
" produce,
" Or who would learn one earthly thing of
" uſe?
" To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
" Nor could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
" But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay,
" Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince Locks will turn to
" grey;
" Since painted, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
" And ſhe who ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid;
" What then remains but well our power to
" uſe,
" And keep good-humour ſtill whate'er we
" loſe?

" And

" And truſt me, dear! good-humour can
" prevail,
" When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and
" ſcolding fail.
" Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
" Charms ſtrike the ſight, but Merit wins the
" ſoul."

The poet, with great addreſs, makes this incomparable ſpeech paſs unapplauded——

" Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her
" *Prude*."

By which delicate ſtroke, the poet obliquely ſatirizes the light part of the ſex; among whom good ſenſe and decorum is ridiculed as prudery.

Clariſſa's ſpeech having no effect, the attack begins for the recovery of the Lock. The eſſayiſt above-mentioned is of opinion, that this battle is deſcribed in very lofty and pompous terms: A game of Romps, he adds, was never ſo dignified before.

In this, however, I cannot agree with him. Impartiality obliges me to confeſs, that I do not eſteem this deſcription equal to the reſt of the poem. Nor can I wholly agree with the eſſayiſt that the weapons made uſe of are the moſt proper imaginable; ſuch as the lightning of the lady's eyes, intolerable frowns, a pinch of ſnuff and a bodkin. Of the two laſt, indeed, the poet has very ingeniouſly availed himſelf; but the former,

former, after having been hackneyed by every whining love-ſick ſonneteer, are become too trite and common to afford any new and ſtriking images, even from the pen of POPE. Witneſs the following lines.

" When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa
" down,
" Chloe ſtep'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
" She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
" But, at her ſmile, the Beau reviv'd again."

Theſe lines might paſs uncenſured, and might even be deemed pretty in an indifferent poet; but the ſentiments and expreſſions are too common-placed to be applauded in a genius: And this deſcription, upon the whole, does not ſeem to be exalted to that height of mock dignity, to which Mr. POPE's talents were capable of raiſing it.

It muſt be admitted, however, that he ſhews great addreſs, where he deſcribed Belinda throwing ſnuff at the Baron, where the machinery is again artfully introduced.

" The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom juſt,
" The pungent grains of titillating duſt."

The laſt line affords an inſtance of a very beautiful periphraſis.

The poet ſhews great management in the cataſtrophe of the piece. The Lock, the recovery

very of which was the end of all this conteſt, is loſt; which occaſions various conjectures concerning the place of its concealment, and gives the poet an opportunity of making a very ingenious application of that celebrated fiction of *Arioſto*, that all things loſt on earth are treaſured in the moon, wherein he has introduced a great deal of keen ſatire.

"Some thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere,
"Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd
"there.
"There Héros' wits are kept in pond'rous
"vaſes,
"And Beaux in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer-
"caſes.
"There broken vows, and death-bed alms are
"found,
"And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband
"bound,
"The courtier's promiſes, and ſick men's
"pray'rs,
"The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
"Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
"Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry."

The Lock, however, is at length diſcovered in the ſkies, where it is lodged with great poetical fancy; and, like *Berenice*'s, becomes a conſtellation. The poet does not ſuffer the reader to loſe ſight of his beautiful machinery: The Sylphs, who had been ſo aſſiduous to preſerve it, are finally introduced as viewing it with delight, while it aſcends to heaven.

"The

" The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
" And pleas'd purſue its progreſs through the
" ſkies."

The poet preſerves the vigour of his poetical fancy to the laſt. Even after the favourite Lock is transformed into a conſtellation, he, with inimitable pleaſantry, deſcribes the influence it will have on the ſons of earth.

" This the Beau monde ſhall from the Mall
" ſurvey,
" And hail with muſic its propitious ray;
" This the bleſt Lover ſhall for Venus take,
" And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake:
" This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs
" ſkies,
" When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;
" And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall fore-
" doom
" The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome."

Thus the poet has admirably fulfilled the precept of Horace——

" —— *Servetur ad imum*
" *Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit.*"

It will ſcarce be credited that a man could be found ſo devoid of judgment and taſte, or in whom envy and ill-nature were ſo predominant, as to betray him into a ſenſeleſs and illiberal criticiſm on this excellent piece; and yet that doughty critic, Mr. Dennis, whom I have before had

had occaſion to mention, did not ſcruple to expoſe his weakneſs and his malice in the moſt ridiculous and ſcurrilous animadverſions. His reſentment and malevolence ſo far got the better of the little critical merit which ſome have allowed him to poſſeſs, that he abſurdly condemned ſeveral paſſages, for reaſons which conſtituted their capital beauties. Such an impotent attack had the effect which might be expected: It ſerved to render the critic contemptible, while Mr. POPE's fame roſe above all attempts to ſuppreſs it; and was not confined to his own country: this celebrated poem having been tranſlated into ſeveral languages. There was, in particular, a French verſion of it, which was printed at Paris, in the year 1728. There were likewiſe tranſlations of it in Italian, by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rongons, envoy extraordinary from the Duke of Modena to the late king. There have likewiſe been Latin verſions of it; and a proſe irony of it, made its appearance in Engliſh *.

This

* Among the compliments paid to our author on this occaſion, we muſt not omit the Eulogy of Sir William Trumball, who, in one of his letters to our author, ſays——

" You have given me the trueſt ſatisfaction imaginable, " not only in making good the juſt opinion I have ever had of " your reach of thought, and my idea of your comprehenſive " genius; but likewiſe in that pleaſure I take, as an Eng- " liſhman, to ſee the French, even Boileau himſelf, in his " Lutrin, out-done in your poem: for you deſcend, *leviore* " *plectro*, to all the nicer touches, that your own obſerva-

This poem happened to be publiſhed at a time when party conteſts ran high, and among other ſubjects of diſpute, the famous Barrier treaty was much canvaſſed, and applauded by the Whigs. Mr. POPE, though too honeſt and judicious to be a party-man, was nevertheleſs from his birth and education ranked

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" tion and wit furniſh, on ſuch a ſubject as requires the " fineſt ſtrokes and the livelieſt imagination."

Dean Berkley likewiſe, in a letter addreſſed to our author, dated May 1ſt, 1714, ſpeaks of it in the higheſt terms of applauſe:

" I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock " here, having never ſeen it before. Stile, painting, judg- " ment, ſpirit, I had already admired in other of your " writings; but in this I am charmed with the magic of " your invention, with all thoſe images, alluſions and inex- " plicable beauties, which you raiſe ſo ſurpriſingly, and at " the ſame time ſo naturally, out of a trifle."

To the teſtimonies in favour of this poem muſt be added that of the learned and ingenious author of the Elements of Criticiſm, who ſays——" The Rape of the Lock is a gen- " teel and gay ſpecies of writing, leſs ſtrained than the " others * before mentioned, and is pleaſant or ludicrous, " without having ridicule for its chief aim; giving way, " however, to ridicule, where it ariſes from a particular " character, ſuch as that of Sir Plume." He does not ſcruple to add, that the verſification is the moſt complete of any in the Engliſh language.

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* Meaning the Virgil Traveſtie of Scarron—The Secchia Rapita of Taſſoni—The Batrachomuomachia of Homer, —and the Lutrin of Boileau.

among

among the Tories, which occaſioned the author of a piece, intitled A *Key* * to the Lock, whimſically to maintain, that the Rape of the Lock was an allegorical poem, written with a view to expoſe and ridicule that treaty: And taking it for granted, that, by the Lock, the treaty was to be underſtood, he very readily adapted every part to ſquare with this *poſtulatum*.

The fame of this poem, together with the agreeable nature of the ſubject, tempted many witlings and poetaſters to play with the favourite Lock, and exerciſe their little talents for double entendre. Theſe fugitive Eſſays, the offſprings of a weak judgment and a prurient imagination, are deſervedly forgotten. But the reader probably will not be diſpleaſed with the following lines, which have ſomething lively in them, though not very poetical, and have never yet, that I know of, been made public.

To Belinda, upon the *Rape* of the *Lock*.

" Pleas'd in theſe lines, Belinda, you may view
" How things are priz'd which once belong'd
" to you.
" If on ſome meaner head, this Lock had
" grown,
" The Nymph deſpis'd, the Rape had been
" unknown.

* This piece of pleaſantry was penned by Mr. Pope himſelf.

" But what concerns the Valiant, and the Fair,
" The Muſe aſſerts as her peculiar care.
" Thus Helen's Rape, and Menelaus' wrong,
" Became the ſubject of Great Homer's ſong.
" And loſt in antient times, the golden Fleece
" Was rais'd to Fame by all the Wits of
" Greece.
" But yet if ſome, with Malice more than
" Wit,
" Will needs miſconſtrue what the Poet writ;
" Deem it but Scandal which the jealous raiſe,
" To blaſt his Fame, and to detract your Praiſe.
" Too bright your Form, and too renown'd
" his Song,
" Not to draw Envy from the baſer throng.
" Whoſe minds, I know not by what awk-
" ward fate,
" Like eyes a-ſquint, look every way but
" ſtraight.
" Nature, to your undoing, arms mankind
" With ſtrength of body, artifice of mind;
" But gives your feeble Sex, made up of Fears,
" No guard but Virtue, no redreſs but Tears.
" Yet cuſtom (ſeldom to your favour gain'd)
" Abſolves the Virgin, when by force con-
" ſtrain'd.
" Thus Lucrece lives unblemiſh'd in her Fame,
" A bright example of young Tarquin's ſhame.
" Such Praiſe is yours---And ſuch ſhall you
" poſſeſs,
" Your Virtue equal, tho' your Loſs be leſs.
" Then ſmile, Belinda, at reproachful Tongues,
" Still warm our Hearts, and ſtill inſpire our
" Songs;

" But

" But would your Charms to diſtant times ex-
" tend;
" Let Kneller paint them, and let POPE com-
" mend."

Mr. POPE's next poetical compoſition, was an *Eſſay to the memory of an unfortunate Lady*, which came warm from the heart, and does honour to his ſenſibility.

This lady is ſuppoſed to have been the ſame perſon, to whom the Duke of Buckingham addreſſed ſome lines on her intentions of retiring into a monaſtery, which deſign is alſo hinted at in one of Mr. POPE's Letters, where he ſays, addreſſing himſelf, as it is preſumed, to this very perſon: " If you are reſolved, in revenge " to rob the world of ſo much example as you " may afford it, I believe your deſign will be " vain: for even in a monaſtery, your devo- " tions cannot carry you ſo far towards the next " world, as to make this loſe ſight of you: " but you will be like a ſtar, that, while it is " fixed in heaven, ſhines over all the earth. " Whereſoever providence ſhall diſpoſe of the " moſt valuable thing I know, I ſhall ever fol- " low you with my ſincereſt wiſhes; and my " beſt thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon " you, when you never hear of me or them. " Your own guardian angels cannot be more " conſtant or more ſilent."

This unfortunate lady, as Mr. POPE very properly calls her, was diſtinguiſhed by her rank,

fortune and beauty, and was committed to the guardianſhip of an uncle, who gave her an education ſuitable to her expectations; but while ſhe was yet very young, ſhe was ſuppoſed to have entertained a partiality for a young gentleman of inferior degree, which occaſioned her to refuſe a match which her guardian propoſed to her.

It was not long before her correſpondence with this gentleman was diſcovered by means of ſpies, whom her guardian had employed to watch over her conduct, and when he upbraided her with this ſecret intercourſe, ſhe had too much truth and honour to deny the charge.

The uncle, finding her affections ſo rooted, that ſhe had not power to withdraw them, forced her abroad, where ſhe was received with the reſpect due to her quality, but confined from the ſight of every one but the dependants of this rigid guardian.

Her deſpondent lover tranſmitted ſeveral letters on the faith of repeated aſſurances, that they would be privately delivered to her, but his hopes were betrayed, and his letters, inſtead of being preſented to the object of his affections, were ſent to England, and only ſerved to render her confinement more ſtrait and ſevere.

In this miſerable and hopeleſs condition, ſhe languiſhed a conſiderable time in ſickneſs and ſorrow,

ſorrow, till at length ſhe put an end to her life with a ſword which ſhe bribed a woman ſervant to procure her, and was found yet warm upon the ground.

Being, by the laws of the place, denied Chriſtian ſepulture, ſhe was interred without the leaſt ſolemnity, being caſt into the common earth, without any mournful attendants to perform the laſt duties of affection, and only followed by ſome young people in the neighbourhood, who beſtrewed her grave with flowers.

Such a moving cataſtrophe might have inſpired a ſavage with ſenſibility; but in Mr. Pope it awakened all the power of the Pathos. With what awful ſolemnity he ſuddenly commands our attention, and calls forth all our ſympathy, in the very opening, where he fancies to behold the apparition of the bleeding fair.

" What beck'ning Ghoſt, along the moonlight
" ſhade
" Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
" 'Tis ſhe!---but why that bleeding boſom
" gor'd,
" Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
" Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
" Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
" To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
" To act a Lover's, or a Roman's part?
" Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
" For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?"

The indignation he expreſſes againſt the inhuman guardian is very ſtriking and affecting.

" But thou, falſe Guardian of a charge too
" good,
" Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
" See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
" Theſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of
" death."

Then follows a ſudden execration, ſo forcible, that it inſtantly ſtrikes the mind with terror.

" Thus, if eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
" Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your chil-
" dren fall."

The poet farther deſcribing the ſudden vengeance which ſhall await ſuch inhumanity, breaks forth into the following bold proſopopoeia.

" There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing
" ſay,
" (While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
" Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies
" ſteel'd,
" And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to
" yield.
" Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
" The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
" So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to
" glow
" For others good, or melt at others woe."

How

How inimitably has the poet contrived to temper the horror of the dire execrations he vented, by closing with a passage of exquisite humanity and sympathy!

With what inexpressible tenderness likewise, and with what moving accents does he aggravate her deplorable fate, by introducing the affecting circumstance of her dying in a foreign land, unattended by any mournful friend to grace her obsequies.

" No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
" Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mourn-
" ful bier.
" By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
" By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
" By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
" By strangers honour'd, and by strangers
" mourn'd!"

The forcible repetition of the word *foreign*, has, as the critic observes, an admirable effect constantly to recall to mind the aggravating circumstance which the poet would impress on the reader's sensibility.

There is another, though not so obvious, beauty in these lines. It is observable that in all these lines, except the last, the pause is uniformly at the fourth syllable; and this farther contributes to rivet in the mind the several parts or amplifications of the mournful circumstance which the poet describes. For as an acute critic

critic * has obſerved, uniformity in the members of a thought, requires equal uniformity in the members of the period which expreſſes that thought.

In the ſucceeding lines, the poet has ſkilfully contrived to blend the moſt moving ſentiments, with a juſt indignant ſatire on the modes of affected lamentation:

" What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
" Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a
" year,
" And bear about the mockery of woe
" To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
" What though no weeping Loves thy aſhes
" grace,
" Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face!"

It is difficult to ſay, whether the pathos of the ſentiments, the keenneſs of the ſatire, or the beauty of the poetry, is moſt admirable in theſe lines.

The poet, with great judgment and addreſs, reſerves the affecting circumſtance of her being denied the rites of ſepulture, with which he cloſes theſe moving exclamations.

" What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
" Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy
" tomb!

* Lord Kaims.

" Yet

" Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be
" dreſt,
" And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
" There ſhall the Morn her earlieſt tears
" beſtow,
" There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow."—

What a delicate poetical fancy is diſplayed in theſe concluding lines! In ſhort, a reader of any taſte and ſenſibility, muſt thrill at every line of this excellent elegy, which produces that ſympathetic effect ariſing from all heart-felt compoſitions.

The Prologue to Addiſon's tragedy of *Cato*, ſtands next in order among Mr. POPE's poetical compoſitions. This, which was written at Mr. Addiſon's requeſt, the author of the eſſay very candidly admits to be ſuperior even to any of Dryden's. It is, as he obſerves, ſolemn and ſublime; and appropriated to the tragedy alone which it was deſigned to introduce. The moſt ſtriking images and alluſions it contains, are taken with judgment from ſome paſſages in the life of Cato himſelf. Such is that fine ſtroke, more lofty than any thing in the tragedy itſelf, where the poet ſays, that when Cæſar, amid the pomp and magnificence of a triumph,

" Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in
" ſtate;
" As her dead Father's rev'rend figure paſt,
" The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
" The

" The Triumph ceas'd----tears guſh'd from
" ev'ry eye;
" The world's great victor paſs'd unheeded by;
" Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
" And honour'd Caeſar's leſs than Cato's
" ſword."

Such again is the happy alluſion to an old ſtory mentioned in Martial, of Cato's coming into the theatre, and preſently going out again.

" Such Plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
" As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear."

From whence he draws an artful panegyric on the purity and excellence of the play he was recommending *.

As

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* When Mr. Addiſon had finiſhed this Tragedy of Cato, he brought it to Mr. POPE, and left it with him three or four days for his opinion. Mr. POPE, with his wonted ingenuous candor, told him he thought he had better not exhibit it on the ſtage; and added, that by printing it only as a claſſical performance, he might make it turn to a profitable account, as the piece was very well penned, though not theatrical enough to ſucceed on the ſtage. Mr. Addiſon aſſured him that he coincided with him in opinion, and ſeemed diſpoſed to follow his advice: but ſome time after he told him that ſome friends, whom he was cautious of diſobliging, inſiſted on his bringing it on the ſtage. He aſſured Mr. POPE, however, that it was with no party views, and preſſed him to ſhew it to the Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, and to repeat his aſſurances to them, that he did not by any means intend it as a party play.

Our

As this prologue is a model for this ſpecies of writing, in the ſerious way, ſo the epilogue to Mr.

Our author executed his commiſſion in the moſt friendly manner; and the play, together with the ſcheme for bringing it upon the ſtage, meeting with their approbation, it was repreſented accordingly.

Throughout the whole conduct of this buſineſs, Mr. Addiſon appeared to be ſo extremely apprehenſive of *party* imputations, that Mr. Pope having worded the prologue thus,

" *Britons*, ARISE, be worth like this approv'd,
" And ſhew you have the virtue to be mov'd;"

he very ſtrongly objected to the boldneſs of the expreſſion, ſaying, it would be called ſtirring the people to rebellion, and therefore earneſtly begged of our author to ſoften it, by ſubſtituting ſomething leſs obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now ſtands, to *Britons*, ATTEND,—though at the expence of the ſenſe and ſpirit. Notwithſtanding this, the very next year, when the preſent illuſtrious family came to the ſucceſſion, Mr. Addiſon thought fit to make a merit of Cato, as purpoſely and directly written, to oppoſe the ſchemes of a faction *: his poem to her royal highneſs the Princeſs of Wales, beginning in this manner:

" The muſe that oft with ſacred raptures fir'd,
" Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inſpir'd;
" And boldly riſing for Britannia's laws,
" Ingag'd great CATO in his country's cauſe;
" On you ſubmiſſive waits."

Indeed

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* This play being conſidered as a warning that liberty was in danger during the Tory adminiſtration, Bolingbroke, to obviate the popular impreſſions it might make, ſent one night, when the applauſe of the audience was very violent, for Booth, who played Cato, into his box, between the acts, and preſented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgement, as he expreſſed it with great addreſs, for defending the cauſe of liberty ſo well againſt a *perpetual dictator*.

Mr. *Rowe's Jane Shore*, which follows, is as perfect a pattern of compoſition in the ludicrous way. It was written for Mrs. Oldfield, though never ſpoken. It is penned in a lively ſpirit of gallantry, and facetious raillery: which, as is well remarked by the eſſayiſt, the audience expect in all epilogues to the moſt ſerious and pathetic pieces. It is ſtrange, that though this perverſion of taſte has been condemned by all judicious writers, that the ſcandalous practice of cloſing ſuch pieces with epilogues full of ribaldry and looſe double entendre, ſhould ſtill continue.

We are now to conſider Mr. POPE in the character of a tranſlator, and to examine his merit in that capacity in his verſion of the Epiſtle from *Sappho* to *Phaon*, tranſlated from *Ovid*. This the author of the eſſay allows to be rendered with faithfulneſs and with elegance; and that it is ſo in general, cannot be diſputed.

Nevertheleſs, as I profeſs not to be the panegyriſt, but the hiſtorian of Mr. POPE; I can no

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Indeed Mr. Addiſon's moderation in party, appears to have been all affected; though he uſed to talk much of it, and often recommend it to Mr. POPE, adding, that he ought not to be contented with the applauſe of half the nation. He uſed to blame Steele greatly for being too much a party-man; and yet, when he found himſelf that he was likely to promote his intereſt by party attachments, he entered into them with a zeal which does his memory no credit: for this man of moderate principles, became the champion of a faction, and did not ſcruple to pen the *Freeholder*.

more

more ſubſcribe to a general commendation without taking notice of ſuch exceptions as occur, than I can admit a general cenſure which appears to be ill founded. Impartiality, therefore, obliges me to obſerve, that in ſome paſſages the tranſlator does not ſeem to have preſerved the ſenſe or ſpirit of the original. For inſtance, Sappho ſays,

" —— *Omnique a parte placebam,*
" *Sed tum praecipue, cum ſit amoris opus.*"

which the tranſlator renders thus,

" In all I pleas'd, *but moſt in what was beſt*;
" And the *laſt* joy was dearer than the *reſt*."

Theſe lines do not appear to convey the meaning of the original, either with faithfulneſs or elegance.

The firſt line is faulty in point of verſification; and, to uſe our bard's own remarks, ten low words creep in one dull line. Add to this, that the ſenſe in the tranſlation is equivocal; for *non conſtat* what was beſt. This may either be taken in a ſerious or ludicrous ſenſe. Whereas in the original the meaning is preciſe, and well aſcertained by the words *amoris opus*: though it muſt be confeſſed that the expreſſion in the Latin, is not very elegant or delicate.

As to the laſt line it is wholly redundant, and has no place in the original. It may be added likewiſe,

likewiſe, that there is an inaccuracy in the uſe of the word *reſt*, to denote *preceding* joys.

The verſion likewiſe of the following lines ſeems liable to cenſure.

" *Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confuſa vo-*
" *luptas,*
" *Plurimus in laſſo corpore languor erat.*"

Which are thus tranſlated,

" Till all diſſolving in the trance we lay,
" And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away."

Theſe lines, it is true, convey all that is warm in the original, but they have not the ſame elegant turn. For in the Latin, the laſt line reflects an idea which corrects in ſome degree the prurience in the former, by intimating that *ſentiment* ſtill ſurvived *ſenſuality*.

It is with pleaſure, however, I acknowledge, that, in many paſſages, the tranſlator riſes greatly ſuperior to his original. The following lines, for inſtance, though very beautiful, are ſurpaſſed by the tranſlation:

" *Ecce, jacent collo ſparſi ſine lege capilli;*
" *Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.*
" *Veſte tegor vili: nullum eſt in crinibus aurum:*
" *Non Arabo noſter rore capillus olet.*"

which are thus rendered——

" No

" No more my robes in waving purple flow,
" Nor on my hand the ſparkling di'monds
" glow;
" No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
" The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews,
" Nor braids of gold the varied treſſes bind,
" That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind."

Neither is the original equal to the verſion in the following paſſage:

" *Scribimus, et lachrymis oculi rorantur abortis:*
" *Aſpice, quam ſit in hoc multa litura loco.*"

The tranſlator ſays,

" See, while I write, my words are loſt in
" tears!
" The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love ap-
" pears."

The ſecond line in the Latin is flat and languid, but the tranſlator has improved it by an elegant turn of ſentiment.

It may be ſaid of the ſucceeding lines likewiſe, that they greatly excel the original, though, by the bye, it muſt be confeſſed, that they are rather a paraphraſe, than a tranſlation of the Latin.

" *Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te ſomnia noſtra re-*
" *ducunt;*
" *Somnia formoſo candidiora die.*

" *Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus abſis ;*
" *Sed non longa ſatis gaudia ſomnus habet.*"

Theſe lines are thus tranſlated :

" 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
" My daily longing, and my dream by night :
" Oh night more pleaſing than the brighteſt
" day,
" When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
" And, dreſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
" Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms !"

There is ſomething inexpreſſibly fond, tender, and poetical in theſe plaintive lines. Indeed, the whole tranſlation breathes ſuch paſſionate and pathetic ſentiments, as are worthy of the exquiſite ſenſibility of the celebrated and amorous Sappho *: and the verſification is, in point of melody, next to that of the paſtorals. The two following verſes, as the eſſayiſt obſerves, in which alliteration is ſucceſsfully uſed, are perhaps the moſt harmonious of any in our language, in rhyme.

" Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
" And ſoftly lay me on the waves below !"

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* She is ſuppoſed to have deſcribed the violent ſymptoms attending the paſſion of love, in ſo ſtrong, lively and accurate a manner, that the phyſician *Eriſtratus* is ſaid to have diſcovered the ſecret malady of the prince *Antiochus*, who was in love with his mother-in-law *Stratonice*, merely by examining the ſymptoms of his patient's diſtemper by this deſcription.

But

But the moſt pathetic ſubject for elegiac epiſtle, is that of *Abelard* and *Eloiſa*, who flouriſhed in the twelfth century, and were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age.

Abelard was reputed the moſt handſome, as well as moſt learned man of his time. An old chronicle, quoted by Andrew du Cheſne, informs us, that ſcholars flocked to his lectures from all quarters of the Latin world: and his cotemporary, St. Bernard, relates, that he numbered among his diſciples many principal eccleſiaſtics and cardinals, at the court of Rome. Abelard himſelf boaſts, that when he retired into the country, he was followed by ſuch immenſe crowds of ſcholars, that neither lodging nor proviſions were to be had ſufficient for them. Being embroiled in controverſy, he met with the fate of many learned men, to be accuſed of hereſy; for, by the influence and authority of St. Bernard, his opinion of the Trinity was condemned, by a council held at Sens, 1140. But the talents of Abelard were not confined to theology, juriſprudence, philoſophy, and the thorny paths of ſcholaſticiſm; for he gave proofs of a lively genius by many poetical performances.

It is to be regretted that we have no exact picture of Eloiſa's perſon. Abelard himſelf ſays, that ſhe was, "*facie non infima:*" But her uncommon learning is confirmed by many circumſtances. She indiſputably underſtood the Latin, Greek and Hebrew tongues: Her literature, as Abelard tells us, "made her the moſt celebrated

" of any lady in the kingdom." And her literary merit attached him to her more powerfully.

But this extraordinary pair were for nothing more famous, than for their unfortunate paſſion: and their diſtreſſes were of a moſt ſingular and peculiar kind. After a long ſeries of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloiſa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters, out of which the following poem, which preſents ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggle of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion, is partly extracted.

The ſolemnity of the exordium, is admirably adapted to induce a diſpoſition for receiving ſuch ſenſations as the poet would wiſh to impreſs. Eloiſa, who is ſuppoſed to be ſurveying the gloom around her, and meditating on the ſubject of her ſorrow, thus breaks forth——

" In theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
" Where heav'nly-penſive Contemplation
" dwells,
" And ever-muſing Melancholy reigns,
" What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
" Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt re-
" treat?
" Why feels my heart its long-forgotten
" heat?"

Then

Then hinting at the cauſe which revived theſe tumultuous ideas, that is, Abelard's letter, ſhe determines not to pronounce that dear fatal name, nor yet to write it. But the manner in which ſhe is involuntarily impelled, is beautifully and pathetically deſcribed in the following broken ſtarts of paſſion.

" O write it not, my hand—the name appears
" Already written---waſh it out, my tears!"

The picture ſhe draws of the Convent is finely painted, and her own deſpondent condition in that dreary ſcene of confinement, is deſcribed in the moſt moving accents.

" Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round
" contains
" Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains:
" Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
" Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid
" thorn!
" Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd vir-
" gins keep,
" And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to
" weep!
" Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent
" grown,
" I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone *."

* The learned reader will probably recollect that this beautiful thought is borrowed from Milton, in his *Il Penſeroſo*, where, in his invocation to Melancholy, he ſays—— " Forget thyſelf to marble."

The various emotions ſhe feels on opening Abelard's Letters, and on meeting with her own, are feelingly expreſſed; and the deplorable fate of thoſe reluctant victims, who are deſtined to bid adieu to the world, before their hearts are weaned from the proſpect of its pleaſures, is ſtrongly imaged in the following plaintive exclamation.

"Now warm in love, now with'ring in my
"bloom,
"Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!"

But ſuch is the enthuſiaſm of her love, that notwithſtanding all the painful ſenſations which the peruſal of Abelard's letters occaſions her, ſhe yet deſires him to write.

"Yet write, oh write me all! that I may join
"Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to
"thine."

This naturally leads her to an admirable digreſſion, in which ſhe breaks forth in praiſe of the delightful advantages ariſing from epiſtolary correſpondence;---with a fond partiality, expreſſive of her character and ſituation, ſhe extols the uſe of letters as they ſerve amorous purpoſes only, and ſuppoſes them to have been the gift of heaven.

"Heav'n firſt taught Letters for ſome wretch's
"aid,
"Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;

" They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what
" Love inſpires,
" Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its
" fires,
" The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
" Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
" Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
" And waft a ſigh from Indus to the Pole."

From theſe beautiful encomiums on the pleaſures of epiſtolary intercourſe, ſhe makes a natural tranſition, and expatiates on the more keen and ſenſible delights of perſonal communication; which ſhe paints with all the warm and rapturous glow of the moſt amorous imagination.

The firſt dawn of her paſſion is not only artfully introduced, but its progreſs traced from principles which could only influence one of nice ſenſations and delicate ſentiments: ſhe deſcribes the early impreſſions which Abelard, her comely and graceful preceptor, made upon her mind, with an enthuſiaſm which is exquiſitely affecting, poetical and ſublime.

" Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy
" flame,
" WhenLove approach'd me under friendſhip's
" name;
" My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
" Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
" Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
" Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.

" Guiltleſs I gaz'd, heav'n liſten'd while you
" ſung;
" And truths divine came mended from that
" tongue."

She then gives a looſe to the wantonneſs of amorous fancy, and avows the unreſtrained licence of her love, in the moſt extravagant and paſſionate deſcription.

" How oft, when preſs'd to marriage, have
" I ſaid,
" Curſe on all laws but thoſe which Love
" has made?
" Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
" Spreads his light wings, and in a moment
" flies."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

" Should at my feet the world's great maſter
" fall,
" Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn
" 'em all:
" Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
" No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love;
" If there be yet another name more free,
" More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to
" thee!
" Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other
" draw,
" When love is liberty, and nature, law."

She

She then indulges herſelf in the recollection that Abelard and ſhe were once in this happy ſtate, on which ſhe expatiates with exquiſite fondneſs and ſenſibility: but from theſe ſcenes of rapture, her mind is ſuddenly recalled, and turned to the horrid change which her lover's cruel fate has induced.

" Alas! how chang'd! what ſudden horrors
" riſe!
" A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
" Where, where was Eloïſe? her voice, her
" hand!
" Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
" Barbarian, ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
" The crime was common, common be the
" pain."

It is impoſſible to read theſe pathetic lines, without admiring the oblique and delicate alluſions with which ſhe glances at the nature of her lover's deplorable diſaſter. The lively emotions, the ſudden ſtarts of paſſion, the broken hints which rage dictates, and ſhame ſuppreſſes, all conſpire to awaken the reader's ſympathy, and to place the horror of the ſcene alluded to, in the moſt affecting point of view.

From this ſcene of woe, her recollection is led to another ſcarce leſs diſmal: And, in the moſt moving ſtrain of lamentation, ſhe reminds Abelard of the ſacrifice they made at the foot of the

the altar; and of the dreadful omens which attended the celebration of thoſe awful rites.

" Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
" When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
" Canſt thou forget what tears that moment
" fell,
" When, warm in youth, I bade the world
" farewell?
" As with *cold* lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
" The ſhrines all *trembled*, and the lamps *grew*
" *pale*."

In the two laſt lines particularly, there is ſcarce a ſingle epithet which is not happily appropriated, and has not a peculiar beauty and force. Her kiſſing the veil with *cold* lips, ſtrongly marks her want of that fervent zeal and devotion, which ſhould influence thoſe votaries, who renounce the world. The preſages likewiſe which attended the rites, are finely imagined. The trembling of the ſhrine, the pallid hue of the lamps, as if they were conſcious of the reluctant ſacrifice the votaries were making, are inſtances of a ſtrong poetical fancy, judiciouſly diſplayed in the choice of the moſt appoſite and ſtriking imagery.

Theſe circumſtances likewiſe are premiſed with great addreſs and ſingular propriety, to introduce the confeſſion ſhe afterwards makes, that in the midſt of this ſolemn ſcene, her fondneſs for Abelard prevailed over every other idea.

" Yet

" Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
" Not on the *Croſs* my eyes were fix'd, but
" *you*."

Her paſſion then ſwelling in a full tide of amorous tranſport, breaks forth in the following rapturous invocations.

" Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve
" my woe;
" Thoſe *ſtill at leaſt* are left thee to beſtow;
" Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
" Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
" Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
" Give all thou canſt---and let me dream the
" reſt."

Perhaps the exceſs of amorous fondneſs never was expreſſed with a greater degree of ſenſibility and delicacy. With what paſſionate regret and deſpair, yet with what becoming modeſty, ſhe repeatedly hints at her lover's irreparable misfortune.

Having exhauſted every ſource of fond ſentiment in this violent guſt of amorous paſſion, ſhe is naturally recalled to a ſenſe of her preſent condition, and, by a beautiful tranſition, ſuddenly checks the extravagance of her raptures.

" Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
" With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
" Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
" And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God."

This

This devout caſt of mind, turns her thoughts towards monaſtic objects: and recollecting that her Abelard was the founder of the monaſtery, ſhe intreats him at leaſt to viſit his flock. This circumſtance of his being the founder of the monaſtery, affords room for ſome very juſt and pathetic reflections, in which ſuch donations as are extorted by prieſtly artifice, and benefactions bequeathed through fear, to avert the juſtice of offended heaven, are keenly ſatirized in the following beautiful lines, of which the ſecond preſents the moſt lively and poetical imagery.

" No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
" *Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;*
" No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n,
" Here brib'd the rage of ill requited heav'n:
" But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
" And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe."

There is great addreſs in thus artfully introducing moral ſentiments in the midſt of pure deſcription, which ſeize the mind as it were by ſurprize, and make a more forcible impreſſion, than a profeſſed and direct application.

But the power of deſcription was, perhaps, never carried higher than in the lines which immediately follow, wherein the gloom of the convent is thrown into ſuch awful ſhades, that every appropriated epithet impreſſes the mind with a ſolemn, yet not unpleaſing ſadneſs.

" In

" In theſe *lone* walls (their days eternal bound)
" The *moſs-grown* domes with *ſpiry* turrets
" crown'd,
" Where *awful* arches make a noon-day night,
" And the *dim* windows ſhed a *ſolemn* light,
" Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray."

She then laments in the moſt plaintive ſtrains, that his preſence being wanting to brighten this gloomy ſcene, every object wears a mournful aſpect, and that ſhe is wholly unſuſceptible of the few penſive pleaſures, which are calculated to ſooth the mind of a recluſe.

" The *darkſome* pines that o'er yon rocks re-
" clin'd
" *Wave* high, and *murmur* to the *hollow* wind,
" The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between
" the hills,
" The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
" The *dying gales* that *pant* upon the trees,
" The lakes that *quiver* to the curling breeze;
" No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
" Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid."

Nothing can be more delightfully pictureſque than this deſcription: there is no reading it without being, in ſome degree, diſpoſed to reliſh theſe ſolitary and contemplative enjoyments.

But this ſolemn ſcene of penſive pleaſing meditation, is ſuddenly contraſted by a moſt beautiful and ſtriking perſonification of Melancholy, whoſe baneful influence and effect is

ſo affectingly deſcribed, that a reader of any ſenſibility feels a gloom gradually diffuſe itſelf over his mind.

" But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
" Long-ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,
" Black MELANCHOLY ſits, and round her
" *throws*
" A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
" Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
" Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry
" green,
" Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
" And *breathes* a *browner horror* on the
" woods."

It is candidly and juſtly obſerved by the eſſayiſt ſo often mentioned, that the figurative expreſſions, *throws*, *breathes*, and *browner* horror, are ſome of the ſtrongeſt and boldeſt in the Engliſh language.

The image of the goddeſs MELANCHOLY, who ſits brooding over the convent, and throwing a contagious horror on every object around her, is boldly conceived and expreſſed with great poetical enthuſiaſm and ſublimity.

At the ſame time impartiality obliges me to obſerve that even in this deſcription, excellent as it is, there ſeems to be a faulty anti-climax. For, after having repreſented MELANCHOLY, as throwing round her—

" A

" A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe,"

It is ſurely lowering the idea greatly, to add, in the very next line, that—

" Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene."

Having painted this ſcene of horror, Eloiſa very naturally laments that ſhe is doomed to ſtay there for ever, and that death alone can releaſe her: nay, that even after death, her remains muſt abide there.

" And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain,
" Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
" *And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.*"

I have often wondered how this laſt line could ſteal into this excellent poem, which is ſo remarkable for harmonious verſification. Though there is a pathos and delicacy of *ſentiment* conveyed in this line, yet there is nothing like poetry in it. It is, in truth, abſolutely flat and proſaic: but it is, perhaps, the only bad verſe in the whole poem.

The idea of mingling her aſhes with Abelard, raiſes a tumult of conflicting paſſions, which divide and diſtract her ſoul: One while ſhe breathes all the devotion of a veſtal; then again ſhe gives a looſe to all the fondneſs of a woman.

" Ah

" Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in
" vain,
" Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
" Aſſiſt me, heav'n! but whence aroſe that
" pray'r?
" Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?"

There is great beauty in this ſelf-interrogation, reſpecting the oppoſite motives of her prayer, which are very nicely diſtinguiſhed: and ſhe continues to recount the various emotions by which ſhe is alternately agitated——

" I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
" I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

* * * * * * * * * * *

" Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
" Now think of thee, and curſe my inno-
" cence."

Conſcious of the difficulty of compoſing ſuch various perturbations, ſhe thus exclaims——

" Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
" How often muſt it love, how often hate!
" How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
" Conceal, diſdain,--do all things but forget."

Then in a bold and ſublime ſtrain, ſhe breaks forth into a kind of ſacred rapture.

" But let heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
" Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but
" inſpir'd!"

In

In this fit of enthuſiaſm, ſhe calls on Abelard to aid her devotion.

" Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
" Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and
" you.
" Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
" Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee."

This glowing ſpirit of devout zeal, likewiſe reminds her of the different lot of the blameleſs veſtal, whoſe ſpotleſs mind is not agitated by the paſſionate perturbations of guilt. She deſcribes the equanimity, the compoſure, the pure and tranquil delights which ſuch an one enjoys, in a ſtrain which is poetical, even to enchantment.

" Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
" And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden
" dreams.
" For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
" And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine per-
" fumes,
" For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal ring,
" For her white virgins Hymenæals ſing,
" To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
" And melts in viſions of eternal day."

This pure ſeraphic bliſs, which none but an immaculate veſtal can taſte, is finely contraſted by the following ſudden tranſition, which deſcribes her own criminal and perturbate ſtate.

" Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
" Far other raptures of unholy joy:
" When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
" Fancy reſtores what *Vengeance* ſnatch'd away.
" Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature
" free,
" All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee."

Here again ſhe obliquely and modeſtly hints at her lover's misfortune, which ſeems, as it were, to encreaſe the eagerneſs of her paſſion, which is ſtill more forcibly expreſſed in the following lines.

" Oh curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
" How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
" Provoking Dæmons all reſtraint remove,
" And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love."

Then, as if ſpent with the rage of agonizing paſſion, ſhe calmly reflects on the different ſituation of her lover, and, with peculiar delicacy, again diſtantly alludes to the misfortune, which created the difference ſhe deſcribes.

" For thee the Fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
" A cool ſuſpenſe from pleaſure and from
" pain;
" Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
" No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows."

The following ſimiles, by which this ſtill ſtate of diſpaſſionate repoſe is illuſtrated, are highly beautiful and poetical.

" Still

" Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
" Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
" Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
" And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd
" heav'n."

Theſe admirable lines breathe ſuch a reconciling ſpirit of compoſure, attempered with mild devotion, as gradually prepare her to ſink into a correſponding habit of mind. Her emotions appear leſs violent. She calmly calls upon her Abelard, and once more chaſtely glancing at his lamentable fate, ſhe upbraids herſelf for indulging the idea of a fruitleſs unavailing fondneſs, in the following beautiful breaks of declining paſſion.

" Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
" The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
" Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
" Ev'n thou art cold——yet Eloïſa loves."

Still, however, ſhe complains tenderly, though not ſo paſſionately, that her lover's image ſteals between her and her devotion: and particularly that ſhe fondly recollects the enchantment of his *voice*, which, it ſeems, was one of Abelard's peculiar excellencies.

" Thy Voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
" With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear."

Then follows a noble and ſublime deſcription of ſome of the circumſtances attending the celebration of high maſs.

" When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance
" roll,
" And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
" One thought of thee puts all the pomp to
" flight,
" Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my
" ſight:
" In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
" While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble
" round*."

She then diſpoſes herſelf to pious reſignation, and by a fond *menace*, *indirectly* warns her lover, no longer to intervene between her and the dawning grace which is juſt opening on her ſoul.

" While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
" Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye,
" While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
" And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul:
" *Come, if thou dar'ſt*, all charming as thou art!
" Oppoſe thyſelf to heav'n; diſpute my heart;

---

* It is well obſerved by the eſſayiſt, that few perſons have ever been preſent at the celebrating a maſs in a good choir, without being extremely affected with awe, if not with devotion; which ought to put us on our guard, againſt the inſinuating nature of ſo pompous and alluring a religion as popery. He likewiſe mentions an anecdote concerning Lord Bolingbroke, which deſerves to be repeated. His Lordſhip being one day preſent at this ſolemnity at the chapel of Verſailles, and ſeeing the archbiſhop of Paris elevate the hoſt, whiſpered his companion, the Marquis de **** " If I " were king of France, I would always perform this cere- " mony myſelf."

" Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding
" eyes
" Blot out each bright Idea of the ſkies;
" Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and
" thoſe tears;
" Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
" Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt
" abode;
" Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my
" God *!"

In the next lines ſhe *directly* commands him to fly from her, and bids adieu to his memory.

" No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
" Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans
" roll!
" Ah! come not, write not, think not once of
" me,
" Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee!

* I cannot help thinking that the eſſayiſt has totally miſtaken the poet's meaning in the foregoing lines, from whence he ſuppoſes that Eloiſa acknowledges the weakneſs of her religious efforts, and gives herſelf up to the prevalence of her paſſions. Far otherwiſe——It is ſcarce to be preſumed, that in this *declining* ſtage of her paſſion, ſhe ſhould ſo deſperately abandon herſelf as ſeriouſly to call on Abelard to aſſiſt the Fiends, and tear her from her God. On the contrary, ſhe deſcribes grace dawning on her ſoul, and defies her lover, charming as he is, to interrupt the progreſs of her riſing devotion: The whole paſſage is penned in a ſtile of indirect menace, not of abſolute deſpair. *Come if thou dar'ſt*, ſignifies, come, if thou be'ſt ſo abandoned;—and the inſinuation of the whole is, that if Abelard ſhould be ſo wicked to aſſiſt the Fiends, ſhe was loſt, notwithſtanding this temporary *conqueſt*.

" Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
" Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was
" mine."

She then welcomes grace and virtue, in a ſtrain of devout enthuſiaſm, which is beautifully poetical.

" Oh Grace ſerene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
" Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
" Freſh blooming hope, gay daughter of the
" ſky!
" And Faith, our early immortality!
" Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
" Receive, and wrap me, in eternal reſt!"

The poet ſhews great ſkill and addreſs in thus making the violence of her paſſion ſubſide, and give way by degrees to the aſcendancy of religious zeal. Having brought her to ſuch a temper of reſignation, that ſhe is prepared for eternity, an awful circumſtance is next introduced, more firmly to reconcile her to her deſtiny. She deſcribes herſelf as ſtretched on a tomb, and fancies that ſhe hears a ſpirit call to her in each low wind. The imagery of this ſolemn ſcene is ſtrongly conceived, and poetically expreſſed.

" Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
" From yonder ſhrine I heard a ſolemn ſound.
" Come, Siſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to
" ſay)
" Thy place is here, ſad Siſter, come away!

" Once

" Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and
" pray'd;
" Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid:
" But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
" Here grief forgets to groan, and love to
" weep,
" Ev'n *Superſtition* loſes every fear:
" For God, not man, abſolves our frailties
" here*."

This is beyond all encomium in a poem where every line obliges us to pay our warmeſt tribute of applauſe.

At the fancied call of this aerial ſympathetic ſiſter, Eloiſa ſtarts in a kind of religious rapture, and ſeems eagerly to haſten towards this ſcene of pure and everlaſting bliſs, which is ſo poetically pictured.

" I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bow'rs,
" Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
" Thither, where *ſinners* may have reſt, I go,
" Where *flames refin'd* in breaſts ſeraphic
" glow."

She then calls on Abelard, to perform the laſt offices, and ſmooth her paſſage to theſe bright abodes. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly mov-

* The two laſt lines afford a ſtriking inſtance, that a man of ſtrong ſenſe and ſound judgment, cannot be a bigot in *any religion*: not even in *that* which has bigotry for its principle.

ing in the laſt marks of her expiring fondneſs——

" See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
" *Suck* my laſt breath, and *catch* my flying ſoul!"

But ſuddenly recollecting herſelf, ſhe wiſhes him to attend her in a character leſs paſſionate, and rather to perform the duties of his holy function, in her dying moments.

" Ah no---in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou
" ſtand,
" The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
" Preſent the Croſs before my *lifted* eye,
" Teach me at once, and learn of me to die."

Then in a ſudden and moſt pathetick tranſition, ſhe calls on Abelard to take the laſt parting look of her, even in the agonies of death.

" Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïſa ſee!
" It will be then *no crime* to *gaze* on me.
" See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
" See the *laſt ſparkle languiſh* in my eye!"

I will venture to ſay that a man who can read theſe lines with unſhaken nerves, has not a grain of ſenſibility in his compoſition.

She does not yet, however, relinquiſh the idea of Abelard; her fondneſs for him extends itſelf beyond the grave, and is expreſſed in the moſt affecting and poetical ſtrain.

" In

" In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
" Bright clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee
" round,
" From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories
" ſhine,
" And Saints embrace thee with a love like
" mine."

She laſtly wiſhes * that they may be buried in one grave; and preſuming that two wandering lovers may, ages hence, chance to gaze on their tomb in the Paraclete; ſhe ſuppoſes, that, touched with mutual pity, they may make the following tender exclamation:

" Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"

To carry the circumſtance of commiſeration ſtill higher, ſhe imagines, that even a caſual glance at their tomb, will affect the beholders with ſuch involuntary pity, as even to check their fervour in the act of devotion.

" From the full choir when loud Hoſannas
" riſe,
" And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
" Amid that ſcene if ſome relenting eye
" Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicks
" lie,

* This wiſh was fulfilled. The body of Abelard, who died twenty years before Eloiſa, was ſent to her, and interred in the Monaſtery of the Paraclete.

" Devo-

" Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from
" heav'n,
" One human tear ſhall drop, and be for-
" giv'n *."

Nothing can be more finely imagined than theſe lines, nor more expreſſive of the tender ſympathy which muſt be excited in every feeling breaſt on recollecting the deplorable fate of this unhappy pair †.

Upon the whole, it is not, perhaps, too much to ſay, that it is not in the power of language to deſcribe the various tumults of conflicting paſſions with greater energy and pathos; the oppoſite ſentiments, which agitate the ſoul of Eloiſa, are marked by ſuch natural and maſterly tranſitions, that the mind of the reader is irreſiſtibly attracted, and ſympathizes with her in every alternate change of paſſion. It may be truly ſaid,

" ——— *Pectus inaniter angit,*
" *Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,*
" *Ut magus* ———

* Here again the eſſayiſt ſeems to have miſunderſtood the poet's meaning. For he apprehends the lines above quoted to be deſcriptive of the behaviour of the two lovers; whereas they ſeem to point out the more ſtriking effect, which the accidental view of their tomb would have even on the congregation, during the time of divine ſervice.

† I agree, however, with the eſſayiſt, that with theſe eight lines the poem ſhould have ended; for the eight additional verſes are comparatively languid and flat, and diminiſh the pathos of the foregoing ſentiments.

The

The poet, in this epiſtle, diſplays an accurate knowledge of human nature. He appears to have been thoroughly acquainted with the ſecret workings of the heart, and the force and influence of the various emotions which contending paſſions produce *.

Nevertheleſs, with all it's poetical merit, it is much to be feared that it has done no ſervice to the cauſe of virtue; which it certainly never was the worthy poet's intention to injure. Though, taken all together, the piece conveys a moſt excellent moral, by ſhewing the lamentable diſtreſs which attends the indulgence of ſenſual appetite, and that religion alone has power to aſſuage and compoſe the perturbation it creates; yet, at the ſame time it is to be apprehended, that the exquiſite painting and animating deſcriptions of licentious paſſion, which abound in detached parts of this epiſtle, have too frequently made fatal impreſſions on perſons of warm temperament, and of light reflection. The glowing lines which expreſs the extrava-

* Our poet, with all his genius, had never yet been able to give that ſupreme perfection to the ſtrains of this poem, had he not been early converſant amongſt the books in his mother's cloſet, with thoſe tracts of myſtical devotion which ſo much charm the female mind when religion turns its ſtrongeſt paſſion upon *love celeſtial*. And there being but one way of expreſſing rapturous emotions, whether the object be earthly or heavenly, the imagination, which only is employed in theſe meditations, ſoars on the wings of poetry. So that our young poet could not but be much taken with this kind of reading: And, in fact, the beſt of the myſtic writers had a place in his library amongſt the bards.

gance

gance of Eloiſa's fondneſs, her contempt of connubial ties, and the unbounded freedom of her attachment, have been often repeated with too much ſucceſs by artful libertines to forward the purpoſes of ſeduction, and have as often, perhaps, been remembered by the deluded fair, and deemed a ſanction for illicit deviations from the paths of virtue.

Soon after this celebrated epiſtle, Mr. POPE wrote his *Temple of Fame*, which, agreeably to his uſual practice, he kept in his ſtudy for two years before it was publiſhed.

Nor did he then venture to make it public, till it had received the approbation of two critical judges, Mr. Steele and Mr. Addiſon, being, as he ſays himſelf, afraid of nothing ſo much as to impoſe any thing on the world unworthy of its acceptance. Having ſent a copy of it to the former, he received the following anſwer:

"I have read your Temple of Fame twice, "and cannot find any thing amiſs, of weight "enough to call a fault, but ſee in it a thouſand "thouſand beauties. Mr. Addiſon ſhall ſee it "to morrow; after his peruſal of it, I will let "you know his thoughts."

After it was publiſhed, he preſented it to a lady; accompanied with a letter which, if we may judge from the concluſion, appears to have been penned in a very jocoſe mood.

"Now

" Now I talk of Fame, I ſend you my *Temple*
" *of Fame*, which is juſt come out: but my ſen-
" timents about it you will ſee better by this
" epigram.

" What's Fame with men, by cuſtom of the
" nation
" Is call'd in women only reputation,
" About them both, why keep we ſuch a
" pother?
" Part you with one, and I'll renounce the
" other."

This piece is taken from Chaucer's Houſe of Fame. The deſign, however, is in a manner entirely altered, the deſcriptions and moſt of the particular thoughts being Mr. POPE's; yet he was too candid to ſuffer it to be printed without making due acknowledgment. The reader who would compare it with Chaucer, muſt begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two firſt books that anſwers to their title. Though this poem is by no means the moſt intereſting of Mr. POPE's works, nor of the moſt harmonious verſification, yet there are ſeveral paſſages in it highly beautiful, both with reſpect to ſentiment and poetry.

His deſcription of the centre of the Temple is finely imagined. Six pompous columns are repreſented aſpiring above the reſt around the ſhrine of Fame, on which are placed the greateſt names in learning of all antiquity. Theſe are deſcribed in attitudes expreſſive of their different

rent characters, and the columns on which they are raiſed, are adorned with ſculptures, taken from the moſt ſtriking ſubjects of their works; which ſculpture, in its manner and character, bears a reſemblance to the manner and character of their writings.

Among theſe literary chiefs, Homer ſtands eminently diſtinguiſhed, and it is obſervable that our Poet never ſpeaks of him but with a kind of grateful enthuſiaſm.

" High on the firſt, the mighty Homer ſhone;
" Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
" Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
" His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
" Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his look appears;
" In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by
" years.
" The wars of Troy were round the Pillar
" ſeen:
" Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian
" Queen;
" Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
" Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan
" wall:
" Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
" Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's
" fire;
" A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t'affect,
" And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect."

The nice ſtrokes likewiſe, by which he marks the column appropriated to Virgil, are very beautiful and characteriſtic.

" Finiſh'd

" Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
" With patient touches of unweary'd art:
" The *Mantuan* there in ſober triumph ſate,
" Compos'd his poſture, and his looks ſedate;
" On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
" Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty."

Pindar, Horace, Ariſtotle and Tully are likewiſe finely characterized. But the beauty of deſcription is the leaſt merit of this little piece; it contains a great deal of good ſenſe and poignant ſatire: Particularly in that part where the ſeveral ſuppliants prefer their petitions to the goddeſs. Having firſt introduced the learned, then the good and juſt, &c. the warlike ſcourges of mankind next advance, and are treated with a juſt contempt.

" A troop came next, who crowns and armour
" wore,
" And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
" For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and
" ſtrife,
" We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of
" life;
" For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and
" blood,
" And ſwam to empire thro' the purple flood.
" Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own,
" What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee
" alone.
" Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd,
" and frown'd)
" Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
" There

" There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
" Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names
" unknown!
" A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from
" my ſight,
" And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night."

By way of contraſt to theſe, the plain men of modeſt worth ſucceed, and their merit is placed in ſo amiable a light, that it is impoſſible not to be in love with their character.

" Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
" Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their
" mien.
" Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
" The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to Fame!
" But ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men,
" Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen,
" 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
" Thoſe acts of goodneſs, which themſelves
" requite.
" O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
" To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake."

The anſwer of the goddeſs conveys an excellent moral.

" And live there men, who ſlight immortal
" fame?
" Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
" But mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
" To blaze thoſe virtues, which the good
" would hide.

" Riſe!

"Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful
"breath,
"Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
"She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
"And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
"So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
"Ev'n liſt'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to
"hear."

It is hard to ſay which is moſt to be admired, the good ſenſe, or pleaſing harmony of theſe lines. Of which the laſt in particular is highly poetical, and preſents the moſt ſtriking and agreeable image.

The laſt of the train of ſuppliants are ſtigmatized with that juſt and noble indignation, which every honeſt and generous mind bears againſt the profeſſors of *Machiavelian* policy.

"Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs
"done,
"Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
"Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
"On ſovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
"Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith
"could fix,
"Of crooked counſels and dark politics."

From the Temple of Fame, the ſcene changes to that of rumour, of which the deſcription is beautifully pictureſque. The effects ariſing from the various ſounds are illuſtrated by a ſimile ſo happily imagined, and expreſſed in ſuch melo-

dious verſification, that no reader of taſte will be tired with the length of it.

" As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes *
" The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
" The trembling ſurface by the motion
" ſtirr'd,
" Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
" Wide, and more wide, the floating rings
" advance,
" Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin
" dance:
" Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt
" they break,
" On neighb'ring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
" Another ambient circle then they move;
" That, in its turn, impells the next above;
" Thro' undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
" And ſpread o'er all the fluid element."

With reſpect to the other tranſlations, and imitations, which follow in this volume, ſuch as *January and May*, *The Wife of Bath*, &c. they are too inconſiderable for a critical analyſis. Theſe ludicrous pieces however, ſerve to ſhew the univerſality of Mr. POPE's genius, being penned with all the eaſe, gaiety, and vivacity ſuitable to the levity of the ſubjects, and the years of the author. Moſt of the *tranſlations* were but a ſort of *exerciſes*, while he was improving himſelf in the languages, and carried

* The reader will recollect the ſame ſimile in Addiſon's Cato.

by

by his early bent to poetry, to perform them rather in verſe than proſe.

Of theſe the moſt obſervable is the tranſlation of the firſt book of the Thebais of Statius, which was done when the author was but fourteen, and affords nothing very ſtriking. Indeed the ſubject ſeems to have been ill choſen: it is one of thoſe which become more diſagreeable, the better they are executed: being calculated rather to inſpire horror, than pity; and whatever excites horror, ſhould be baniſhed from poetry. There is no reading the execration of Oedipus againſt his children, nor many other parts of this piece, without ſhuddering with horror. Indeed Statius, as POPE obſerves, though one of the beſt verſifiers, next to Virgil, was none of the diſcreteſt poets, and our author has pointed out ſeveral groſs faults in compoſition, which, even at this early age, did not eſcape the correctneſs of his judgment.

The *Imitations* likewiſe, were ſome of them done ſo early as at the age of fourteen or fifteen, but having got into miſcellanies, they were added to complete this juvenile volume.

Nevertheleſs, ſome of theſe looſer compoſitions it is to be feared have more admirers than his graver pieces, being adapted to entertain the herd of readers, whoſe ideas ſeldom extend *ultra Cingulum*.

Our author, before the publication of his Temple of Fame, had made a conſiderable pro-

greſs in his tranſlation of Homer's Iliad, as may be collected from a paſſage in the letter above taken notice of to the Lady whom he preſented with his Temple of Fame.

He had once formed a deſign of giving a taſte of all the celebrated Greek poets, by tranſlating one of the beſt ſhort pieces from each of them, which he would have executed, had he not engaged in this tranſlation; and he has often ingenuouſly confeſſed that he undertook this work, which was ſo much more laborious, ſolely with a view to profit, being then ſo deſtitute of money, that he had not ſufficient to purchaſe the books he had occaſion for. Lord Oxford it ſeems always diſcouraged this undertaking, and uſed to compliment our author, by ſaying that ſo good a writer ought not to be a tranſlator.

In 1713, he circulated propoſals for publiſhing this tranſlation by ſubſcription. He had been long importuned to engage in this undertaking, by ſeveral of his friends, particularly Sir William Trumbull *, and he no ſooner re-

* Lord Lanſdown likewiſe encouraged our author to purſue his deſign, as appears from one of his letters, dated 21ſt October 1713.

" I am pleaſed beyond meaſure with your deſign of tranſ-
" lating Homer. The trials which you have already made
" and publiſhed on ſome parts of that author, have ſhewn
" that you are equal to ſo great a taſk; and you may there-
" fore depend upon the utmoſt ſervices I can do in promot-
" ing this work, or any thing that may be for your ſervice."

ſolved

ſolved on the attempt, which he began about the age of twenty-five, than he proſecuted it with great ardour and aſſiduity.

He was ſo anxious during the time he was employed about it, that it not only occupied his thoughts by day, but was ſo much the ſubject of his dreams by night, that he often imagined himſelf travelling a long journey, and that he ſhould never arrive at the end of the road.

His ſolicitude to preſerve the reputation he had acquired, made him attentive to every circumſtance which might render his tranſlation more perfect. With this view, he voluntarily enlarged his deſign, by adding to it many curious and valuable notes *: and being under a neceſſity of conſulting a great number of authors, a little before the death of Queen Anne, he made a journey to Oxford, where he had recourſe to the books in the Bodleian, and other libraries in that univerſity.

He was not more than five years in tranſlating the Iliad, of which the greater part was written with vaſt rapidity, and no inconſiderable portion of it compoſed as he paſſed along the road: for a genius very often is leaſt idle, when he ſeems moſt ſo †.

In

* The notes on the Iliad were written by Mr. Pope; thoſe on the Odyſſey by Dr. Broome.

† The firſt manuſcript copy is yet in being, and is deſigned for ſome public library, as of ſingular curioſity, being

In this tranſlation, and in that of the Odyſſey which he executed afterwards, he uſed in general to take advantage of the firſt glow: afterwards calmly to correct each book by the original; then to compare it with other tranſlations; and laſtly to give it a reading for the ſake of the verſification only ‡.

By the tranſlation of the Iliad, which was publiſhed for his own benefit, he acquired a conſiderable fortune, the ſubſcription being ſo large that it amounted, as it is ſaid, to no leſs than 6000 *l.* and our author afterwards ſold it to Lintot * for 1200 *l.* in money, beſides all the books

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ing written in the envelopes of letters; which occaſioned Swift's calling him—*Paper-ſparing Pope.*

‡ The foul copy of the Iliad was full of corrections, and our author was of opinion that thoſe parts read beſt, which had been moſt blotted: The foul copy of the Odyſſey was not ſo full of obliterations, which ſhews that he had by that time attained greater readineſs and correctneſs.

* The project for the tranſlation of Homer's Iliad being become a matter of great expectation, the bookſellers all put in for the prize: but, as the poet ſays, on another occaſion, though with an eye to this, for he loved to turn what was ridiculous in his own adventures into ridicule,

The lofty Lintot in the circle roſe,
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes."

Lintot had then no foundation for his *loftineſs:* and on that account, perhaps, was tempted to bid moſt. The terms he offered Mr. POPE were ſo advantageous, that all the heſitation he had to accepting them, was from the apprehenſion he

books for his ſubſcribers, as well as thoſe he intended for preſents †.

Never was a more general encouragement given to any literary undertaking, nor was any tranſlation ever executed with more art, or that abounded with ſo much poetic fire ‡. Men of all

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he had that the affair would ruin the bookſeller: and therefore, as he told an intimate friend, he honeſtly, and prudently too, endeavoured to diſſuade Lintot from thinking any more of the matter. But the lofty Lintot was not to be ſo intimidated. He made the bargain and his fortune together. The ſucceſs of the work was ſo great, that the bookſeller was enriched at once: he purchaſed conſiderably, and was made high ſheriff of the county where his eſtates lay.

† It may be proper to obſerve, that all the materials for the Life of Homer, which was penned by Dean Parnelle, were collected and claſſed by Mr. Pope. The compoſition is ſtiff, and was much more ſo, the correction having coſt Mr. Pope more trouble than if he had wrote it originally.

‡ In the laſt edition he himſelf gave of the tranſlated Iliad, the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, at his deſire, reviſed and corrected the Preface, and the Eſſay on Homer, as they now ſtand. This deſire is intimated in the following letter, wherein Mr. Pope, after expreſſing the warmeſt wiſhes to ſerve his learned and valuable friend, continues thus——

"But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power "of an honeſt man to beſtow; nor indeed of an honeſt man "to receive, conſidering on what terms they are generally "to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could "do you, who not only monthly, but weekly, of late, have "loaded me with favours of that kind, which are moſt "acceptable to veteran authors; thoſe garlands which a "commentator weaves to hang about his poet, and which

 "are

all ranks and parties united in their zeal to promote it, though at the ſame time it muſt not be concealed that ſome ſecret and invidious attempts were made to detract from our author's merit in the public opinion.

It muſt give pain to every reader who is a friend to literature, to be told that Mr. Addiſon on this occaſion was capable of ſo much mean jealouſy, as to deſcend to the baſeſt arts of rivalſhip, in order to ſuppreſs the riſing fame of our author, with whom he aſſociated on terms of friendſhip and reſpect; and who had long treated him with uncommon regard.

Our author's friendſhip with Mr. Addiſon commenced in 1713. Mr. POPE uſed to ſay that he liked him *de bon coeur*, as well as he liked any man, and was very fond of his converſation. In ſhort, their friendſhip was cultivated on both ſides with all the marks of mutual eſteem and affection, and with a conſtant intercourſe of good offices. Thus, when the tranſlation of

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" are flowers both of his own gathering and planting too;
" not bloſſoms ſpringing from the dry author.

" It is very unreaſonable after this, to give you a ſecond
" trouble in reviſing the *Eſſay on Homer*. But I look upon
" you as one ſworn to ſuffer no errors in me: and though
" the common way with a commentator be to erect them
" into beauties, the beſt office of a critic is to correct and
" amend them. There being a new edition coming out of
" Homer, I would willingly render it a little leſs defec-
" tive, and the bookſeller will not allow me time to do ſo
" myſelf."

the Iliad was on foot, which was begun in 1713, Mr. Addiſon expreſſed the higheſt * expectations from it, and when firſt publiſhed not only recommended it to the public †, but joined with the *Tories* in promoting the ſubſcription, though, at the ſame time, as has been intimated, he adviſed Mr. Pope not to be content with the applauſe of one *half of the nation.* On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's intereſt his own, and when Dennis ſo brutally attacked the tragedy of Cato, he wrote the piece intitled, "*A narrative of his madneſs.*"

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* The expectation he formed will beſt appear from his own words, in his letter to Mr. Pope; ſpeaking of this tranſlation, he ſays——

"The work you mention will, I dare ſay, very ſufficiently recommend itſelf when your name appears with the propoſals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation on me than by employing me in ſuch an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I ſhall be very proud of ſhewing it by this or any other inſtance. I queſtion not but your tranſlation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country."

† In the Freeholder, he recommends the tranſlation in the following warm terms:

"When I conſider myſelf as a *Britiſh Freeholder*, I am in a particular manner pleaſed with the labours of thoſe who have improved our language with the tranſlation of old Greek and Latin authors. The illiterate among our countrymen may learn to judge from *Dryden's Virgil* of the moſt perfect epic; and thoſe parts of *Homer*, which have been already publiſhed by Mr. *Pope*, give us reaſon to think that the Iliad will appear in Engliſh, with as little diſadvantage to that immortal poem."

Mr.

Mr. POPE likewiſe, from time to time, communicated to Mr. Addiſon the progreſs he made in his tranſlation, and the difficulties which attended it, particularly in a letter to that friend, dated 30th Jan. 1713-14, wherein among other things, he jocularly complains of the envious reports which were propagated to his prejudice.

" Some have ſaid I am not a maſter in the " Greek, who are either ſo themſelves, or are " not: if they are not, they cannot tell; and " if they are, they cannot without having ca- " techized me †."

In this ſtate of reciprocal amity they continued, till Mr. POPE's growing reputation, and ſuperior genius in poetry, excited uneaſy ſentiments in his friend: and then it was that he encouraged Phillips, and others, in their clamours againſt him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had even aſſiſted in writing the *Examiners*; and, under an affected care for the government, he endeavoured to conceal, even from himſelf, the real ground of his diſtruſt. But from the injuſtice of ſuch an inſinuation, the late collection of Swift's Letters is ſufficient to acquit Mr. POPE. In truth, ſo extremely cautious was he not to engage in any political conteſts, that though Sir Richard Steele had engaged his

† Several have ſince endeavoured to propagate this envious ſlander in a fairer way, by criticiſing various paſſages of the tranſlation; but ſtill their attempts have been attended with the ſame impotency of malice or folly.

friendly

friendly assistance in a periodical paper called the *Guardian*, yet he discontinued all correspondence of that kind, on Sir Richard's giving a political turn to those papers.

But Mr. Addison's jealousy soon broke out more directly, and discovered itself first to Mr. Pope, and not long after to all the world. The circumstance which first opened Mr. Pope's eyes with regard to his friend's character, was his dissuading him strongly against adding his machinery to the *Rape of the Lock*, which Mr. Pope had no sooner resolved upon, than he communicated his scheme to Mr. Addison, not doubting but that he would be pleased with the improvement. He experienced the mortification nevertheless, of finding his friend receive it coldly, assuring him in a strain of artful adulation, that the poem, in its original state, was a delicious little thing, and as he expressed it, *Merum Sal.* As it was apparent that his objection to so noble a piece of invention, could not be the result of his judgment, Mr. Pope, not without reason, began to entertain suspicions of his sincerity.

It was not long before these suspicions were confirmed; for soon after this a translation of the first book of the Iliad, appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when it was publicly known that Mr. Pope was engaged on the same subject, and bearing the name of a dependant of Mr. Addison's, made our author more than suspect him to be privy to this unge-

ungenerous attempt: and after a diligent inquiry, and laying many concurring circumſtances together, he was fully convinced, that it was not only publiſhed with Mr. Addiſon's participation, but was in truth his own performance *. Not content with this baſe and invidious attempt, to ſupplant his friend in the public eſteem, he privately made uſe of all the attention and deference which was paid to himſelf, as a man of critical learning, to depreciate Mr. POPE's tranſlation; and did not ſcruple to declare, as Sir Richard Steele told Sir Samuel Garth, that Mr. Tickell's (that is, his own) was the beſt that had ever been done in any language. He would ſometimes likewiſe ſay coolly, that both tranſlations were well done, but that Tickell's had more of Homer.

Mr. POPE, in his firſt reſentment of ſuch uſage, was reſolved to expoſe this envious rival's verſion, in a ſevere critique upon it. The copy he had marked for this purpoſe now lies before me; in the margin of which, the ſeveral faults in tranſlation, language, and numbers, are claſſed under their proper heads. The growing ſplendor however of his own works, ſo ſoon eclipſed the faint efforts of this invidious

* Sir Richard Steele, in his ninth edition of the Drummer (which Tickell had omitted to inſert amongſt Addiſon's works) in a long epiſtle to Congreve, affirms very intelligibly, that Addiſon, and not Tickell, was the tranſlator of the firſt book of the Iliad, to which the latter had ſet his name.

compe-

competition, that he declined all thoughts of expoſing its weakneſs and malignity; and, with more becoming dignity, left it to the judgment and juſtice of the public, who did not fail to treat it with the neglect it deſerved, and it has long ſince been conſigned to oblivion *.

Mr. POPE however, who was naturally irritable, could not avoid being very ſenſibly affect-

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* Dr. Parnelle, in one of his letters to Mr. POPE, expreſſes his ſentiments, with reſpect to this rival tranſlation, with great freedom.

"I have ſeen the firſt book of Homer, which came out at "a time when it could not but appear a kind of ſetting up "againſt you. My opinion is, that you may, if you pleaſe, "give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor "the ſpirit have an equal maſtery with yours; but what ſur-"prizes me more is, that a ſcholar being concerned, there "ſhould happen to be ſome miſtakes in the author's ſenſe; "ſuch as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of "Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon, "(that he ſhould have ſpoils when Troy ſhould be taken) "to be a cool and ſerious propoſal: the tranſlating what you "call *ablution* by the word *offals*, and ſo leaving water out "of the rite of luſtration, &c."

Dr. Berkeley likewiſe, Dean of Londonderry, bears teſtimony to the ſuperior merit of our author's tranſlation, in the following paſſage:

"——Some days ago, three or four gentlemen, and my-"ſelf, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over "authors, ſate in judgment upon the two new tranſlations of "the firſt Iliad. Without partiality to my country-men, I "aſſure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; "being unanimouſly of opinion, that yours was equally juſt "to the ſenſe with Mr. ———'s, and without compariſon, "more eaſy, more poetical, and more ſublime."

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ed by Mr. Addiſon's dark and inſidious behaviour: and their common friends were very ſolicitous to reconcile them under this miſunderſtanding. Mr. Jervas * in particular, acquainted our author that in a converſation he had held with Mr. Addiſon, the latter expreſſed the higheſt profeſſions of friendſhip for Mr. POPE, and aſſured Mr. Jervas, that notwithſtanding many inſinuations were ſpread to keep them at variance, it ſhould not be his fault, if there was not the beſt underſtanding and intelligence between them.

To this aſſurance, Mr. POPE replied with an amiable and forgiving temper, that Mr. Addiſon was ſure of his reſpects at all times, and of his real friendſhip, whenever he ſhould think fit to know him for what he was.

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* There appears to have been a very great friendſhip between this gentleman and Mr. POPE, which ſubſiſted without interruption, till the death of the former, who, in his will, ſhewed his affectionate remembrance of our author, as we learn from a letter he addreſſed to Mr. Bethel, where he ſays——

"A teſtimony of friendſhip and good opinion has been "left me by an old friend, from whom I had not the leaſt "imagination of ſuch a thing, Mr. Jervas; but it takes no "effect unleſs I out-live his widow, which is not very likely: "however, I think him abſolutely in the right in giving "nothing from her, to whom he owed almoſt every thing; "and the ſum is conſiderable, viz. a *thouſand pounds*. It is "the firſt legacy I ever had, and I hope I ſhall never have "another at the expence of any man's life, who would "think ſo kindly of me."

Some time after this converſation, our author had an interview with Mr. Addiſon; at the particular deſire of Sir Richard Steele, who was preſent, as was likewiſe Mr. Gay. Sir Richard took pains to conciliate them, but Mr. Addiſon's diſtant reſerve and unbecoming behaviour rendered a reconciliation impracticable. So far from ſhewing the diſpoſition he profeſſed to Mr. Jervas, he rather betrayed an inclination to widen the breach, and gave offence by many taunting and depreciating expreſſions, which were uttered with ſuch an affected calmneſs of temper, as perhaps they only can command, who never glowed with the warmth of generous feelings. Mr. Pope on the other hand, who had all the ſenſibility and indignant ſpirit of a delicate and noble mind, did not fail to return ſuch indecent and offenſive treatment, with the ſeverity it deſerved: till at length the diſpute ran ſo high, that they parted without any ceremony on either ſide, and Mr. Pope, while he was yet warm with the provocation he had received, wrote thoſe celebrated lines, in which he has ſo inimitably drawn Mr. Addiſon's *character* *.

About

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* The ſtrokes of this character are ſo highly finiſhed, that the reader, I am perſuaded, will not be diſpleaſed with the following tranſcript.

After ſpeaking of the wretched poetaſters of the times, he thus breaks forth——

"Peace

About this time, Mr. Addiſon's ſon-in-law, the Earl of Warwick, told Mr. POPE that it was in vain to think of continuing upon good terms with a man ſo naturally jealous as Mr. Addiſon, who was hurt by Mr. POPE's excelling talents in poetry; and that to ſuch a degree, that he had ſecretly encouraged Gildon to write ſomething concerning Wycherley, in which he had taken occaſion to abuſe our author and his family in a virulent manner: and that Mr. Addiſon had actually paid this baſe inſtrument of

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" Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
" True genius kindles, and fair fame inſpires;
" Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
" And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
" Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
" Bear, like the Turk, no rival near the throne,
" View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
" And hate for arts, that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
" Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
" And, without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
" Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
" Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
" Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
" A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
" Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers beſieg'd,
" And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
" Like Cato, give his little ſenate laws,
" And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
" While wits and templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
" And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
" Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
" Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!"

Atterbury ſo well underſtood the force of theſe lines, that, in one of his letters to Mr. POPE, he ſays——" Since you " now know where your ſtrength lies, I hope you will not " ſuffer that talent to lie unemployed."

defama-

defamation, the ſum of ten guineas as the wages of his ſcurrility.

Such an aſſurance of Mr. Addiſon's treachery increaſed his indignation, but ſtill he preſerved a dignity in his reſentment, which, while it did honour to himſelf, muſt have added to the mortification of his conſcious rival. The very next day, he wrote Mr. Addiſon a letter, wherein he acquainted him that he was no ſtranger to the illiberality of his behaviour towards him, which, however, he ſcorned to imitate. That, on the contrary, he would openly, and to his face cenſure ſuch failings in him as he judged reprehenſible; and that he would at the ſame time do public juſtice to his merits. He added, that as a proof of this diſpoſition towards him, he had ſent him the incloſed; which was the CHARACTER above ſpoken of, long after publiſhed, by Mr. POPE, firſt, ſeparately, and afterwards inſerted in the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

It muſt be obſerved that this was not till it had been printed by Curl and the Journaliſts of thoſe times *; and this juſt and manly rebuke conveyed in ſo open and ſpirited a manner, produced a very good effect; for Mr. Addiſon from this time to his death, which happened about three years after, always treated Mr. POPE with civility, and, as he believed, with juſtice.

* The falſehood propagated in Miſt's Journal, that this Character was written after Mr. *Addiſon*'s death, is fully refuted in the Teſtimonies prefixed to the Dunciad.

Beſides this covert attack from Mr. Addiſon, which was moſt formidable, ſeveral other invidious attempts were openly made to decry the merit of this tranſlation. Dennis, Gildon, Welſted, Theobalds, &c. roſe up againſt the tranſlator in all the rage of criticiſm. The firſt wrote againſt him expreſly: and Theobalds, after having given the tranſlation the higheſt character in the *Cenſor*, afterwards thought proper, in his *Eſſay on the Art of ſinking in Reputation*, to withdraw the encomiums he had paſſed on it, and to turn his panegyrick into cenſure. But candour and conſiſtence are not among the attributes of envy and malevolence.

Conſcious however, as it ſhould ſeem, that their ſingle efforts were too weak to check our author's riſing fame, ſeveral of them joined their forces, and their united malice at length produced a wretched piece of criticiſm called the POPIAD.

Theſe combined critics endeavoured to pick out what they called faults, but in moſt inſtances they only expoſed their want of learning, taſte, and judgment: and their works, with themſelves, had been long ago conſigned to oblivion, had not our poet taken a pride to collect them as they roſe aloft in thin clouds of nonſenſe, as if to recognize the place of their birth in the moon. Theſe he bound up in Volumes of all ſizes, Twelves, Octavos, Quartos and Folios, to which he has prefixed this motto from Job——*Behold my deſire is that mine adverſary had written a book.*

book. Surely I would take it upon my ſhoulder, and bind it as a crown to me. C. 31. ver. 35.*

Mr. POPE very wiſely declined vindicating his writings from ſuch trivial and inſignificant objections; he treated them with a becoming and contemptuous ſilence. It muſt not be forgotten however, that our author was ſo unfortunate to incur the reſentment of one, whoſe ſex and learning claimed a different treatment. Mr. POPE having occaſion in his preface, to ſpeak of Madame Dacier, he did not, it ſeems, mention her with that diſtinction, which ſhe thought due to her merit, and in truth, though Mr. POPE reſpected the lady's learning very much, yet he did not, as appears by one of his letters to the Duke of Buckingham, think quite ſo highly of it as the French did; eſteeming it great complaiſance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a critic of equal rank with her huſband †.

This

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* As theſe libellers were moſtly anonymous, he has to each libel written the name of the compoſer, with occaſional remarks. This portentous collection is ſtill in being. And if any public library or muſeum, whoſe ſearch is after curioſities, be deſirous of enriching their common treaſure with it, it will be freely at the ſervice of that which aſks firſt. It will give light to ſome parts of the Dunciad, whoſe heroes are unworthy of any light but their own.

† After pointing out ſome inſtances of the Lady's want of critical ſkill, Mr. POPE adds very politely—"Your Grace "will believe me, that I did not ſearch to find defects in a "Lady; my employment upon the *Iliad* forced me to ſee

This learned lady, piqued at the diſregard with which ſhe thought herſelf treated, took occaſion, with great affectation of temper, to object to ſome of Mr. POPE's ſentiments reſpecting Homer, and likewiſe to defend herſelf againſt a criticiſm which he made on a paſſage in her preface, where ſhe gives antient manners the preference above modern.

But notwithſtanding ſhe endeavoured to hide, even from herſelf, the true motives of her criticiſm, yet they tranſpired, and flowed from her pen involuntarily in the following confeſſion.

" I own," ſaid ſhe, " I did not expect to find " myſelf attacked by Mr. POPE, in a preface " wherein *I might have expected ſome ſmall token* " *of acknowledgment*, or at leaſt ſome *ſlight* " *approbation.*"

In truth, Mr. POPE does not appear to have behaved with that polite and generous attention towards this fair critic, which her ſex and merit demanded: more eſpecially as he confeſſed to have received great helps from her.

" them; yet I have had ſo much of the French complai- " ſance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found " her notes to be wholly another's (which is the caſe of ſome " hundreds) I have barely quoted the true proprietor, with- " out obſerving upon it. If Madam Dacier has ſeen my " obſervations, ſhe will be ſenſible of this conduct, but what " effect it may have upon a Lady, I will not anſwer."

He

He afterwards, however, made all the amends in his power. He wrote to her a very genteel and obliging letter, wherein he expreſſed his concern at having penned any thing to diſpleaſe ſo excellent a genius: and ſhe, on the other hand, with an amiable frankneſs, proteſted to forget all that had paſſed: ſo that theſe two great admirers and tranſlators of Homer, ever after maintained towards each other the moſt perfect appearance of eſteem and regard.

Having not only increaſed his fame, but eſtabliſhed his fortune by this tranſlation, he found himſelf in a ſituation to draw nearer the capital, and live more among his friends. With this view, having ſold the little eſtate at Binfield, he purchaſed a houſe at Twickenham, whither he removed, with his father and mother, before the expiration of the year 1715.

This our author calls one of the grand æras of his life, and he took great delight in improving this new ſituation. The genius he diſplayed in theſe improvements was ſo elegant, that his ſeat became the reſort of all perſons of taſte and curioſity. One of the chief ornaments of this agreeable retreat, was the grotto, the improvements of which, as his friend and editor aſſures us, was one of the favourite amuſements of his declining years; ſo that not long before his death, by enlarging and encreaſing it with a vaſt number of ores and minerals of the richeſt and rareſt kinds, he made it one of the moſt elegant and romantic retirements: and in the

diſpoſition of theſe materials, the beauty of his poetic genius appears to as much advantage, as in any of his beſt contrived poems.

Towards the beautifying of his gardens and grotto, our author was aſſiſted by preſents of various kinds, from ſeveral of his friends, procured from the various quarters of the globe.

Even his late Highneſs the Prince of Wales (father of our preſent ſovereign) who was always amiably diſpoſed to do honour to the deſerving, condeſcended to contribute towards embelliſhing our author's retreat, as we learn by the following letter.

" Dear Sir,

" Since my laſt, I have received his Royal " Highneſs's commands to let you know that " he has a mind to preſent you with ſome urns " or vaſes for your garden, and deſires you " would write me word what number and ſize " will ſuit you beſt. You may have ſix ſmall " ones for your Laurel Circus, or two large ones " to terminate points, as you like beſt. He " wants to have your anſwer ſoon.——Adieu, " my deareſt friend.

" Yours moſt affectionately,

" G. Lyttelton."

But,

But, notwithſtanding our author took ſuch delight in theſe improvements, his judgment taught him to regard them with a true philoſophic eye. In one of his letters to Mr. Allen, ſpeaking of his gardens and grotto, he ſays---

"I am at a full ſtop at preſent, for a reaſon "that has put many a man to a full ſtop, the "having no more ſtock to ſpend; for till I can "procure more materials from the mines, and "from the quarries, my *mine-adventure*——

"(Like the adventure of the bear and fiddle)
"Muſt end, and break off in the middle.

"However, it is ſome ſatisfaction, that as far "as I have gone, I am content; and that is all "a mortal man can expect: for no man finiſhes "any view he has, or any ſcheme he projects, "but by halves——

"And life itſelf can nothing more ſupply
"Then juſt to plan our projects, and to die.

"Thoſe men indeed, who marry and ſettle, "undertake for more; they undertake for future "ages. I am content to leave nothing but my "works behind me: which (whether good or "evil) will follow me, as *St. John* expreſſes it. "As to my *mines* and my *treaſures*, they muſt "go together to God knows who! A ſugar-"baker or a brewer may have the houſe and "gardens, and a booby, that chanced to be my

" heir at law, the other: except I happen to " diſperſe it to the poor in my own time *."

In another letter to the ſame gentleman, ſpeaking of his improvements, he makes the following philoſophical reflections:

" Indeed, I think all my vanities of this " ſort at an end; and I will excuſe them to the " connoiſſeurs, by ſetting over my door, in con- " cluſion of them, *Parvum parva decent.* I " muſt charge you for encouraging ſome of " them, and others of my friends for encou- " raging others: but I have had my ſhare too " of diſcouragement and cenſure from enemies; " nevertheleſs, upon the whole, I neither repent " much nor am very proud, but tolerably pleaſed " with them †."

His

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* His yearly charities were very extenſive, as the perſon to whom he wrote this letter well knew and delighted to aid.

† The reader, I truſt, will not be diſpleaſed with the following deſcription which our author himſelf gives of this romantic retreat, long before it received the laſt and principal improvements.

" I have," ſays he, " put the laſt hand to my works of " this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterranean way and " grotto: I there found a ſpring of the cleareſt water, which " falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern " day and night. From the river Thames, you ſee through " my arch up a walk of the wilderneſs, to a kind of open " temple, wholly compoſed of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; " and

His father ſurvived this removal only two years, dying ſuddenly at the age of ſeventy-five, after

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" and from that diſtance, under the temple, you look down " through a ſloping arcade of trees, and ſee the ſails on " the river paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as through a " perſpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto, " it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *came-* " *ra obſcura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the " river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving " picture in their viſible radiations: and when you have a " mind to light it up, it affords you a very different " ſcene; it is finiſhed with ſhells, interſperſed with pieces " of looking-glaſs in regular forms; and in the cieling is a " ſtar of the ſame material, at which, when a lamp (of an " orbicular figure of thin alabaſter) is hung in the middle, " a thouſand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the " place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrow " paſſage, two porches, one towards the river, of ſmooth " ſtones full of light, and open; the other toward the gar- " den ſhadowed with trees, rough with ſhells, flints, and " iron-ore. The bottom is paved with ſimple pebble, as is " alſo the adjoining walk up the wilderneſs to the temple, " in the natural taſte, agreeing not ill with the little drip- " ping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. " It wants nothing to complete it but a good ſtatue with an " inſcription, like that beautiful antique one which you " know I am ſo fond of:

" *Hujus nympha loci, ſacri cuſtodia fontis,*
" *Dormio, dum blandae ſentio murmur aquae.*
" *Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cavo marmora, ſomnum*
" *Rumpere; ſi bibas, ſive lavare, tace.*"

" Nymph of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
" And to the murmurs of theſe waters ſleep;
" Ah, ſpare my ſlumbers, gently tread the cave!
" And drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave.

" You'll think I have been very poetical in this deſcrip- " tion, but it is pretty near the truth."

This

after a life of health, innocence and tranquillity. He was buried at Twickenham by his ſon, whoſe piety erected a monument to his memory.

This letter was written in 1725.--He afterwards, when it was in its more perfect ſtate, wrote the following ſhort poem upon it.

" Thou who ſhalt ſtop, where Thames' tranſlucent wave
" Shines a broad Mirror, thro' the ſhadowy Cave;
" Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs diſtil,
" And pointed Cryſtals break the ſparkling Rill,
" Unpoliſh'd Gemms no ray on Pride beſtow,
" And latent Metals innocently glow:
" Approach. Great Nature ſtudiouſly behold!
" And eye the Mine without a wiſh for Gold.
" Approach: But awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grott,
" Where, nobly-penſive, ST. JOHN ſate and thought;
" Where Britiſh ſighs from dying WYNDHAM ſtole,
" And the bright flame was ſhot thro' MARCHMONT's
" Soul.
" Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred Floor,
" Who dare to love their Country, and be poor *."

Our poet's modeſty is very conſpicuous in theſe noble verſes. He warns an awful approach to his grotto, on account of the reverence due to his *friends*, who ſate and thought there; without ſaying one word of himſelf. But what renders it truly awful, is its having been the ſeat of his own ſtudy and meditation, which will afford inſtruction and entertainment to the lateſt poſterity.

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* Theſe verſes were tranſlated into Latin, and likewiſe imitated in Greek and Latin.

Mr. Dodſley likewiſe wrote a copy of verſes on this grotto, intitled the *Cave of Pope*, a propheſy. Which is preſerved, with other fragments, in a pamphlet, called a Plan of Mr. Pope's Garden, as it was left at his Death, with a Plan and perſpective View of the Grotto, all taken by J. Serle, his Gardener.

His

His father, however, before he died, enjoyed the heartfelt pleaſure of ſeeing his ſon the object of public admiration, careſſed by the worthy, and dreaded by the worthleſs: and in the way of making a genteel fortune by the moſt noble and liberal means, the exerciſe of his intellectual endowments.

Our author's good fortune, however, did not make him indolent; for in the year 1717, during the time of his being engaged in the tranſlation of Homer, he publiſhed a collection of all the poetical pieces he had written before; and in the year 1721, he gave a new edition of *Shakeſpear*, which has been ſaid not to have anſwered the expectations of the public.

Nevertheleſs, however the public may have been extravagantly ſanguine in expecting more than was undertaken or intended, or within the power of an editor to perform; yet, certain it is, that this edition of Mr. POPE's has no ſmall ſhare of merit.

His *judgment* was ſeen in doing what had never been done before, in giving the text from the collated copies of the old editions of the plays. His *taſte*, in marking the fineſt paſſages with inverted commas; and his *elegance*, in baniſhing all the poet's and players' ribaldry and nonſenſe from the text.

The ſame critics who fell upon this edition for being too ſcanty, fell upon his friend's edition (which comprized his) for being too full, it ſupplying

plying what was wanting in the other, by explanatory notes and emendations of the text.

The early editions were little better than one great heap of typographical errors; which made Mr. POPE, who firſt underſtood the miſerable condition of his author, cry out in the words of Virgil:

" ——— *Laniatum corpore toto*
" *Deiphobum vidi, lacerum crudeliter ora;*
" *Ora manuſque ambas, populataque tempora*
" *raptis*
" *Auribus, et truncas inhoneſto vulnere nares.*"

The truth is, that CRITICISM (which Longinus eſteemed to be the conſummation of human literature) is thought to be the eaſy taſk of every witling. What has led them and their readers into this miſtake, and will for ever keep them both in it, is the not diſtinguiſhing between the *diſcovery* of corrupted paſſages, and the *cavilling* at thoſe emendations which are the fruits of it. To diſcover the corruption of an author's text, and by a happy ſagacity to reſtore it to that ſenſe in which it was firſt conceived by the author, is no eaſy matter; but when once the diſcovery is made, to cavil at the emended word, and to ſupport the cavil by another equivalent, is the eaſy and conſtant atchievement of theſe doughty Critics. It is the eaſieſt, and at the ſame time the dulleſt, of all literary efforts. Yet we have ſeen editions of this author, in which nothing elſe has been attempted; and we may now predict, that nothing elſe will ever be performed by editors who have ſpent their time

and

and impaired their ſight and intellects in collecting and collating the *old quartos*.

Should it be thought, notwithſtanding, that our author, as an editor, failed in doing juſtice to our great dramatic bard; yet, it muſt be confeſſed, that he teſtified a very amiable regard to his memory, by being chiefly inſtrumental in the erection of the monument in Weſtminſter Abbey, to which he wrote an inſcription that has been cenſured by critics of the ſame ſtamp, as unclaſſical. Among others, Dr. Mead objected to the Latinity of the expreſſion *amor publicus*, on the authority of Patrick the dictionary-maker; to which POPE well replied,---"That he would "allow a dictionary-maker to underſtand a ſingle "word, but not two words put together."

After the tranſlation of the Iliad was finiſhed, Mr. POPE engaged in the tranſlation of the Odyſſey.

The Odyſſey was publiſhed in the ſame manner as the Iliad, and ſold on the ſame conditions, except, that inſtead of *twelve*, he had only *ſix* hundred pounds for the copy. In this latter work, he was aſſiſted by Broome and Fenton; who, in their turns, were aſſiſted in what they did by Mr. POPE's amendments and corrections throughout. To the firſt of theſe he gave 600 *l.* and to the latter 300 *l.* Theſe two gentlemen had formed a deſign of tranſlating the Odyſſey, while Mr. POPE was employed upon the Iliad; and by the time he had finiſhed it, they

they had gone through ſeveral books of the Odyſſey, which they deſired him to peruſe. Mr. POPE complied with their requeſt; but at the ſame time acquainted them that he had entertained the like intentions, and that having made a conſiderable progreſs in the execution of them, he would, with their conſent, make uſe of what they had entruſted him with, for the more ſpeedy advancement of the work: and they very readily acceded to a propoſition of this nature, from a friend of ſuch ſuperior poetical talents.

Mr. POPE's candid and diſintereſted conduct, however, did not ſecure him from the calumny of malevolence; and it was ſome years afterwards imputed to him, that he ſold the labours of others under his own name. To which he calmly replied, with conſcious integrity, that it ſhould have been added, "*he had firſt bought* "*them.*" Mr. Broome, who wrote the notes, gives an account, at the concluſion of them, of his ſhare in the performance.

When the ſubſcription books were compleated, Mr. POPE, as has been intimated, ſold the copy to Mr. Lintot, and obtained a patent for his ſole printing of it for fourteen years, as he had before done with reſpect to the Iliad. The former patent however was drawn up with ſuch a variation from the latter, as the difference of the caſe required. In the former, it was recited that he had *undertaken* a tranſlation of the *Odyſſey*; in the latter it was ſaid, that he had *tranſlated* the Iliad. Mr. Lintot made no ob-

jection to this variance in the form of the two patents, but when the ſale of the work fell ſhort of the expectations he had formed from the ſucceſs of the Iliad, then he took notice of the difference between them, and complained (in the true ſpirit of a Bookſeller) that Mr. POPE had made uſe of ſome management to make him believe that the patents were alike.

Among other malicious inſinuations, which were thrown out, by thoſe who maligned Mr. POPE's fame, it was imputed to him in *Miſt*'s Journal, that having undertaken the Odyſſey, " and ſecured the ſucceſs by a numerous ſub- " ſcription, he employed ſome underling to per- " form what according to his propoſals ſhould " come from his own hand."

But to this injurious charge, it is ſufficient to oppoſe the words of Mr. POPE's printed propoſals for the *Odyſſey*.

" I take this occaſion to declare, that the ſub- " ſcription for Shakeſpeare belongs wholly to " Mr. Tonſon; and that the future benefit of " THIS *Propoſal* is not ſolely for my own uſe, " but for that of two of my friends, who have " aſſiſted me in this work."

The tranſlation of the Odyſſey being compleated in the year 1725, he engaged in the following year, in concert with his two ingenious friends Dean Swift and Dr. Arbuthnot, in printing ſeveral volumes of Miſcellanies. Among theſe

theſe the moſt conſpicuous are the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus; a ſatire projected by this excellent triumvirate, on the abuſes of human learning; and which they propoſed to execute in the manner of Cervantes, under a continued narrative of feigned adventures. "They had "obſerved," ſays Mr. POPE's friend and Editor, "that thoſe abuſes ſtill kept their "ground, againſt all that the graveſt and "ableſt authors could ſay to diſcredit them; "they therefore concluded that all the force of "ridicule was wanting to quicken their diſgrace: "and as the abuſes had been already detected "by ſober reaſoning, ridicule was here very "ſeaſonably applied; and truth was in no "danger of ſuffering by the premature uſe of "ſo powerful an inſtrument."

But the ſeparation of our author and his friends, which ſoon after happened, with the death of one, and the infirmities of the other, put a final period to their deſign, when they had only drawn out an imperfect eſſay toward it, under the title of the firſt Book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.

"Moral ſatire," continues the editor, "never "loſt more than in the defeat of this pro-"ject; in the execution of which, each of "this illuſtrious triumvirate would have "found exerciſe for his own peculiar talent; "beſides conſtant employment for thoſe they "all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot "was ſkilled in every thing which related

" to *ſcience:* Mr. POPE was a maſter in the " *fine arts*; and Dr. Swift excelled in the *know-* " *ledge of the world.* WIT they had all in " equal meaſure, and in a meaſure ſo large, that " no age perhaps ever produced three men, to " whom *Nature* had more bountifully beſtowed " it, or in whom *Art* had brought it to higher " perfection."

A very pleaſant account of this undertaking, and of the ſhare which Dr. Arbuthnot * and Mr. POPE took in it, is to be found in a letter from the former to Dean Swift.

" Pray remember Martin †, who is an inno- " cent fellow, and will not diſturb your ſoli- " tude. The ridicule of medicine is ſo copious " a ſubject, that I muſt only here and there " touch it. I have made him ſtudy phyſic from " the apothecary's bills, where there is a good " plentiful field for the ſatire upon the preſent " practice. One of his projects was by a ſtamp " upon bliſtering plaiſters and melilot by the

* Mr. POPE uſed to ſay, that of all the men he ever met with or heard of, Dr. Arbuthnot had the moſt prolific wit; and that, in this quality, Swift only held the ſecond place. No adventure of any conſequence ever occurred on which the Doctor did not write a pleaſant eſſay, in a great folio paper-book, which uſed to lie in his parlour. Of theſe, however, he was ſo negligent, that while he was writing them at one end, he ſuffered his children to tear them out at the other, for their paper kites.

† Martinus Scriblerus, of whom POPE, Arbuthnot, and others were to write the Memoirs.

" yard, to raiſe money for the government, and
" to give it to Radcliffe and others to farm.
" But there was like to be a petition from the
" inhabitants of London and Weſtminſter, who
" had no mind to be flead. There was a pro-
" blem about the doſes of purging medicines
" publiſhed four years ago, ſhewing, that they
" ought to be in proportion to the bulk of the
" patient; from thence Martin endeavours to
" determine the queſtion about the weight of
" the antient men, by the doſes of phyſic that
" were given them. One of the beſt inventions
" was a map of diſeaſes, for the three cavities
" of the body, and one for the external parts;
" juſt like the four quarters of the world. Then
" the great diſeaſes are like capital cities, with
" their ſymptoms all like ſtreets and ſuburbs,
" with the roads that lead to other diſeaſes. It
" is thicker ſet with towns, than any Flanders
" map you ever ſaw. Radcliffe is painted at
" the corner of the map, contending for the
" univerſal empire of this world, and the reſt
" of the phyſicians oppoſing his ambitious
" deſigns, with a project of a treaty of partition
" to ſettle peace.

" There is an excellent ſubject of ridicule
" from ſome of the German phyſicians, who
" ſet up a ſenſitive Soul, as a ſort of a firſt
" miniſter to the rational. Helmont calls him
" Archæus. Dolæus calls him Microcoſmetor.
" He has under him ſeveral other genii, that
" reſide in the particular parts of the body,
" particularly Prince Cardimelech in the heart;

" Gasteronax in the stomach, and the Plastick
" prince in the organs of generation. I be-
" lieve I could make you laugh at the explica-
" tion of distempers from the wars and alliances
" of those princes; and how the first minister
" gets the better of his mistress Anima Ratio-
" nalis.

" The best is, that it is making reprisals upon
" the politicians, who are sure to allegorize all
" the animal œconomy into state affairs. Pope
" has been collecting high flights of poetry,
" which are very good; they are to be solemn
" nonsense. I thought upon the following the
" other day, as I was going into my coach, the
" dust being troublesome.

" The dust in smaller particles arose
" Than those, which fluid bodies do compose:
" Contraries in extreams do often meet,
" 'Twas now so dry, that you might call it wet.

" I do not give you these hints to divert you,
" but that you may have your thoughts, and
" work upon them."

About this time, in the year 1726, our author narrowly escaped from an accident, which was very near proving fatal to him, as he was returning home from a visit in a friend's chariot, which on passing a bridge happened to be overturned, and thrown with the horses into the river. The glasses were up, and he not able to break them; so that he was in immediate

danger of drowning, when the poſtilion, who had juſt recovered himſelf, came to his relief, and after breaking the glaſs which was uppermoſt, took him out and carried him to the bank: but a fragment of the broken glaſs, cut one of his hands ſo deſperately, that he loſt the uſe of two of his fingers.

To this account he refers in one of his letters to Dean Swift, dated 16th Nov. 1726, where he ſays;

" My two leaſt fingers on one hand, hang " impediments to the others, like uſeleſs depen- " dents who only take up room, and never are " active or aſſiſtant to our wants; I ſhall never " be much the better for them."

Voltaire was at that time in England, and on this occaſion ſent POPE a conſolatory letter; it was written in theſe very words.

" SIR,

" I hear this moment of your ſad adventure. " That water you fell in, was not Hippocrene's " water, otherwiſe it would have reſpected you. " Indeed I am concerned beyond expreſſion for " the danger you have been in, and more for " your wounds. Is it poſſible that thoſe fingers " which have written the Rape of the Lock, and " the Criticiſm, which have dreſſed Homer ſo " becomingly in an Engliſh coat, ſhould have " been ſo barbarouſly treated. Let the hand of " Dennis, or of your poetaſters be cut of. Yours

" is

" is ſacred. I hope, Sir, you are now perfectly
" recovered, really your accident concerns me
" as much as all the diſaſters of a maſter ought
" to affect his ſcholar. I am ſincerely, Sir, with
" the admiration which you deſerve,

" Your moſt humble ſervant,

" In my Lord Bolingbroke's
" houſe, Friday at noon.

" VOLTAIRE."

This letter may enable the reader to paſs a judgment on that elegant account publiſhed at the ſame time in Engliſh, by this ingenious Frenchman *, of the civil wars of France, the ſubject of his Henriad.

Our

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* It is much to be lamented that this lively writer, who is ſo eminent for his literary abilities, ſhould be ſhamefully deficient in the moral and ſocial virtues. How lightly he regarded the rules of decency, and the dictates of faith and honour, may be collected from the following anecdotes—

Mr. POPE told one of his moſt intimate friends, that the poet Voltaire had got ſome recommendation to him when he came to England; and that the firſt time he ſaw him was at Twitenham, where he kept him to dinner. Mrs. Pope (a moſt excellent woman) was then alive; and obſerving that this ſtranger, who appeared to be entirely emaciated, had no ſtomach, ſhe expreſſed her concern for his want of appetite; on which Voltaire gave ſo indelicate and brutal an account of the occaſion of his diſorder, contracted in Italy, that the poor Lady was obliged immediately to riſe from table. When Mr. POPE related this, his friend aſked him how he could forbear ordering his ſervant John to thruſt Voltaire head and ſhoulders out of his houſe: he replied, there was more of ignorance in this conduct, than a purpoſed

Our author having by his tranſlation of Homer and other works, placed himſelf in circumſtances of

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affront:——That Voltaire came into England, as other foreigners do, on a prepoſſeſſion, that not only all religion, but all common decency of morals, was loſt amongſt us.

Mr. POPE ſaid further, that Voltaire was a ſpy for the court, while he ſtaid in England: of which he gave his friend the following inſtance. When the firſt Occaſional Letter to Sir R. Walpole came out (by which circumſtance the reader may collect the time of Voltaire's voyage hither) he made Mr. POPE a viſit at Twitenham; and walking with him in his garden, he ſaid, POPE, this *occaſional Letter* alarms the court extremely. It is finely written. As you converſe much with the beſt pens converſant in public buſineſs, you muſt know the author. You may ſafely tell this ſecret to a ſtranger, who has no concerns with your national quarrels. Mr. POPE ſaid, he perfectly underſtood him, as he knew his character: and, to make a trial, which hardly needed any, he replied, "Mr. Voltaire, you are a man of honour; "I may ſafely, I know, truſt an important ſecret to your "breaſt. I myſelf wrote it." Voltaire, after lanching out into high encomiums on the performance, was, he perceived, impatient to get away; and next day he heard, that all the court reported that he was the author. This infamy of the man gave Mr. POPE and his friends much occaſion of mirth, and much light in the manner how he ought to be treated. How he was treated ever after by Mr. POPE himſelf, appears from what paſt on Voltaire's coming to take leave of Mr. POPE, on his return to France. After the common compliments had paſſed, Mr. POPE told his friend that Voltaire took his leave of him in theſe words, "And now I am come "to bid farewel to a man who never treated me ſeriouſly "from the firſt hour of my acquaintance with him to this "moment."—Mr. POPE ſaid the obſervation was juſt, and the reaſon of his conduct has been given above.

Voltaire, however, conſtantly paid court to Mr. POPE, and treated him with all the deference and reſpect due to his merit; though, at the ſame time, he did not ſcruple to ſpeak lightly

of affluence, he was now at liberty to follow the true bent of his genius.

The independence of his fortune did not make him negligent of his fame, nor unmindful in the duty which he owed to ſociety, in the application of thoſe talents, which nature had ſo bountifully beſtowed upon him.

His natural benevolence ſuggeſted to him that he could not better ſerve the intereſt of ſociety, than, as himſelf expreſſes it, by writing a book to bring mankind to look upon this life with comfort and pleaſure; and put morality in good humour.

With this amiable diſpoſition, he applied his poetical talents to compoſe the treatiſe, intitled the *Eſſay on Man*; in which he enforced the moſt important moral and religious truths, with all the logical method of argument, and embelliſhed them with all the graces and ornaments of elegant and harmonious compoſition.

Our author himſelf, with decent pride, claims the merit of this laudable exertion of his talents, where he ſays, in his epiſtle to Arbuthnot—

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lightly of ſome of the moſt eminent writers in this country: particularly of Milton. It is well known, that while this very ingenious and ſprightly freethinker was in England, the darling ſubject of his converſation was Milton; whom he once took occaſion to abuſe for his Epiſode of *Death* and *Sin*. Whereupon a certain wit turned the laugh againſt him, by the following ſmart impromptu:

"Thou art ſo witty, wicked, and ſo thin,
"Thou ſerv'ſt at once for MILTON, DEATH, and SIN."

" That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
" But ſtoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his ſong."

Which, as the learned Editor remarks, may be ſaid no leſs in commendation of his *literary* than of his *moral* character.

Mr. POPE's ſagacity ſoon led him to diſcover where his ſuperior excellence lay; and, being naturally of a devout and moral caſt of mind, he found this work ſo happily adapted to his genius, that he even complained of its being too eaſy, as we learn from a letter, addreſſed by Lord Bolingbroke to Dean Swift, wherein his Lordſhip ſays——

" Bid him (POPE) talk to you of the work
" he is about: it is a fine one, and will be in
" his hands an original. His ſole complaint
" is, that he finds it too eaſy in the execution.
" This flatters his lazineſs. It flatters my
" judgment; who always thought, that *univer-*
" *ſal* as his talents are, this is eminently and
" peculiarly his, above all the writers I know,
" living or dead; I do not except Horace."

It has been underſtood that our author engaged in this undertaking by the advice of Lord Bolingbroke; but it is for the honour of Mr. POPE's memory, to explain how far Lord Bolingbroke was inſtrumental in the production of this admirable eſſay: with which explanation we are furniſhed by the author of the View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philoſophy.

Mr.

Mr. Pope has indeed permitted Lord Bolingbroke to be conſidered by the public, as his *philoſopher* and *guide:* and in their converſations reſpecting the impious complaints againſt providence, on account of the unequal diſtribution of things, natural and moral, in the preſent ſyſtem, they agreed, that ſuch complaints were moſt commodiouſly anſwered on the Platonic principle of THE BEST.

This encouraged our poet to philoſophize, and the fruits of his ſpeculations are to be found in this celebrated Eſſay; in which, if you will take his Lordſhip's word, Pope was ſo far from putting his proſe in verſe, (as has been invidiouſly ſuggeſted) that he put Pope's verſe into proſe.

It is obſervable, that they agreed in the principle, that *whatever is, is right:* and Mr. Pope thought they had agreed in the queſtion to which this principle was to be applied. But time has ſince ſhewn that they differed very widely: and, to ſtate this difference with greater fulneſs and perſpicuity, it is proper to conſider againſt whom they write.

Mr. Pope's *Eſſay on Man* is a real vindication of providence againſt libertines and atheiſts; who quarrel with the preſent conſtitution of things, and deny a future ſtate. To theſe he anſwers, that *whatever is, is right*; and he aſſigns this reaſon, that *we ſee only a part of the moral ſyſtem, and not the whole.* Therefore theſe

theſe irregularities ſerving to great purpoſes, ſuch as the fuller manifeſtation of God's goodneſs and juſtice, they are *right*.

On the other hand, Lord Bolingbroke's eſſays are a *pretended* vindication of providence againſt an *imaginary* confederacy between *divines* and *atheiſts*; who uſe a common principle, namely, the *irregularities of God's moral government here*, for different ends and purpoſes; the one, to eſtabliſh a *future ſtate*; the other, to diſcredit the *being of a God*.

His Lordſhip, who oppoſes their different concluſions, endeavours to overthrow their common principle, by his friend's maxim, that *whatever is, is right*; not becauſe the preſent ſtate of our *moral* world (which is part only of a more general ſyſtem) is neceſſary for the greater perfection of the whole, but becauſe our *moral world* is an entire ſyſtem of itſelf.

His Lordſhip applies the maxim, no better (as might be expected) than he underſtands it. Mr. POPE, as has been obſerved, urges it againſt atheiſts and libertines, who ſay that the conſtitution of things is faulty; ſo that the reply, *whatever is, is right*, is pertinent in him. His Lordſhip, on the other hand, directs it againſt divines, who ſay, indeed, that this conſtitution is imperfect, if conſidered ſeparately, becauſe it is a part only of a whole, but are as far as his Lordſhip from calling it *faulty*: therefore the reply,

reply, that *whatever is, is right*, is, in him, impertinent.

In a word, the poet directs it againſt atheiſts and libertines, in ſupport of religion, properly ſo called; the philoſopher, againſt divines, in ſupport of religion, improperly ſo called, namely NATURALISM; and the ſucceſs is anſwerable. Mr. POPE's argument is manly, ſyſtematical and convincing: Lord Bolingbroke's, confuſed, prevaricating and inconſiſtent.

Lord Bolingbroke, however, to the laſt, ſtanding in awe of his friend's piety and virtue, endeavoured to conceal his true principles from him: and he impoſed upon him, in this reſpect, ſo effectually, that Mr. POPE would not credit any thing that tended to undeceive him.

A few days before Mr. POPE's death, he would be carried to London, to dine with Mr. Murray in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, whom he loved with the fondneſs of a father; and he was ſolicitous that Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Warburton, the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, ſhould be of the party.

Some time before, Mr. Warburton being with Mr. POPE at Twitenham, Mr. Hook came in and told them, he had ſupped the night before at Batterſea with Lord Bolingbroke; when his Lordſhip in converſation advanced the ſtrangeſt notions concerning the *moral attributes* of the Deity, which amounted to an expreſs denial of them. This account gave Mr. POPE much uneaſineſs,

Additions by Warburton on Ruſſhead's Mſs.

eaſineſs, and he told Mr. Hook, with ſome peeviſh heat, that he was ſure he was miſtaken. The other replied as warmly, that he thought he had ſenſe enough not to miſtake a man who ſpoke plainly, and in a language he underſtood. Here the matter dropped; but Mr. POPE was ſo ſhocked at this imputation, that he did not reſt till he had aſked Lord Bolingbroke whether Mr. Hook was not miſtaken. Lord Bolingbroke aſſured him Mr. Hook miſunderſtood him. This aſſurance, Mr. POPE, with great pleaſure, acquainted Mr. Warburton with, the next time he ſaw him.

Both Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. POPE were ſo full of this matter, that at dinner at Mr. Murray's, the converſation, among other things, naturally turned on this ſubject; when, from a very ſuſpicious remark of his Lordſhip's, Mr. Warburton took occaſion to ſpeak of the clearneſs of our notions concerning the *moral attributes*; which occaſioned a debate, that ended in ſome warmth on his Lordſhip's ſide.

This anecdote not only furniſhes a vindication of Mr. POPE's religious ſentiments, but likewiſe obviates the unjuſt reflections which have been thrown on the Biſhop of Glouceſter, as if he had not attacked his Lordſhip's impiety till after his death *.

But

* His Lordſhip impoſed on his friend Swift, in the ſame low manner, on the like occaſion. His other learned friend

But though his Lordſhip thought fit to keep his principles ſecret from his friend, as well as from

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of the triumvirate, as he calls them, Dr. Arbuthnot, was above the impoſition, as never doubting of his Lordſhip's principles, and eſteeming him accordingly. Dr. Swift having heard ſomething of the licentiouſneſs of his opinions, with the affection of a friend, that does honour to his memory, had told him what he heard, in a manner which ſhewed he gave credit to it. His Lordſhip, in a letter, dated September 12th, 1724, replies in theſe words.—" I muſt, " on this occaſion, ſet you right as to an opinion, which I " ſhould be *very ſorry* to have you entertain concerning me. " The term *eſprit fort*, in Engliſh, freethinker, is, accord- " ing to my obſervation, uſually applied to them whom I " look upon to be the *peſts of ſociety:* becauſe their endea- " vours are directly to looſen the bands of it, and to take " at leaſt one curb out of the mouth of that wild beaſt man; " when it would be well, if he was checked by half a ſcore " others.— If indeed, by *eſprit fort*, or freethinker, you " mean a man who makes a free uſe of his reaſon, who " ſearches after truth without paſſion or prejudice, and ad- " heres inviolably to it; you mean a wiſe and honeſt man; " and *ſuch a one as I labour to be.*—Such *freethinkers* as theſe, " I am ſure you cannot, in your *apoſtolical* capacity, diſap- " prove: *For ſince the truth of the divine revelation of Chriſti- " anity is as evident as matters of fact, on the belief of which ſo " much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of juſ- " tice; theſe freethinkers muſt needs be Chriſtians on the beſt " foundation*; on that which St. Paul himſelf eſtabliſhed, " I think it was St. Paul, *omnia probate, quod bonum eſt " tenete.*" This was in 1724; but vice proceeded, as the poet ſays, with ſuch giant ſtrides, that in 1732, that incomparable man, Dr. Arbuthnot, writes thus to Swift—" My " neighbour, the proſe-man, is wiſer, and more cowardly " and deſpairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours " —I dream at night of a chain and rowing in the gallies. " But thank God he has not taken from me the freedom I " have been accuſtomed to in my diſcourſe (even with the " greateſt perſons to whom I have acceſs) in defending the

" cauſe

from the public; yet, after the prodigious ſucceſs of the *Eſſay on Man*, he ungenerouſly uſed to make the poet, then alive and at his devotion, the frequent topic of ridicule among their common acquaintance, as a man who underſtood nothing of his own principles, nor ſaw to what they naturally led.

While things were in this ſtate, M. de Crouſaz wrote ſome malignant and abſurd *Remarks* on the *Eſſay on Man*, accuſing it of Spinoziſm and Naturaliſm, &c. Theſe Remarks, by accident, fell into the hands of the author of the *Divine Legation*, &c. and mere reſentment againſt an ill-natured caviller, induced him to write a defence of the *firſt epiſtle*, which being well received, he applied himſelf to defend the reſt, on the ſame principles of natural and revealed religion, againſt the blundering miſrepreſentations of the Swiſs philoſopher, and of a certain French tranſlator of the Eſſay in verſe, by whom M. de Crouſaz had been frequently miſled.

In truth, the principal objection to the Eſſay on Man was its obſcurity, which was intimated to our author, on its firſt appearance, by his friend Swift *. The

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" cauſe of liberty, virtue, and religion: for the laſt, I have " the ſatisfaction of ſuffering ſome of the ignominy that " belonged to the firſt profeſſors. This has been my lot, " from a ſteady reſolution I have taken of giving theſe igno- " rant fellows battle upon all occaſions."

* " I confeſs," ſays Swift, " in ſome places I was forced " to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke " of

The obſcurity of the poem made a comment the more neceſſary; and Mr. POPE, who was naturally on the ſide of religion, embraced the ſenſe given to the eſſay, with the utmoſt pleaſure and ſatisfaction †.

It cannot be ſuppoſed, however, that his Lordſhip took the ſame delight in ſeeing his pupil thus reaſoned out of his hands; or, what was worſe, in ſeeing him republiſh * his eſſay with a defence, which put the poem on the ſide of religion, and the poet out of the neceſſity of ſupporting himſelf on his Lordſhip's ſyſtem, when he ſhould condeſcend to impart it to him: or, what was worſt of all, in ſeeing him, at the commentator's inſtance, reſtore a great number of the beſt and moſt ſublime lines, ſtruck out of the manuſcript, which no longer left his religious ſentiments equivocal.

" of Dorſet ſaid to me on the occaſion, concerning the opi-
" nion of a judge here who knows you, and told him, that
" on the firſt reading theſe Eſſays, he was much pleaſed,
" but found ſome lines a little dark; on the ſecond, moſt of
" them cleared up, and his pleaſure encreaſed; on the third,
" he had no doubts remaining, and that he admired the
" whole."

† This appears from the letters he wrote to the learned commentator on that occaſion, wherein he candidly acknowledges the obſcurity of the piece, and, among other things, ſays,—
" You have made my ſyſtem as clear as I ought to have
" done, and could not: you underſtand me as well as I do
" myſelf, but you expreſs me better than I could myſelf."

* This poem was republiſhed in the year 1740, with the commentary.

With

With reſpect to this eſſay, it is perhaps the moſt conciſe and perfect ſyſtem of ethics in any language: it is one of the deſiderata which Lord Bacon has marked out in his *de augmentis ſcientiarum*, a work which, as will be ſhewn, our author ſeems to have had in his eye throughout. But it would be needleſs to detain the reader with a particular analyſis of this treatiſe, as the deſign, method and end of this work, is fully and accurately explained and illuſtrated by the excellent commentary ſubjoined to it.

Nevertheleſs, as it is propoſed not only to give the hiſtory of our author, but likewiſe a critique on his writings, ſo much notice muſt be taken of the conduct of this eſſay, as may ſerve to exemplify its moſt capital beauties and defects.

The firſt epiſtle conſiders the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to the Univerſe. Here the poet ſhews how imperfect our reaſonings muſt be both with reſpect to God and Man: For that as we know no more of man, than what we can learn from his ſtation here; ſo we know no more of God, than we ſee of his diſpenſations in this ſtation. This leads the poet to the following ſublime deſcription of God's omniſcience, followed by a juſt reproof of man's blind preſumption.

" He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
" See worlds on worlds compoſe one uni-
" verſe,

" Obſerve

" Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
" What other planets circle other ſuns,
" What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
" May tell why Heav'n has made us as we
" are.
" But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
" The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
" Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
" Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the
" whole?
" *Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,*
" And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or
" thee?"

Theſe noble and philoſophic ſentiments are enforced with ſuch ſtrength of reaſoning and dignity of expreſſion, as at once to awe the impious and check the preſumptuous, who dare to ſcrutinize and arraign the wiſdom and juſtice of the divine diſpenſations.

It is to be regretted however, that the line marked in Italics, ſhould make a part of the foregoing extract. It is the moſt heavy, languid, and unpoetical of any perhaps that ever eſcaped from our author's pen: and the expletive *to* before the verb, is unpardonable *.

* It has been obſerved, nevertheleſs, by the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, one of the moſt acute critics of this or any age, that the ſlowneſs of the line here objected to, was, perhaps, purpoſely intended to expreſs in the ſound the ſlow, though powerful operations of providence, to the great end here pointed out.

Having expoſed the abſurdity of prying into the manner in which God conducts this wonderful ſyſtem, he proceeds to ſhew that ſuch knowledge, if attainable, would be injurious to our happineſs, which he proves by the following ſtrong and beautiful exemplifications.

" Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of
" fate,
" All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent
" ſtate:
" From brutes what men, from men what
" ſpirits know:
" Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
" The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
" Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
" Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry
" food,
" And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his
" blood.
" Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
" That each may fill the circle mark'd by
" Heav'n:
" Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
" A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
" Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
" And now a bubble burſt, and now a world."

It argues a fine imagination to be capable of ſelecting ſuch ſtriking contraſts.

The poet goes on to ſhew that our beſt comfort is the *hope* of a happy futurity, which he recommends by the example of the poor Indian,

to

to whom alſo nature hath given this common hope of mankind.

" Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
" Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the
" wind;
" His ſoul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
" Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
" Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
" Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler
" heav'n;
" Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
" Some happier iſland in the watry waſte;
" Where ſlaves once more their native land
" behold,
" No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for
" gold.
" To Be, contents his natural deſire,
" He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
" But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
" His faithful dog ſhall bear him company."

The ſimplicity, humility and humanity of the poor Indian are admirably pictured in theſe lines, of which the fine verſification is perhaps the leaſt beauty. There is ſomething exquiſitely plaintive and pathetic in his humble hope for that *ſafer* world, where ſlaves may once more behold their native land; and in the next line, the poet has with great addreſs turned his indignant ſatire againſt the diabolical barbarities practiſed on that part of our ſpecies, who only differ from us in complexion: while they who enſlave and torment them, are no more like

men, than they are like Chriſtians. Our poet calls them Chriſtians, to ſhew their cruelty in a more affecting light. Satire never cuts ſo keenly, as when humanity gives it an edge †.

Our author having, in the next place, traced the ſource of *moral* evil, which proceeds from the abuſe of man's free will, he then ſhews, by way of analogy, that it tends to the good of the univerſe, in like manner as *natural* evil tends to the good of this globe.

" If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's
" deſign,
" Why then a *Borgia*, or a *Catiline?*
" Who knows but He, whoſe hand the light-
" ning forms,
" Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the
" ſtorms;
" Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
" Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge
" mankind?"

How admirably, in theſe lines, are the reaſonings of moral philoſophy exemplified with all the force and beauty of analogical argument, and illuſtrated with all the ſublime of poetry!

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† Witneſs theſe lines, among others, in one of his ſatires, where he ſpeaks of a great man who had loſt his ſtomach by intemperance, on ſeeing the hearty appetite of a beggar:

" Call'd *happy dog* the Beggar at his door;
" And envy'd thirſt and hunger to the poor."

The

The folly of man's wiſhing for viſionary advantages, not adapted to his nature, is next expoſed.

" The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing
" find)
" Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
" No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
" But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
" Why has not Man a microſcopic Eye?
" For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.
" Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
" T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the
" heav'n?
" Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
" To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
" Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
" Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
" If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
" And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the
" ſpheres,
" How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left
" him ſtill
" The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling
" rill?
" Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
" Alike in what it gives, and what denies?"

With what ſprightly raillery, with what exquiſite imagination, has the poet ridiculed the abſurdity of thoſe diſcontented mortals, who covet ſuperfluous, nay pernicious endowments? The whole paſſage is ſo animated, ſo ornate and poetical, that it is with regret we point out any

imperfection in it. Nevertheleſs, as the learned commentator has remarked, the illuſtration drawn from the muſic of the ſpheres, is certainly miſplaced, as the preciſion of philoſophical argument required the poet to employ the *real* objects of ſenſe only.

The poet farther ſhews that the indulging of man's extravagant deſires would not only be uſeleſs and injurious to him, but that it would break into the order of the creation, wherein all ſyſtems and beings, from the higheſt to the loweſt, are connected as by a link or chain; and that the leaſt confuſion in one ſyſtem, would be attended with the deſtruction of the whole; which he illuſtrates by the following ſublime paſſage.

" Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
" Planets and ſtars run lawleſs through the ſky;
" Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be
" hurl'd,
" Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
" Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre
" nod,
" And Nature trembles to the throne of God."

There is no reading theſe lines without being ſtruck with a momentary apprehenſion. We feel the dreadful diſorder here deſcribed, and old Chaos ruſhes to our view.

The ſecond Epiſtle treats of the nature and ſtate of man with reſpect to himſelf, as an individual.

vidual. The poet here recommends the ſtudy of mankind, and ſhews the imperfect ſtate of the human underſtanding with regard to the knowledge of ourſelves. He repreſents man as doubting and wavering between the objects of right and wrong.

"With too much knowledge for the Sceptic
"ſide,
"With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's
"pride,
"He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
"In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
"In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
"Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
"Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
"Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
"Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
"Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſ-abus'd;
"Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
"Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
"Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
"The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!"

Nothing can be more animated, more pointed, and at the ſame time more juſt, than this deſcription of man's imperfect ſtate, with reſpect to the knowledge of himſelf, which is of all others the moſt difficult: For to whatever extent he may ſtretch his underſtanding in other ſciences, yet in the knowledge of his own nature, he will neceſſarily be more limited, as the intervention of the paſſions will check and impede the operations of his reaſon.

There are, as the poet obſerves, two principles in human nature, *Self-love* and *Reaſon:* of which the diſtinct offices are explained.

Self-love is the ſpring of action; Reaſon the balance which governs it——

" Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires:
" Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, in-
" ſpires.
" Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
" Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
" Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
" Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
" That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
" Reaſon, the future and the conſequence *."

The paſſions, our author obſerves, are but modes of ſelf-love: and their influence and uſe in human life is admirably deſcribed in the following lines.

" Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
" Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
" Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
" Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's
" name.
" In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
" Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;

* To the ſame effect Lord Bacon expreſſes himſelf. " The " affections," ſays he, " carry ever an appetite to good, " as reaſon doth. The difference is, that the affection " beholdeth merely the preſent, reaſon beholdeth the future " and ſum of time."

" Con-

" Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
" But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
" The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
" Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
" On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
" Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale †;
" Not God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
" He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the
" wind."

Perhaps ſtrength of reaſoning and harmony of numbers were never more happily united than in the foregoing extract; and the image, by which the truth of the argument is illuſtrated in the two concluding lines, is as ſublime as poetry can expreſs.

Nor are the ſucceeding lines leſs poetical or juſt, wherein our author remarks, that though all the paſſions, in their turn, influence the human mind, yet there is one *maſter paſſion*, which, in the end, over-powers and abſorbs the reſt.

" Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
" And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect,
" riſe:
" Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
" The whole employ of body and of mind.

† " The mind," ſays Lord Bacon, " would be tempe-
" rate and ſtayed, if the affections, as winds, did not put
" it into tumult and perturbation."

" All

" All ſpread their charms, but charm not all
" alike;
" On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
" Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
" As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
" And hence one *maſter paſſion* * in the breaſt,
" Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt."

Theſe truths are ſo forcibly and beautifully conveyed, that at the ſame time we are convinced by the ſentiments, we are charmed with the expreſſions. Nor is the poet leſs happy in explaining the growth of the ruling paſſion.

" Nature its mother, Habit † is its nurſe;
" Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
" Reaſon

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* The ſtrength of the ruling paſſion, and the neceſſity of attending to it in our commerce with mankind, is remarked by Lord Bacon, who ſays, " It is not ſufficient to inform " ourſelves in mens ends and natures of the variety of them " only, but alſo of the *predominancy*, what humour reigneth " moſt, and what end is principally ſought."

I will add, that the reader will find the predominance of the ruling paſſion farther exemplified by Mr. POPE, in his firſt Ethic epiſtle, of which hereafter.

† Our author's ſtrong ſenſe of the prevalence of Habit is well deſcribed in one of his letters to Mr. Bethel, where he ſays——

" *Habit* is the miſtreſs of the world, and whatever is " generally ſaid, has more ſway than *opinion*. Yours con- " fines you to the wolds of Yorkſhire, mine to the banks of " the Thames: and yet I think I have leſs dependance on " others, and others leſs on me, than moſt men I have ever " known;

" Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
" As Heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more
" ſow'r."

But the poet riſes with his ſubject, till he leads us into extacy. Speaking of the inefficacy of reaſon to controul the ruling paſſion, he ſays,

" We, wretched ſubjects, tho' to lawful ſway,
" In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
" Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
" What can ſhe more than tell us we are
" fools?
" Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
" A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
" Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
" The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
" Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
" She but removes weak Paſſions for the
" ſtrong *:
" So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
" The doctor fancies he has driven them out."

" known; ſo that I *ſhould be* free. So ſhould a female
" friend of ours †; but *habit* is her *Goddeſs*, I wiſh I could
" not ſay worſe, her *tyrant*: ſhe not only *obeys*, but ſuffers
" under her: and reaſon and friendſhip plead in vain. Out
" of hell, and out of habit, there is no redemption."

* It is of ſpecial uſe in morality, as Lord Bacon obſerves, to ſet affection againſt affection, and endeavour to maſter one paſſion by another, as we hunt beaſt with beaſt, &c.

---

† Meaning Mrs. Blount.

There is ſomething in theſe lines inexpreſſibly plaintive and affecting. They come home to every man's boſom: and while we admire them as beautiful, we ſigh to own them juſt. Nevertheleſs, I will be free to remark, that their effect is in ſome meaſure weakened, by the levity of the illuſtration in the two laſt lines. It muſt be confeſſed that it is ſprightly, but it draws the mind too ſuddenly from grave to gay, which cannot be endured without violence and diſguſt.

The poet obſerves, that though reaſon cannot overthrow the ruling paſſion, it is nevertheleſs her office to rectify it, and ſometimes to engraft our ruling virtue upon it:

" See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
" Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy."

In the laſt place, he ſhews the uſe of the paſſions in alleviating the real miſeries of life, by preſenting us with ſome viſionary happineſs which deludes us through every age.

" Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
" Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
" Each want of Happineſs, by Hope ſupply'd,
" And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride;
" Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
" In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy."

With what apt and beautiful imagery has the poet here painted the ſweet illuſions of life! The figure, in the two firſt lines eſpecially, is happily

happily conceived, and ſo admirably ſuſtained, that our eyes, for a moment, are dazzled with the deceitful ſplendor of a gaudy evaneſcent ſcene.

In the third epiſtle, the nature and ſtate of man is conſidered with reſpect to ſociety. Here the author, in a ſtrain of harmonious and ſublime poetry, ſhews the cloſe connection between each being in the univerſe, all ſerved, and ſerving—

" Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy
" good,
" Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
" Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
" For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:
" Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
" Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
" Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
" Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
" The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
" Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the
" pride.
" Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
" The birds of Heav'n ſhall vindicate their
" grain.
" Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
" Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
" The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
" Lives on the labours of this Lord of all."

The author then ſhews the difference between the happineſs of animal and of human life. The one conſiſting in the improvement of the mind,

is

is to be procured by reaſon only; the other, conſiſting in the gratification of ſenſe, is beſt promoted by inſtinct, which, with regard to its regular and conſtant operation, has the advantage over reaſon——

" And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
" In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man."

The inſtances by which the author exemplifies this divine direction, are happily ſelected, and expreſſed with great harmony and dignity.

" Who taught the nations of the field and
" wood
" To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
" Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
" Build on the wave, or arch beneath the
" ſand?
" Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
" Sure as *De-moivre*, without rule or line?
" Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
" Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown
" before?
" Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
" Who forms the phalanx, and who points the
" way *?"

The

* The poet probably took the hint of this beautiful paſſage from Lord Bacon's *de augmentis ſcientiarum*.—" Who " taught the raven in a drought to throw pebbles into an " hollow tree where ſhe eſpied water, that the water might " riſe ſo as ſhe might come to it? Who taught the bee to " ſail through ſuch a vaſt ſea of air, and to find a way from " the

The poet, having deſcribed the power of inſtinct in promoting the happineſs of the *Individual* and of the *Kind*, he proceeds to ſhew, that all theſe being parts of a whole, God——

" ——————— The Whole to bleſs,
" On mutual Wants built mutual Happineſs."

This leads him to illuſtrate the original of ſociety, both *natural* and *civil*. In oppoſition to Hobbs, he repreſents the ſtate of nature as a ſtate of peace and innocence, of which he gives the following beautiful deſcription.

" Self-love and Social at her birth began,
" Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
" Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to
" aid;
" Man walk'd with beaſt, joint-tenant of the
" ſhade;
" The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
" No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
" In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
" All vocal beings hymn'd an equal God:
" The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold
" undreſt,
" Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs
" prieſt:
" Heav'n's attribute was Univerſal Care,
" And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.

" the field in flower, a great way off to her hive? Who
" taught the Ant to bite every grain of corn that ſhe burieth
" in her hill, leſt it ſhould take root and grow?"

" Ah!

" Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
" Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
" Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
" Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
" But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
" And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
" The Fury-paſſions from that blood began,
" And turn'd on Man a fiercer ſavage, Man."

What various beauties are comprized in theſe lines! With what an amiable ſimplicity is man's natural ſtate deſcribed! With what tender ſympathy the author bewails the degeneracy which ſucceeded! With what indignant rebuke he marks the bloody havock cauſed by luxury! And with what phyſical propriety, he traces the riſe of the furious paſſions from the indulgence of a ſanguinary appetite!

The order of the ſubject next leads the poet to explain the origin of *civil* ſociety. He deſcribes man riſing gradually from nature to art, and obſerves, that in ſuch progreſs, it was the part of reaſon to copy from inſtinct, which he illuſtrates by a moſt excellent and ſublime *proſopopoeia*.

" Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake-
" ---Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions
" take:
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets
" yield;
" Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
" Thy

" Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
" Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to
" weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving
" gale.
" *Here too all forms of ſocial union find,*
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind.
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
" The Ants' republic, and the realm of Bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth be-
" ſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate."

Theſe philoſophical illuſtrations are graced with all the ornaments of poetry: And while the reaſoning mortifies our pride, the numbers flatter our taſte.

The account which the poet gives of the origin of *Religion* is too excellent to be omitted. It is obvious that the religion of man, at his firſt entrance into civil ſociety, muſt have been the ſame as in a ſtate of nature. By looking up from fire to fire, he explored one great firſt Father, or elſe he gained the knowledge of God by tradition. The pure and ſimple ideas which

man then entertained of the attributes of the Deity are thus admirably deſcribed——

" The Worker from the work diſtinct was
" known,
" And ſimple Reaſon never ſought but one:
" Ere Wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
" Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
" To Virtue, in the paths of pleaſure trod,
" And own'd a Father when he own'd a God."

The writer here, with great addreſs, makes philoſophy aſſiſtant to religion *.

Nor does the poet diſplay leſs merit in the contraſt which follows, wherein he traces the corruption of civil ſociety, and conſequently of religion.

" Force firſt made conqueſt, and that conqueſt,
" law;
" Till Superſtition taught the Tyrant awe.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

" Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt
" abodes;
" Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her
" Gods;
" Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
" Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or
" Luſt;

---

* All good moral philoſophy, ſays Lord Bacon, is but an handmaid to religion.

" Such

" Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
" And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would
" believe.
" Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
" And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on
" pride.
" Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no
" more;
" Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with
" gore:
" Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
" Next his grim Idol ſmear'd with human
" blood;
" With heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world
" below,
" And play'd the God an engine on his foe."

The fatal effects of tyranny and ſuperſtition, are here deſcribed in the moſt bold and glowing colours. The oppoſition between zeal and charity is happily introduced. The eleventh line is awfully ſublime, and pregnant with more meaning than it expreſſes.

In the deduction which the author draws from hence, he ſhews with great judgment and addreſs, that the ſame principle which gave birth to this corruption, did at the ſame time pave the way for a reformation.

" So drives Self-love, thro' juſt and thro' un-
" juſt,
" To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:

" The ſame Self-love, *in all*, becomes the cauſe
" Of what reſtrains him; Government and
" Laws."

This leads the poet to illuſtrate the true principles of policy and religion——

" Such is the World's great Harmony, * that
" ſprings
" From Order, Union, full Conſent of things,
" Where ſmall and great, where weak and
" mighty, made
" To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not in-
" vade;
" More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
" And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
" Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
" Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord or
" King."

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* Mr. Crouſaz, miſtaking the harmony which the poet here ſpeaks of, accuſed him of eſpouſing the *pre-eſtabliſhed* harmony of the celebrated Leibnitz. The learned commentator, however, has clearly vindicated him from any intention of eſpouſing that impious whimſy. The reader, nevertheleſs, will doubtleſs be pleaſed to hear what our author himſelf ſays on this occaſion, in a letter addreſſed to his friend and commentator.

" I will not give you the unneceſſary trouble of adding
" here to the defence you have made of me, (though much
" might be ſaid on the article of the paſſions in the ſecond
" book;) only it cannot be unpleaſant to you to know, that
" I never in my life read a line of Leibnitz, nor underſtood
" there was ſuch a term as *pre-eſtabliſhed harmony*, till I
" found it in Monſ. Crouſaz's book."

Nothing

Nothing can be more amiable, juſt, wiſe and benevolent, than the foregoing ſyſtem: and as ſuch a ſyſtem is always in danger from the refinements of too curious ſpeculation, the poet very juſtly reprehends this propenſity in the following lines.

" For Forms of Government let fools conteſt;
" Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd, is beſt:
" For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight;
" His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right."

Theſe lines, more eſpecially the firſt two, have been frequently miſinterpreted; and it has been ſuppoſed that the author meant to inſinuate that no one *form* of government was, in itſelf, better than another: An abſurdity from which he is clearly vindicated by the learned editor of his works, as well as by an apology found under his own hand, which the editor has ſubjoined to the note on theſe lines. Indeed it is ſtrange to imagine that one of Mr. POPE's correct *judgment* ſhould ever entertain ſuch a ſoleciſm.

That adminiſtration is beſt, which is conducted according to the true principles of the eſtabliſhed conſtitution. Conſequently if thoſe principles are bad, the more perfect the adminiſtration is, the more deſtructive it will prove to the governed. Mr. POPE, in his apology above alluded to, admits, that the *beſt* ſort of government, when the form of it is preſerved, and the adminiſtration corrupt, is moſt dangerous; ſo, on the other hand, it is

equally true, that the *worſt* kind of government, when the form of it is preſerved, and the adminiſtration perfect, is the moſt pernicious.

However, I am free to confeſs, that though, taking the whole context together, the *meaning* of theſe lines may be well aſcertained, yet the *expreſſion* is, to ſay no more, obſcure; and does by no means convey that meaning with our author's uſual perſpicuity. For, notwithſtanding his apology, and the very ingenious expoſition of his commentator, the expreſſion is too general to admit of ſuch limitations as the true conſtruction requires.

The poet, having explained the true principles of policy and religion, and ſhewn, that however the world may diſagree about religious and political principles, yet charity is, nevertheleſs, the concern of all mankind, he concludes this epiſtle with the following incomparable lines.

" Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
" The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace
" he gives.
" On their own Axis as the Planets run,
" Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
" So two *conſiſtent* motions act the Soul;
" And one regards itſelf, and one the Whole*."

The

* The ſame ſentiment we find in ſubſtance, thus expreſſed by Lord Bacon—" There is formed in every thing a double " nature of good: the one, as every thing is a total or ſub-
" ſtance

The poet has here, with peculiar ſkill and felicity, contrived, that the ſame ornaments which embelliſh his verſe, ſhould ſtrengthen his argument. Theſe beautiful and ſublime ſimilies, afford the moſt apt and powerful illuſtration of the truth of that propoſition, which he would imprint on the reader's mind, namely, that Self-love and Social are the ſame.

Having thus diſplayed the nature of man in his various relations, in his fourth and laſt Epiſtle, he conſiders his nature and ſtate with reſpect to happineſs, the end which every human being purſues.

This epiſtle opens with an invocation to happineſs; and the reader will find a ſummary of falſe and true felicity in the following lines: wherein the poet, with his uſual addreſs, has contrived to illuſtrate the propoſition he would prove, by the moſt beautiful images, conveyed in the moſt harmonious verſification.

" Oh Happineſs! our being's end and aim!
" Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy
" name:
" That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eter-
" nal ſigh,
" For which we bear to live, or dare to die,

" ſtance in itſelf; the other, as it is a part or member of a
" great body; whereof the latter is in degree the greater
" and the worthier, becauſe it tendeth to the conſervation
" of a more general form."

" Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
" O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and
" wiſe.
" Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
" Say in what mortal ſoil though deign'ſt to
" grow?
" Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
" Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
" Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels
" yield,
" Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
" Where grows?--where grows it not? If vain
" our toil,
" We ought to blame the culture, not the
" ſoil:
" Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
" 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where."

The poet having farther expoſed and confuted the idle notions concerning happineſs, which were propagated by the antient philoſophers; of whom ſome placed it in action, ſome in eaſe *, &c. he proceeds more particularly to explain in what it truly conſiſts.

" TakeNature's path, and mad Opinion's leave,
" All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;

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* Mr. POPE, in one of his letters to Mr. Allen, has, in few words, expreſſed his idea of Happineſs——" To be at
" eaſe," ſays he, " is the greateſt of happineſs (at eaſe, I
" mean, both of mind and body) but to be *idle* is the greateſt
" of unhappineſs, both to the one and the other."

" Obvious

" Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
" There needs but thinking right, and mean-
" ing well;
" And mourn our various portions as we
" pleaſe,
" Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe."

It will probably occur to the learned reader, that the poet has here adopted the ſentiments of the Grecian ſage, who ſaid——" That if we " live according to Nature, we ſhall never be " poor; and if we live according to Opinion, we " ſhall never be rich."

Our poet then goes on to ſhew in what true happineſs conſiſts; which he thus forcibly explains.

" Know, all the good that individuals find,
" Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
" Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
" Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Com-
" petence.
" But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
" And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy
" own."

The ſtrong and affecting manner in which theſe ſentiments are expreſſed, naturally diſpoſes a mind of any ſenſibility, to that ſerene and placid ſtate which is attendant on virtue. The invocation, and emphatic repetition in the laſt line, have a peculiar energy and pathos.

To

To thoſe who impiouſly arraign providence for not preventing the evils which befal the good and juſt in this world; our author anſwers in the following lines.

" Shall burning Etna, if a ſage requires,
" Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
" On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
" Oh blameleſs Bethel *! to relieve thy breaſt?
" When the looſe mountain trembles from on
" high,
" Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
" Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
" For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging
" wall?"

This argument, by which the poet ſhews that the evils complained of, could not be prevented, without continually reverſing the eſtabliſhed laws of nature, is finely illuſtrated.

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* In a letter which our author, ſoon after the death of his mother, wrote to Mr. Bethel, he ſeems to hint at this paſſage:

" I have now but too much melancholy leiſure, and no
" other care but to finiſh my Eſſay on Man. There will
" be in it but one line that will offend you (I fear) and yet
" I will not alter it or omit it, unleſs you come to town and
" prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight
" in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myſelf
" the greateſt pleaſure I am capable of receiving, becauſe
" another may have the modeſty not to ſhare it. It is all a
" poor poet can do, to bear teſtimony to the virtue he can-
" not reach: beſides that, in this age, I ſee too few good
" examples, not to lay hold on any I can find."

The

The poet next turns toward another ſort of cavillers, who murmur at the diſpenſations of providence, becauſe the *juſt* are not better rewarded. To theſe he anſwers, that God only can tell who thoſe *juſt* are; and with the moſt exquiſite feeling, he again points out the ineſtimable reward of Virtue,

" What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
" The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt
" joy,
" Is Virtue's prize."——

He then proceeds to ſhew, that without virtue, no externals whatever can make men happy; which he inſtances in riches, honours, nobility, greatneſs, and fame.

The falſe pretenſions of greatneſs are admirably expoſed in the characters of the hero and politician.

" Look next on Greatneſs; ſay where Greatneſs
" lies?
" Where, but among the Heroes and the Wiſe?
" Heroes are much the ſame, the point's
" agreed,
" From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
" The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to
" find
" Or make, an enemy of all mankind *!

" No

* Theſe two lines which immediately follow——

" Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
" Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe;"

are

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

" No leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe;
" All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
" Men in their looſe unguarded hours they
" take,
" Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others
" weak.
" But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can
" cheat;
" 'Tis phraſe abſurd, to call a Villain Great:
" Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
" Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
" Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
" Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
" Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
" Like Socrates, that man is great indeed."

It is obſervable, that the writer on no occaſion ſhews a more indignant ſpirit, than where he points his ſatire againſt Machiavelian policy and circumventing craft. I make this remark with the greater pleaſure, as it goes in commendation of the *man*, and as ſociety is more intereſted to have a juſt account of his moral character, than of his literary capacity.

The following eſtimate of fame, is extreamly juſt and beautiful.

---

are by no means ſuitable to the dignity of the ſubject. There is ſomething ſo familiar, nay even vulgar in them, as renders them not only very unequal to the reſt, but very unworthy of our author.

" What's

" What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others
" breath,
" A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.

* * * * * * * * * * *

" All that we feel of it begins and ends
" In the ſmall circle of our foes and friends;
" To all beſide, as much an empty ſhade
" An Eugene living, as a Caeſar dead:

* * * * * * * * * *

" A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
" An honeſt Man's the nobleſt work of God *."

---

* A great lawyer, who had a profligate ſon, bequeathed him a trifling legacy, together with this verſe of Mr. Pope's, deſiring him to reflect on it often.

Nevertheleſs, this ſentiment has been cenſured by a very ingenious writer, who obſerves, that " if honeſty had been Pope's " nobleſt quality, he would never have gained public admi- " ration." But the critic ſeems to give this ſentiment too confined a conſtruction. The poet here does not uſe the word *honeſt* in its popular ſenſe, but in its philoſophical ſignification: in which the idea of an honeſt man includes a certain liberality and elevation of mind, which is not to be attained without the concurrence of many noble qualities. Thoſe talents which we exerciſe in the eye of the public are, it is true, more likely to draw admiration; but they are not therefore more noble. The man who can ſuffer with fortitude, and act with dignity, is a much more noble object, than he who can expreſs the ſublimeſt ideas. Beſides, it is material to add, that the poet is here decrying that *public admiration*, which the critic, by this ſtrange argument, not only ſuppoſes was his general aim, but was his particular purpoſe in this place to recommend.

Having

Having expoſed this fantaſtic fame, he ſhews the foundation of real fame.

" All Fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
" Plays round the head, but comes not to the
" heart:
" One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-
" weighs
" Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
" And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
" Than Caeſar with a ſenate at his heels."

Nothing can be more juſt than theſe ſentiments, or more beautifully expreſſed. The image of fantaſtic Fame playing round the head without reaching the heart, is happily conceived; it is apt and ſtriking. A man of ſound judgment and nice feelings muſt be frequently offended by the flutter of miſtaken applauſe, which buzzes about his head, but makes no impreſſion on his heart.

The poet proceeds to ſhew, that not only external goods are incapable of procuring happineſs, but that all internal have not that efficacy, which he inſtances in the advantage of ſuperior parts.

" In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
" Tell (for You can) what is it to be wiſe?
" 'Tis but to know how little can be known;
" To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
" Condemn'd in buſineſs or in arts to drudge,
" Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
" Truths

" Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking
" land?
" All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
" Painful preheminence! yourſelf to view
" Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts
" too."

How feelingly does the poet deſcribe the unenviable ſituation of thoſe who poſſeſs excelling talents! And yet he has only ſketched the outlines: had he filled the canvas, what a picture of ſolitary dejection * would a pencil like his have exhibited!

The man of ſuperior parts can but ſeldom reliſh the true delights of ſociety, becauſe he can find but few with whom he can aſſimilate. And alas! even among thoſe few, he too often finds a rival, where he expected a companion.

As his merit excites jealouſy in his equals, ſo it begets diſtruſt in thoſe of inferior talents. Such, for want of the ſame quickneſs of apprehenſion and depth of penetration, being unable to diſcern the true principles which direct him, are too apt to ſuſpect him of deſign, even when he is moſt ingenuous; and he has ſometimes the mortification of being prevented from conferring a benefit, by the unjuſt ſuſpicion of the very man whom he means to ſerve. How deplorable then

* The reader will obſerve that we are here ſpeaking of *Knowledge*, independant of *Virtue*.

muſt his condition be, whoſe ſuperior parts exclude him from the affection of his equals, and the confidence of his inferiors!

As no qualities, therefore, either external or internal, can, as our author has ſhewn, conſtitute felicity, independant of virtue, he proceeds to prove how far happineſs may be conferred and enlarged by that alone.

"Know then this truth (enough for Man to
"know)
"Virtue alone is Happineſs below."*
"The only point where human bliſs ſtands
"ſtill,
"And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
"Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
"Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
"The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
"And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
"Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
"And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
"The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
"Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
"Good, from each object, from each place
"acquir'd,
"For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

* In one of his letters to Mr. Bethel he jocolely ſays—"I "am writing an epiſtle on the true happineſs of man, in "which I ſhall prove the beſt man the happieſt; and con-"ſequently you ſhould pull off your hat to me, for painting "you as the happieſt man in the univerſe."

"Never

" Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
" Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
" And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
" Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain."

There is ſomething in theſe lines ſo ſoothing and perſuaſive, that it is impoſſible to read them without ſympathetic emotions, and wiſhing to exerciſe that benevolence which is here ſo beautifully deſcribed.

Nor will a reader of ſenſibility be leſs delighted with the following lines, which mark the difference between the progreſs of human and divine benevolence.

" God loves from Whole to Parts: But human
" ſoul
" Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole *.
" Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to
" wake,
" As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
" The centre mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
" Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
" Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
" His country next; and next all human race †;
" Wide

* In one of our author's letters to Mr. Bethel, he ſays—

" I much better underſtand the beauties of friendſhip and " the merits of virtue in private life, than thoſe of public; " and ſhould never love my country, if I did not love the " beſt men in it."

† To the ſame effect are his private ſentiments to his particular friend Mr. Allen—

" I thank

" Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of
" the mind
" Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
" Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty
" bleſt,
" And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt."

Here we have another inſtance of the poet's happy choice of poetical embelliſhments. The ſimile ‡ he has employed, affords the cleareſt illuſtration of the expanding nature of benevolence, and eſtabliſhes the truth of his reaſoning, at the ſame time that it gives beauty to the poem.

But as genius, like fame, gathers ſtrength in its courſe, ſo in the concluſion of the Eſſay, our poet ſeems to have collected all his powers, to complete the following noble apoſtrophe——

" Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come
" along;
" Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!

" I thank you for the account of your ſafe arrival at home;
" there is the end of all your wiſhes: than which, there can
" be no greater happineſs on this ſide of the grave. Un-
" happy is the man who muſt ramble in ſearch of it! I can
" pray for no greater bleſſing for a friend, than that he may
" love his own home, his own family, and next his neigh-
" bour; yet be reſigned to leave his preſent reſidence, when-
" ever Providence ordains: and love his own family, yet
" conſider the *whole world* as his relations, though more
" diſtant."

‡ The reader, who recollects the ſimile in Addiſon's Cato, cannot fail being ſmitten with the reſemblance.

" And

" And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now
" aſcends,
" To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
" Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
" To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
" Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
" From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
" Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
" Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
" Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy
" name
" Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
" Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
" Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
" When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
" Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were
" thy foes,
" Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
" Thou wert my GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER and
" FRIEND?
" That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
" From ſounds to things, from fancy to the
" heart;
" For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's
" light,
" Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS
" RIGHT;
" That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great
" aim;
" That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are
" the ſame;
" That VIRTUE only makes our Bliſs below;
" And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO
" KNOW."

Theſe excellent lines, as the learned commentator accurately obſerves, will furniſh a critic with examples of each of thoſe five ſpecies of elocution, from which, as from its ſources, Longinus deduceth the ſublime. Namely, a grandeur and ſublimity of conception; a pathetic enthuſiaſm; an elegant formation and ordonance of figures; a ſplendid diction; and a weight and dignity in the compoſition. In ſhort, had Mr. POPE given no other ſpecimen of his poetical talents, we might from theſe lines only, ſafely pronounce him a poet.

Upon the whole, though in this ethical ſyſtem, it muſt be confeſſed, that the great outlines are taken from the moſt excellent of the antient and modern writers; yet let it be obſerved, that had he not copied thoſe outlines, he muſt have ſketch'd out a Chimera: And this is the only ſpecies of poetical INVENTION, in which our poet was wanting. For in all invention (to uſe this miſapplied term) within the verge of nature, his poetry in every line abounds. If juſtly drawing, artfully grouping, and ſtrongly expreſſing, in a well choſen ſubject, ever gave poet or painter the pretence to *invention*, it might be claimed by our author.

Whenever he borrows a thought, he improves it to that degree that it becomes original. There is ſo much preciſion and perſpicuity, ſo much of the *lucidus ordo*, in his chain of reaſoning, the images by which he illuſtrates his arguments are ſo appropriated and ſtriking, and his numbers

bers so harmonious; that every sentiment wears an air of novelty, and displays the excellence of human wit, as himself justly defines it.

"True Wit is Nature to advantage dress't;
"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well
"express't."

In short, after having demolished the monstrous superstructures of the antients, he has employed the old materials which composed them, in erecting a regular and beautiful fabric, in which all the parts correspond with such exact symmetry, and the whole bespeaks such an air of noble simplicity, as proves it to be the *invention* of a correct and sublime genius *.

This

* It may be curious to remark, that when this poem was first published, our author carefully concealed its being his production, and it was ascribed to Dr. Young, to Dr. Desaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Paget, and several others. While his acquaintance read it as the work of an unknown author, they fairly owned they did not understand it.

Among others, a certain little poet, speaking, in a visit he paid to Mr. Pope, of the *Essay on Man*, soon after its appearance, observed with an air of critical self-sufficiency, that the poetry was but indifferent, the philosophy intolerable, and the whole devoid of connection. If I thought, added he, that you had not seen it, I would have brought it with me. Mr. Pope, to mortify the coxcomb, frankly told him that he had seen it before it went to the press; for that it was his own performance, and had been the work of some years. The confusion of the visitor, at this declaration, may be easier conceived than expressed.

When the reputation of the poem however became secured, by the knowledge of the writer, it soon grew so clear and intelligible,

This poem ſoon became ſo univerſally celebrated, that it was tranſlated into French by Monſieur Reſnel †, and Monſieur Crouſaz wrote a formal critique upon it. The errors and abſurdities of ſeveral of his remarks, were owing to the blunders and inaccuracies of his countryman's tranſlation, which miſled him in many inſtances; nevertheleſs, ſome of his falſe criticiſms are owing to his own miſapprehenſions. But this idle critique is ſo fully anſwered and refuted by the learned comment ſubjoined to this piece, that it is needleſs to ſay more of it ‡.

It

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telligible, that on the appearance of the comment upon it, they told him they wondered the editor ſhould think a large and minute interpretation neceſſary.

† It was likewiſe tranſlated into Latin verſe by Dr. Kirkpatrick.

‡ Our author was ſo ſenſible of the ſervice done to his work by this comment, that he did not fail to make grateful acknowledgements of it in the following letter, addreſſed to his friend and commentator, dated February 2, 1738, wherein, with conſcious dignity, he expreſſes his indifference with regard to unjuſt cenſure.

" I cannot forbear to return you my thanks for your ani-
" madverſion on Mr. Crouſaz: though I doubt not it was
" leſs a regard to me, than to candor and truth, which made
" you take this pains to anſwer ſo miſtaken a man. I fear,
" indeed, he did not attack me on quite ſo good a principle:
" and whenever I ſee ſuch a vein of uncharitableneſs and
" vanity in any work, whether it concerns me or another,
" I am always ready to thank God to find it accompanied
" with as much weakneſs. But this is what I ſhould never
" have

It remains to obſerve, that ſome paſſages in the *Eſſay on Man*, having been unjuſtly ſuſpected of a tendency toward fate and naturaliſm, the author compoſed a prayer as the ſum of all; which is printed under the title of the UNIVERSAL PRAYER, and was intended to ſhew that his ſyſtem was founded in *free will*, and terminated in piety——and ſurely devotion never breathed a more pure, ſimple, and at the ſame time, a more exalted ſtrain, than in the following inimitable ſtanzas.

" Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
" Who all my Senſe confin'd
" To know but this, that Thou art good,
" And that myſelf am blind; (a)

" Yet

" have expoſed myſelf, and therefore I am the more obliged " to you for doing it."

This, and the foregoing letters, wherein our poet pays grateful acknowledgements to his learned friend and commentator, naturally leads us to reflect on the different nature of the obligations which he owed to this celebrated perſonage, and to the deceaſed Lord Bolingbroke.

The latter *would have* given a bias to this admirable eſſay, which would have been diſgraceful to our bard's underſtanding, diſhonourable to his virtue, and injurious to ſociety: the former, on the other hand, *did* give a bias to it, which will reflect immortal honour on the poet's ſenſe, do everlaſting credit to his virtue, and be for ever ſerviceable to mankind. Now let the world determine, which of the two deſerves the incomparable praiſe of being——

The Poet's *Guide*, *Philoſopher*, and FRIEND.

(a) In the firſt epiſtle, after having vindicated the ways of God, againſt thoſe who murmur at the imperfections

" Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
" To ſee the Good from Ill;
" And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
" Left *free* the Human Will. (b)

" What *Conſcience* dictates to be done,
" Or warns me not to do,
" This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
" That, more than Heav'n purſue.

" Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
" Thy Goodneſs let me bound,
" Or think Thee Lord alone of Man, (c)
" When thouſand Worlds are round:

" Let

---

of human nature; he concludes to the ſame effect as above.

" Ceaſe then, nor Order Imperfection name:
" Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
" *Know thy own point:* this kind, this due degree
" Of *blindneſs*, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee."

(b) Our author, in the ſecond epiſtle, has proved this *freedom* of man's will.—He has ſhewn that virtue and vice are blended in our nature, like light and ſhade; and that though it is often difficult to diſtinguiſh genuine virtue from the ſpurious, yet there is an unerring criterion by which we may diſcern the difference.———

" This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
" What ſhall divide? The God within the mind——

that is, CONSCIENCE.——He hath likewiſe ſhewn that man hath it in his power to direct his paſſions to good or bad ends;

" REASON the byas, turns to good from ill."

(c) The folly and impiety of thus limiting the divine goodneſs, is ſtrongly expoſed in the third epiſtle——

" One

" Let not this weak, unknowing hand
" Presume thy Bolts to throw,
" And deal Damnation round the land,
" On each I judge thy Foe. (d)

" If I am right, thy Grace (e) impart,
" Still in the right to stay;
" If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
" To find that better way.

" Save

" One all-extending, all-preserving soul,
" Connects each being, &c.———

Again———

" Has God, thou fool, work'd solely for thy good,
" Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?"

(d) The writer, in the third epistle, after tracing the corruption of religion, and the origin of superstition, inveighs with great vehemence against the corrupt and vengeful spirit, which—

" With Heav'n's own thunder shook the world below,
" And play'd the God an engine on his foe."

(e) His learned friend and annotator on this passage has acutely remarked, that as the *imparting of grace*, on the Christian system, is a stronger exertion of divine power, than the natural illumination of the heart; one would expect that *right* and *wrong* should change places; more aid being required to *restore* men to right, than to keep them in it. But as it was the poet's purpose to insinuate that revelation was the right, nothing could better express his purpose, than making the *right* secured by the guards of Grace.

I will add, that one principal design of the Essay on Man is to shew, that *reason*, aided by *natural religion*, can at most but

" Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
" Or impious Diſcontent,
" At aught thy Wiſdom has denied,
" Or aught thy Goodneſs lent. (f)

" Teach me to feel another's Woe,
" To hide the Fault I ſee;
" That Mercy I to others ſhow,
" That Mercy ſhow to me. (g)

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but rectify our paſſions; reaſon is a *guard*, but no *guide*: and our poet evidently points out the *guide*, which is REVELATION, the goal to which hope leads the good man.

" For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
" And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
" Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
" It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind."

(f) This fooliſh Pride is finely ridiculed in ſeveral parts of the Eſſay, particularly in the following couplet:

" Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
" Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers,—'Tis for mine."

The impious and ridiculous diſcontent of mankind, is likewiſe admirably expoſed in the following lines, among others in this Eſſay.

" What would this man? Now upward will he ſoar,
" And, little leſs than Angel, would be more;
" Now looking downward, juſt as griev'd appears,
" To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears."

(g) Theſe benevolent ſentiments are diffuſed throughout the whole Eſſay; and are in truth ſummed up in the following couplet:

" Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
" And height of Bliſs is height of Charity."

Upon the whole, this Prayer may be conſidered as an epitome of, or rather as a ſhort comment on, his Eſſay on Man; and it is impoſſible for the moſt hardened infidel to read theſe ſtanzas without being impreſſed with a ſerious ſenſe of religious truths, and of religious duties. (h)

To give the reader a juſt idea of our author's attention to method in his moral ſyſtem, it is proper to remark, that the *Eſſay on Man* was intended to have been compriſed in four books, as we are aſſured by the editor.

The firſt the author has given us, under that title, in the four epiſtles which have been the ſubject of the foregoing critical obſervations.

The ſecond, was to have conſiſted of the ſame number, and to have treated, 1. Of the extent and limits of human reaſon. 2. Of thoſe arts and ſciences, and the parts of them, which are uſeful, and therefore attainable: together with thoſe which are uſeleſs, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, uſe and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the uſe of learning; of the ſcience of the world; and of wit; concluding with a ſatire againſt the miſapplication of them, illuſtrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

(h) This prayer was tranſlated into French by one Monſ. Le Franck, a bigotted catholic: who afterward coming to reflect that it contained the ſtrongeſt cenſure of ſuperſtition and perſecution; thought proper to apologize for his tranſlation.

The

The third book regarded civil regimen or the ſcience of politics, in which the ſeveral forms of a republic were to have been examined and explained; together with the ſeveral modes of religious worſhip, ſo far as they affect ſociety; between which the author always ſuppoſed there was the cloſeſt connection and moſt intimate relation: So that this part would have treated of civil and religious ſociety in their full extent.

The fourth and laſt book, concerned private ethics, or practical morality; conſidered in all the circumſtances, orders, profeſſions, and ſtations of human life.

The ſcheme of all this had been maturely digeſted and communicated to Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through diſcouragements, from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other conſiderations, interrupted, poſtponed, and at laſt in a manner laid aſide.

But as this was, as we are told, our author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his own ſtrong capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra poetæ* which now remain, it will not be unintereſting to enter ſomewhat more particularly into the ſcope and deſign of theſe projected books.

The

The firſt, as it treats of man in the abſtract, and conſiders him in general, under all his relations, becomes the foundation, and furniſhes the ſubjects, of the three following: ſo that,

The ſecond book was to take up again the firſt and ſecond epiſtles of the firſt book; and to treat of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as explained above. Of this, only a ſmall part of the concluſion (which, as has been ſaid, was to have contained a ſatire againſt the miſ-application of wit and learning) may be found in the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, and occaſionally in the other three; of which an account is hereafter given.

The third book, in like manner, was to reaſſume the ſubject of the third epiſtle of the firſt, which treats of man in his ſocial, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be better executed in an Epic Poem; as the action would make it more animated, and the fable leſs invidious; in which all the great principles of true and falſe governments and religions, ſhould be chiefly delivered in feigned examples. The plan of this poem, which was to have been intitled Brutus, will be explained hereafter.

The fourth and laſt book, was to purſue the ſubject of the fourth epiſtle of the firſt, and to treat of ethics, or practical morality, and would have conſiſted of many members; of which the four Moral Eſſays in the third volume, which is now under conſideration, are detached portions:

tions: the two firſt, on the characters of *men* and *women*, being the introductory part of this book, which was to have included the whole.

For the ſake of connection therefore, it will in the next place be proper to give ſome account of theſe four Moral Eſſays, which conclude the third volume of his works.

In the firſt, on the *Characters of Men*, our author takes notice of the difficulties in coming at the knowledge and true characters of men, ariſing from the diverſity of their character, which he thus happily illuſtrates.

" There's ſome Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
" Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
" Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
" Grant but as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs."

After enumerating other cauſes which render this reſearch ſo difficult, he mentions the diſſimulation and caprice of mankind, under the following beautiful and ſtriking figures.

" Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows
" finds,
" Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our
" minds?
" On human Actions reaſon tho' you can,
" It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:
" His Principle of action once explore,
" That inſtant 'tis his Principle no more.

" Like

" Like following life thro' creatures you diſ-
" ſect,
" You loſe it in the moment you detect."

How bold, and at the ſame time how juſt, is this ſimile, whereby the poet illuſtrates the ſudden change of the principle of action in man, which, among other cauſes, occaſions the difficulty of determining his character.

This difficulty however, our author proceeds to obſerve, is not altogether owing to the obſcurity of the object under contemplation, but in part ariſes from the defects of the obſerver, which is thus finely illuſtrated.

" Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
" The optics ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
" All Manners take a tincture from our own;
" Or come diſcolour'd through our Paſſions
" ſhown.
" Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
" Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand
" dyes."

Theſe images are beautifully appropriated, and are remarkably chaſte and correct. With the ſame elegance and propriety, our author purſues the enumeration of the difficulties which obſtruct our inquiry into the characters of men.

" Nor will Life's ſtream for Obſervation ſtay,
" It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
" In

" In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
" When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, " not take.
" Oft, in the Paſſions' wild rotation toſt,
" Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:
" Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
" And what comes then is maſter of the field.
" As the laſt image of that troubled heap,
" When Senſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in " ſleep,
" (Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought)
" Becomes the ſtuff of which our dream is " wrought."

This notion of the cauſe of dreams, whether phyſically true or not, is happily applied to explain why we are often at a loſs to account for the motives which impell us to action.

Our author proceeds, in the next place, to detect the erroneous means by which we endeavour to judge of human characters, and ſhews firſt that we cannot determine the motive from the action, as different actions proceed from the ſame motive.

" Behold! if Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
" Some plunge in bus'neſs, others ſhave their " crowns:
" To eaſe the Soul of one oppreſſive weight,
" This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
" The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
" Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field."

It is obſervable, that though the verſification in theſe lines is ſmooth and poetical, yet there is not a ſingle word which admits of inverſion or tranſpoſition. They would preſerve the ſame order, were they turned into proſe; and though you may deſtroy the rhyme, you cannot break the numbers and meaſure. Perhaps this is the beſt proof of genuine poetry, which is not tortured into verſe by unnatural inverſions and tranſpoſitions; which always, in ſome degree, are injurious to perſpicuity.

He then proves that the ſame action often proceeds from different motives.

"Not always Actions ſhew the man: we
"find
"Who does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind;
"Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt;
"Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the eaſt:
"Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
"Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun
"the Great:
"Who combats bravely, is not therefore
"brave,
"He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt
"ſlave:
"Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
"His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting lies."

Theſe reflections are extremely juſt and acute, and expreſſed with great conciſeneſs and energy.

Another error, that of judging men's characters from their ſtation, the poet expoſes in the following ſtrain of delicate irony.

" Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt
" rate,
" Born where Heav'n's influence ſcarce can
" penetrate:
" In life's low vale the ſoil the Virtues like,
" They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders
" ſtrike.
" Tho' the ſame ſun, with all-diffuſive rays,
" Bluſh in the Roſe, and in the Di'mond blaze,
" We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
" And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flow'r."

Theſe lines have uncommon merit. The ridicule is exquiſite. The imagery is beautiful: and the juſt ordonance of the figures admirably ſupported throughout.

The poet, in the laſt place, obſerves that the only clue to lead us to the true characters of men, and to unravel all the intricacies of their conduct, is the RULING PASSION. This he exemplifies in the character of Wharton, which is ſo inimitably drawn, that it is difficult to reſiſt the pleaſure of tranſcribing it; but it is needleſs to point out its beauties; ſince *characters* ſtrike, and are imprinted in the memory of every common reader, while the *principles* of the poem make impreſſions on a few only.

Our author purſues his illuſtrations through a variety of characters, ſuch as the debauchee, the glutton, the miſer, the coquette, the courtier, &c. which he exhibits in a ſtrain of exquiſite ridicule, and at length concludes with the following elegant compliment to Lord Cobham.

" And you! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt
" breath,
" Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in
" death:
" Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt;
" Oh, ſave my Country, Heav'n!" ſhall be
" your laſt *."

In

* Lord Cobham, it ſeems, had peruſed this Epiſtle in the manuſcript, and ſuggeſted ſome alterations, as may be concluded from the following original letters.

STOWE, Nov. 1, 1733.

" Though I have not modeſty enough not to be pleaſed " with your extraordinary compliment, I have wit enough " to know how little I deſerve it. You know all mankind " are putting themſelves upon the world for more than they " are worth, and their friends are daily helping the deceit. " But I am afraid I ſhall not paſs for an abſolute patriot, " however I have the honour of having received a public " teſtimony of your eſteem and friendſhip, and am as proud " of it as I could be of any advantage which could happen " to me. As I remember, when I ſaw the Brouillion of " this epiſtle, it was perplexed; you have now made it the " contrary, and I think it is the cleareſt and the cleaneſt of " all you have wrote. Don't you think you have beſtowed " too many lines on the old letcher. The inſtance itſelf is " but ordinary, and I think ſhould be ſhortened or changed. " Thank you; and believe me to be moſt ſincerely yours,

" COBHAM."

In ſhort, the poet, in this epiſtle, diſcovers great acuteneſs of obſervation, and an intimate know-

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From the next letter it appears that Mr. POPE adopted his Lordſhip's hint.

STOWE, Nov. 8.

"I like your Letcher better now 'tis ſhorter; and the "Glutton is a very good epigram. But they are both appe- "tites, that from nature we indulge, as well for her ends, "as our pleaſure. A cardinal, in his way of pleaſure, would "have been a better inſtance. What do you think of an "old Lady dreſſing her ſilver locks with pink, and order- "ing her coffin to be lined with white quilted ſattin with "gold fringes? Or Counſellor Vernon, retiring to enjoy "himſelf with five thouſand a year which he had got, and "returning back to the Chancery to get a little more, "when he could not ſpeak ſo loud as to be heard? Or a "Judge turned out coming again to the bar?——I mean "that a paſſion or habit, that has not a natural foundation, "fall in better with your ſubject, than any of our natural "wants, which in ſome degree we cannot avoid purſuing to "the laſt; and if a man has ſpirits or appetite enough to "take a bit of either kind at parting, you may condemn "him, but you would be proud to imitate him.

"I congratulate you upon the fine weather. 'Tis a "ſtrange thing that people of condition and men of parts "muſt enjoy it in common with the reſt of the world. But "now I think on't, their purſuits are generally after points "of ſo great importance, that they do not enjoy it at all. I "won't trouble you any longer, but with the aſſurance of "what I hope you are perfectly convinced of, that I am "moſt ſincerely yours, C."

From theſe letters his lordſhip appears to have been a man of ſenſe and vivacity; his obſervations are juſt, libe- ral, and ſprightly.

But

knowledge of the ſecret workings of the human mind. His reaſoning is convincing, and he has the art of preſerving the ſtricteſt method of argument, without the leaſt appearance of an affected regularity. Add to this, that his illuſtrations are apt and forcible, his characters happily finiſhed, and his verſification perfectly tuneful and harmonious.

Impartiality however muſt acknowledge, that we here and there meet with ſome faulty lines. Such, perhaps, the following may be deemed, where, ſpeaking of the bird who calls whore and knave from his cage, he adds——

" Tho' many a paſſenger he rightly call,
" You hold him no philoſopher *at all.*"

Theſe lines are in the familiar ſtile of common proſaic chit-chat; and the feeble expletives tacked to the end of the laſt line, for the ſake of the rhyme, ſink them almoſt even below that level.

With reſpect to the next epiſtle, that is, the Eſſay on the *Characters of Women*, it has unqueſtionably great merit.

But where his Lordſhip ſpeaks of the *Cardinal*, he quite miſtakes the ſubject of the epiſtle; which concerns our natural, not unnatural paſſions. Our Poet's pictures make, as he himſelf ſays, a *map of Man*, not of Monſters.

It muſt be added, in commendation of Mr. Pope, that on this, as on many other occaſions, he prudently practiſed his own precept: And——

" Made uſe of ev'ry Friend, and ev'ry Foe."

The poet has herein ſhewn himſelf a man of the world, and intimately acquainted with the motley groupe of female caprices; which he has indeed expoſed with a great deal of wit and pointed ſatire; but ſurely the ſtrokes are here and there much too harſh and ſevere.

However I may hazard my reputation by the compariſon, I do not ſcruple, in ſome few inſtances, to prefer Dr. Young's Satire on Women, in his *Univerſal Paſſion:* though it is, upon the whole, greatly inferior to Mr. POPE'S in point of verſification, order, wit, ſentiment, eaſe, and penetration into nature *.

In the paſſages alluded to, however, there appears to be in Young more of the *ridiculum acri* of Horace. What the learned commentator has obſerved, in his parallel between Horace and POPE, will, perhaps, in theſe inſtances, hold equally true between POPE and Young. What Young ſmiles at, POPE treats with the grave ſeverity of Perſius; and what POPE ſtrikes with the cauſtic lightning of Juvenal, Young contents himſelf with turning into ridicule.

The latter laughs at their foibles with ſuch becoming pleaſantry and good humour, that

* Let not the reader imagine that any general compariſon is intended between theſe two ſatiriſts. Mr. POPE's ſuperiority is ſo manifeſt, that a man would expoſe himſelf to ridicule who ſhould attempt to compare them. All that is meant is, that here and there Young has ſucceeded by ſome nicer touches better ſuited to the delicacy of the ſubject.

while

while they bluſh to ſee thoſe foibles expoſed, they are not angry with the author of the detection. The former, on the other hand, chaſtiſes their levities with ſo ſevere a laſh, that the lively glow of reſentment prevails over the ſuffuſion of a modeſt bluſh. Young, in few words, corrects their peccant habits by gentle alteratives, while POPE irritates them by ſtrong corroſives.

But a few inſtances, impartially ſelected, will beſt determine the propriety of theſe animadverſions.

The opening of this epiſtle, which is addreſſed to a Lady, has great merit. It begins thus, with graceful eaſe and pleaſantry.

" Nothing ſo true as what you once let fall,
" Moſt Women have no Characters at all."
" Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
" And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or
" fair.
" How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
" All how unlike each other, all how true!
" Arcadia's Counteſs, here, in ermin'd pride,
" Is there, Paſtora by a fountain ſide.
" Here Fannia, *leering* * on her own good
" man,
" And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.
" Let

* In this paſſage the poet meant to diſplay the contraſt between *Fannia* looking at her huſband in the attitude of a modeſt

" Let then the Fair one beautifully cry,
" In Magdalen's looſe hair and lifted eye,
" Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
" With ſimp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps
" divine;
" Whether the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
" If Folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.
" Come then, the colours and the ground
" prepare!
" Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
" Chuſe a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
" Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this
" minute."

Thus far the raillery is exquiſitely pleaſant; thus far is elegant and poetical. *Si ſic omnia!* But mark what follows, where the poet exemplifies this principle of female inconſiſtency in particular characters: and firſt in the affected and flatternly.

" Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the
" Park,
" Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
" Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
" As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty ſmock;

---

modeſt matron; and Fannia in the looſer poſture of an unattired wanton. By the uſe of the epithet *leering*, the poet marks the lubricity of Fannia; and as her *lubricity* would certainly betray itſelf while feigning conjugal affection, ſo the term *leering* has a peculiar beauty, though it ſeems, in ſome degree, to weaken the contraſt.

" Or

" Or Sappho at her toilet's greaſy taſk *,
" With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Maſk:
" So morning inſects that in muck begun,
" Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting ſun."

Theſe lines, it muſt be confeſſed, are ſtrongly ſatirical and witty. But are they not too harſh and inelegant for the occaſion? The true end of ſatire, is reformation. But was Sappho likely to become leſs a ſlattern, by being thus rudely reprehended, in terms as foul, as that part of her attire could be which gave the poet offence?

With reſpect to the ſimile of the morning inſect, the thought is not original; nor does it ſeem to be appropriated to illuſtrate the ſatire with that propriety for which our author was remarkable †.

There

---

* What would our poet have ſaid, had he lived to ſee the faſhion of our modern Belles, who nightly encircle their powdered curls with a ſilken net, and do not ſuffer a comb to diſcompoſe them, for——I dare not ſay how long.

† Young, it may be thought, perhaps, has ridiculed the affected and flatternly, with a ſofter pen.

Affectation he has thus expoſed:

" Here might I ſing of Memmia's mincing mien,
" And all the movements of the ſoft machine:
" How two red lips affected *Zephyrs* blow,
" To cool the Bohea, and inflame the Beau;
" While one white finger, and a thumb, conſpire
" To lift the cup, and make the world admire."

The

There is great beauty however and elegance in the following lines of Mr. POPE.

" Ladies, like variegated Tulips, ſhow;
" 'Tis to their Changes half their charms we
" owe;
" Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
" Their happy Spots the nice admirer take."

But in the following inſtance, his indignation ſeems to have prevailed over his delicacy.

" See Sin in State, majeſtically drunk;
" Proud as a Peereſs, prouder as a Punk;
" Chaſte to her Huſband, frank to all beſide,
" A teeming Miſtreſs, but a barren Bride.
" What then? let Blood and Body bear the
" fault,
" Her Head's untouch'd, that noble ſeat of
" Thought:
" Such this day's doctrine---in another fit
" She ſins with Poets thro' pure Love of Wit.
" What has not fir'd her boſom or her
" brain?
" Cæſar and Tall-boy; Charles and Charle-
" ma'ne."

The character of the flattern likewiſe is humorouſly deſcribed by Young, who ſhews great addreſs in the two concluding lines, where he poliſhes the edge of ſatire, by firſt paying a juſt compliment to the charms of the ſex.

" Women were made to give our eyes delight,
" A *female ſloven* is an odious ſight."

I am

I am free to own, that if the wit in theſe lines was much more brilliant than it is, yet it would not atone for the inelegance of this paſſage. One might be apt to ſuſpect that the poet was the partner of her ſin, and that he penned theſe lines, while he yet ſmarted with the proofs of her infidelity.

Our author however makes us amends in the character of the witty and refined lady.

" Wiſe Wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to
" pleaſe;
" With too much Spirit to be e'er at eaſe:
" With too much Quickneſs ever to be taught;
" With too much Thinking to have common
" Thought:
" You purchaſe Pain with all that Joy can
" give,
" And die of nothing but a Rage to live."

In theſe ſentiments, there is a peculiar ſprightlineſs, poignance and propriety. But the author, at this time, ſeems to have been ſo much out of temper with the fair ſex, that he cannot long keep within the bounds of decorum, which he again breaks through in the following lines.

" Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
" For true No-meaning puzzles more than
" Wit."

This is downright rudeneſs, without one ſpark of wit. More inſtances might be ſelected of harſh

harſh and indelicate ſatire in this epiſtle*; but as it is a much more pleaſing office to diſplay beauties, than to detect blemiſhes, let it ſuffice to have made theſe few ſacrifices to impartiality, and let us turn our eyes to the following exquiſite portrait of prudence without ſympathy.

" Yet Cloe ſure was form'd without a ſpot."--
" Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
" With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
" Say, what can Cloe want?---She wants a
" Heart.
" She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts juſt as ſhe
" ought;
" But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous
" Thought.
" Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
" Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
" So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
" As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
" She, while her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
" Can mark the figures on an Indian cheſt:
" Or when ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
" Obſerves how much a Chintz exceeds Mo-
" hair."

---

* We here and there too meet with inſtances of faulty verſification. For inſtance, ſpeaking of the difficulty of female inconſiſtencies, he ſays——

" — How ſhould equal colours *do the knack?*
" Cameleons who can paint in white and black?"

The ſimile here is extremely juſt and beautiful: but the phraſe of *do the knack* is low, and unworthy the pen of ſo great a genius.

This

This is inimitably characteriſtical. This is penned with the true eaſe and ſpirit of polite ſatire. This is, *ridentem dicere verum.*

Our author proceeds with great accuracy to remark, that though the particular characters of women are, as he has ſhewn, more various than that of men, yet the general characteriſtic of the ſofter ſex is more uniform, as to the *ruling paſſion.*

" In Men, we various Ruling Paſſions find;
" In Women, two almoſt divide the kind;
" Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
" The Love of Pleaſure, and the Love of
" Sway."

Hence, his friend and commentator obſerves with his wonted acuteneſs, we ſee the perpetual neceſſity that women lie under of diſguiſing their ruling paſſion, which is not the caſe in men. Now the variety of arts employed to this purpoſe, muſt needs draw them into infinite contradictions, even in thoſe actions from whence their general and obvious character is denominated.

Having eſtabliſhed theſe, as the two *ruling* paſſions in the ſex, the poet goes on to ſhew how unſucceſsful they are in the purſuit of theſe objects of their deſires, which he finely illuſtrates: firſt, as to *Power*—Having obſerved, in the preceding line, that every lady would be queen for life, he adds——

" Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
" Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the
" means:
" In Youth they conquer, with ſo wild a rage,
" As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their Age:
" For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
" No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
" But Wiſdom's triumph is well-tim'd Re-
" treat,
" As hard a ſcience to the Fair as Great!
" Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendleſs
" grown,
" Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone,
" Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
" Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they
" die."

Good ſenſe, ſtrong ſatire, and fine poetry are happily combined in this paſſage: there is great merit likewiſe in the following ſimile, which illuſtrates the miſerable fate which attends the ſex in their unſucceſsful purſuit of *Pleaſure*.

" Pleaſures the ſex, as children Birds, purſue,
" Still out of reach, but never out of view;
" Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the Toy at
" moſt,
" To covet flying, and regret when loſt *."

Mr.

* Beautiful, however, as this ſimile is, impartiality obliges me to own that I give the preference to Dr. Young's on the ſame ſubject, which he thus illuſtrates—

" Pleaſures

Mr. Pope having expoſed the fruitleſs purſuit of the two ruling paſſions which govern the ſex, breaks out into the following pathetic lamentation, which is infinitely affecting.

" See how the World its Veterans rewards!
" A Youth of Frolics, an old Age of Cards;
" Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
" Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
" A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
" Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!"

Alas! there is not a public aſſembly, or a private rout, but what affords too many melancholy examples of this moving and incomparable deſcription.

The poet, towards the concluſion of the eſſay, turns from the ſeverity of ſatire, to friendly admonition, in the following beautiful apoſtrophe.

" Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain deſign;
" *To raiſe the Thought, and touch the Heart*
" *be thine!*

" Pleaſures are few, and fewer we enjoy,
" Pleaſure, like *quick-ſilver*, is *bright* and *coy:*
" We ſtrive to graſp it, with our utmoſt ſkill,
" Still it *eludes us*, and it *glitters* ſtill;
" If ſeiz'd at laſt, compute your mighty gains,
" What is it, but rank poiſon in your veins?"

This ſimile is finely conceived, and every word is happily choſen to ſuſtain the compariſon, which moſt aptly illuſtrates the fugacious nature of pleaſure, our vain efforts to ſeize it, and its baneful effects, when ſeized.

" That

" That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
" Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
" So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
" All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light,
" Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
" And unobſerv'd the glaring Orb declines."

Nothing can be more poetical than this imagery, nor more artfully conducted. Every epithet is nicely appropriated to heighten the figure, and embelliſh the verſe *.

---

* Though nothing can be more delightful to the imagination, than the above paſſage in Mr. POPE, yet the following lines of Dr. Young's, perhaps, will be thought to approach nearer to the heart.

" Ah! why ſo vain, tho' blooming in thy ſpring,
" Thou *ſhining*, *frail*, *ador'd*, and *wretched* thing!
" Old age *will* come, diſeaſe *may* come before,
" *Fifteen* is full as mortal as *threeſcore*.
" Thy fortune and thy charms may ſoon decay;
" But grant theſe *fugitives* prolong their ſtay,
" Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes,
" Life that ſupports them, in a moment breaks;
" Then *wrought* into the ſoul let virtue ſhine,
" The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine."

The reader will obſerve, that there is the ſame moral turn of ſentiment, and that in fact the ſame *precept* is inculcated in both. But in Mr. POPE, the ſplendor of the imagery ſo dazzles the imagination, that it diverts the precept from the heart.

This

This paſſage, however, leads me to mark one general objection to this eſſay of Mr. POPE's, which is, that though he ſtrongly ſatirizes the foibles and follies of the ſofter ſex, yet he ſcarce ever relaxes the ſeverity of ſatire, by interſperſing moral precepts, which may teach them to avoid or amend what is reprehenſible. There is but one ſingle line in the whole eſſay, in which he has offered any thing like *advice* to the fair, and that ſtands diſtinguiſhed above in Italics.

Young, on the other hand, occaſionally ſoftens the aſperity of ſatire, and appears in the more amiable character of a friend and monitor. How moral, how tender, and perſuaſive is the concluſion of the fifth ſatire, where he directs the fair *whom*, and *how*, they ſhould ſtudy to charm.

" Then pleaſe the *beſt*: and know, for men of
" ſenſe
" Your ſtrongeſt charms, are native innocence.
" *Arts* on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
" Fright him, that's worth your love, from
" your embrace.
" In ſimple manners all the ſecret lies,
" Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bleſt and
" wiſe.
" Vain ſhow, and noiſe, intoxicate the brain,
" Begin with giddineſs, and end in pain.
" Affect not empty Fame, and idle praiſe,
" Which, all thoſe wretches I deſcribe, betrays;
" Your ſex's glory 'tis to ſhine unknown,
" Of all applauſe, be fondeſt of your own.

" Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirſt
" With which this age is eminently curſt.
" To drink of pleaſure but inflames deſire,
" And abſtinence alone can quench the fire:
" Take pain from life, and terror from the
" tomb,
" Give peace in hand, and promiſe bliſs to
" come."

How exquiſitely chaſte is Young's idea of female modeſty!

" *Naked* in nothing ſhould a woman be,
" But veil *her very wit* with *Modeſty*;
" Let man *diſcover*, let not her *diſplay*,
" But yield her *charms of mind* with ſweet
" delay."

With what propriety and delicacy does he define female beauty, and explain the cauſe of thoſe powerful and laſting impreſſions, which we receive from forms in which there is no ſtrong degree of external attraction!

" What's female beauty, but an air divine
" Through which the mind's all-gentle graces
" ſhine?
" They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
" The body charms, becauſe the ſoul is ſeen.
" Hence, men are often captives of a face,
" They know not why, of no peculiar grace;
" Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man
" can bear;
" Some, none reſiſt, tho' not exceeding fair."

In

In ſhort, Young, as I have premiſed, though by no means equal to Mr. Pope in the various eſſentials of a fine poet, ſeems, nevertheleſs, in theſe particular points of compariſon, to be more maſter of that eaſy pleaſant raillery, and of that urbanity and tenderneſs, which ſo ſoft a ſubject ſeems peculiarly to demand *.

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* Mr. Pope's ſentiments of Dr. Young, as expreſſed to his friend the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, may not be unentertaining to the Reader.

Mr. Pope thought Dr. Young had much of a ſublime genius, though without common ſenſe; ſo that his genius, having no guide, was perpetually liable to degenerate into bombaſt. This made him paſs a fooliſh youth, the ſport of peers and poets. But his having a very good heart, enabled him to ſupport the clerical character when he aſſumed it, firſt with decency, and afterward with honour.

The want of reaſonable ideas in this ingenious writer, ſo pregnant with imagination, occaſioned the ſame abſence and diſtraction in company, which has frequently been obſerved to befal philoſophic men, through the abundance of theirs. But his abſence being on that account attended with much abſurdity, it was not only excuſed, but enjoyed. He gave, throughout his life, many wonderful examples of this turn, or rather debility, of mind; of which, one will ſuffice. When he had determined to go into orders, he addreſſed himſelf, like an honeſt man, for the beſt directions in the ſtudy of theology. But to whom did he apply? It may, perhaps, be thought, to Sherlock or Atterbury; to Burnet or Hare. No! to Mr. Pope: who, in a youthful frolic, recommended Thomas Aquinas to him. With this treaſure he retired, in order to be free from interruption, to an obſcure place in the ſuburbs. His director hearing no more of him in ſix months, and apprehending he might have carried the jeſt too far, ſought after him, and found him out juſt in time to prevent an irretrievable derangement.

Mr. POPE, every now and then, loſes ſight of Horace's precept——

"*Ne ſcutica dignum, horribili ſectere flagello.*"

In truth, his ſatires in general are liable to this objection: as was kindly intimated to him by his benevolent friend Arbuthnot, who adviſed him rather to ſtudy to reform, than to chaſtiſe.

But when female characters are the objects of ſatire, ſuch ſeverity is particularly reprehenſible. It betrays not only a want of good breeding, but of good policy. It is our intereſt to ſhade the defects of the ſofter ſex, the better to conceal our own; for ſince we are all, in ſome degree, under the influence of their attractions, the more we depreciate them, the lower we degrade ourſelves.

The two remaining Epiſtles on the *Uſe of Riches*, are members of the large deſign above deſcribed. The extremes of avarice and profuſion in general, are treated of in the firſt epiſtle; the latter being confined to one particular branch of profuſion, namely, the vanity of expence in people of wealth and condition: It is therefore a corollary to the preceding, in the ſame manner as the Epiſtle on the *Characters of Women*, is to that of the *Knowledge and Characters of Men*.

Nevertheleſs, theſe epiſtles were not publiſhed in the order in which they ſtand in the octavo edition,

edition, and which indeed the nature of the ſubject requires, the latter having been penned and made public before the former, on an occaſion which will be explained hereafter.

The firſt of theſe epiſtles is penned with great eaſe and vivacity. Mr. POPE, nevertheleſs, ſomewhere ſays, that it coſt him a great deal of labour and attention; and he has been heard to declare, in private converſation, that what he wrote faſteſt, always pleaſed moſt *.

This epiſtle, therefore, having been *laboured* into *eaſe*, may be among the reaſons why it is not ſo pleaſing, at leaſt to the writer of theſe ſheets, as thoſe which precede it.

It is true, we meet with many ſallies of keen wit, and ſtrokes of fine poetry in it; but they are more thinly ſcattered than in the foregoing eſſays. At the ſame time, it would be difficult to point out any glaring blemiſhes: in ſhort, compared with *his* other works, it has, ſome few inimitable paſſages excepted, too much of the *mediocre* in it: and it muſt neceſſarily pleaſe leſs now than at the time of its firſt publication, as moſt of the facts and characters recorded in it, and which then made it intereſting, have been long ſince forgotten.

* An inſtance of which he gave, not only in the Rape of the Lock, but in the Poem on the Characters of Women, juſt now ſpoken of; which he wrote at once in a heat, not of malice or reſentment, but of pure, though ſtrong, poetical fire: And, indeed, notwithſtanding the objections above made to it, it well deſerved the diſtinguiſhed reception it met with.

Nevertheleſs, there is great merit in the following lines of this epiſtle, which is by way of dialogue between our Poet and Lord Bathurſt †, to whom it is addreſſed, wherein our author ſhews, by a witty tranſpoſition, that the utmoſt which wealth can beſtow is but the power of diverſifying the three neceſſaries of life into various modes of luxury.

" P. What Riches give us let us then en-
" quire:
" Meat, Fire, and Clothes. B. What more?
" P. Meat, Clothes, and Fire.
" Is this too little? would you more than live?
" Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
" Alas! 'tis more than (all his Viſions paſt)
" Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
" What can they give? to dying Hopkins,
" Heirs;
" To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Noſe and Ears?
" Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
" In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below?*

The images likewiſe by which the poet illuſtrates the extremes of parſimony and prodigality, are extremely beautiful and poetical.

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† This nobleman, who has ever been a friend to men of learning and genius, diſtinguiſhed Mr. POPE above all others, and aſſociated with him on the footing of particular intimacy.

* The lines which follow, concerning *Narſes*, are indecent and filthy. It is degrading genius to adopt illuſtrations which are obvious to a link-boy.

" Riches,

" Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
" Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
" Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his
" store,
" Sees but a backward steward for the Poor;
" This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare;
" The next, a Fountain, spouting through his
" Heir,
" In lavish streams to quench a Country's
" thirst,
" And men and dogs shall drink him till
" they burst."

But the following exemplification of the extreme of parsimony, in the character of *Cotta*, is as striking as any perhaps that our poet ever delineated.

" Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
" Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
" What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
" His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot?
" His court with nettles, moats with cresses
" stor'd,
" With soups unbought and sallads bless'd
" his board?
" If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
" Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
" To cram the Rich was prodigal expence,
" And who would take the Poor from Provi-
" dence?
" Like some lone Chartreux stands the good
" old hall,
" Silence without, and fasts within the wall;

" No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor
" ſound,
" No noon-tide bell invites the country round:
" Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs tow'rs
" ſurvey,
" And turn th' unwilling ſteeds another way:
" Benighted wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
" Curs'd the ſav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
" While the gaunt maſtiff, growling at the
" gate,
" Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat."

This paſſage affords inſtances of various beauties. In the firſt ten lines there is a great deal of ſprightly raillery, pleaſant irony, and ſarcaſtic wit. Thoſe which immediately follow are beautifully deſcriptive, they are perfectly pictureſque.

The other extreme of prodigality, exemplified in the character of his ſon, is not inferior.

The poet then proceeds to point out the *true uſe* of riches in the following beautiful lines.

" To Worth or Want well weigh'd, be Bounty
" giv'n,
" And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;
" (Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human
" race)
" Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.
" Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diſ-
" fus'd;
" As Poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:

" In

" In heaps, like Ambergris, a ſtink it lies,
" But well diſpers'd, is Incenſe to the Skies."

Theſe figures admirably illuſtrate the precept which the poet here inculcates; and which is likewiſe happily exemplied in the portrait of the *Man of Roſs*. Benevolence is there painted in a moſt amiable light *. Few, however, are unacquainted with this picture; let us therefore turn to the noble apoſtrophe which follows.

The poet having obſerved that the fund for the diffuſive bounty which the Man of Roſs diſplayed, was but five hundred pounds a year; thus breaks forth——

" Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, with-
" draw your blaze!
" Ye little Stars! hide your diminiſh'd
" rays."

Lord B. then, by way of ſurpriſe, makes the following interrogations.

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* As a proof of the pleaſure which our author ſincerely felt in painting virtue, hear what he ſays in one of his letters to Mr. Bethel.

" I have been ſo pleaſed when I meet with a good example
" or character (as it is a curioſity now) that I have ſent ex-
" preſs enquiries after the particulars, to be exact in the
" celebration of it; and with great contentment find, that
" what I write of the good works of the Man of Roſs, is to
" a tittle true."

" B.

" B. And what? no monument, inſcription,
" ſtone?
" His race, his form, his name almoſt un-
" known?"

To which the poet replies:

" P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to
" Fame,
" Will never mark the marble with his Name:
" Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and
" die,
" Of rich and poor, makes all the hiſtory;
" Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
" Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
" When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights at-
" tend
" The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's
" end:
" Should'ring God's altar, a vile image ſtands,
" Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
" That live-long wig, which Gorgon's ſelf
" might own,
" Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
" Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!
" And ſee, what comfort it affords our end!"

Strong ſatire, ſound morality, and poignant ridicule, here charm us alternately.

The obſervant reader muſt have remarked many inſtances of the happy addreſs with which our poet glides into method, as it were unperceived, without the affectation of order. Here the

the two concluding lines prepare us for one of the moſt highly finiſhed and ſtriking deſcriptions, of any perhaps in our poet's works.

Having ſhewn, in the inſtance of *Cotta* and his ſon, that riches can afford no real happineſs in life, he proceeds to ſhew that they can ſecure us no comfort at our end. This he exemplifies in the character of Villers, who having been poſſeſſed of fifty thouſand pounds a year, and filled many of the higheſt poſts in the kingdom, at length died wretchedly in a remote inn in Yorkſhire; which the poet thus finely deſcribes.

" In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-
" hung,
" With floor of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
" On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
" With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to
" draw,
" The George and Garter dangling from that
" bed
" Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
" Great Villers lies---Alas! how chang'd from
" him,
" That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
" Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
" The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love;
" Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
" Of mimick ſtateſmen, and their merry King.
" No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
" No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
" There,

"There, Victor of his health, of fortune,
"friends,
"And fame; this lord of uſeleſs thouſands
"ends."

With what happy ſkill has the poet heightened the diſtreſs of this Lord's miſerable end, by the glaring contraſt of his former ſplendor! How ſenſibly we feel the depth of his miſery, when our imagination compares the proud Alcove of Cliveden, the Bower of love; with the poor flock bed repaired with ſtraw, and all the ſcanty wretched apparatus with which the poet has furniſhed it. But the beauty of deſcription, is not the only merit of this paſſage.

The poet, having ſhewn that wealth, abuſed, in either extreme of avarice or profuſion, can afford no enjoyment to the poſſeſſor, he goes on farther to ſhew that it becomes a curſe, which is the moral of the poem, and is finely illuſtrated in the admirable fable of Sir Balaam, which is too publickly known and admired, to require any critical animadverſion.

The next epiſtle on the *uſe of riches*, addreſſed to Lord Burlington, treats, as has been intimated, of one branch of profuſion only, which is the vanity of expence in perſons of fortune and rank.

This abounds with beauties, and in an eaſy pleaſant vein of exquiſite ridicule expoſes the prepoſterous modes of wrong taſte.

"For

" For what has Virro painted, built, and
" planted?
" Only to ſhow, how many Taſtes he wanted.
" What brought Sir Viſto's ill got wealth to
" waſte?
" Some Demon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a
" Taſte."
" Heav'n viſits with a taſte the wealthy fool,
" And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule."

The poet then, after paying a compliment to Lord Burlington, who was at that time publiſhing the deſigns of Inigo Jones, and of the modern ornaments of Italy, proceeds to rally the abſurdities which reſult from injudicious and awkward imitation.

" Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble
" rules
" Fill half the land with Imitating-Fools;
" Who random drawings from your ſheets
" ſhall take,
" And of one beauty many blunders make;
" Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric
" ſtate,
" Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate;
" Reverſe your Ornaments; and hang them all
" On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of
" wall;
" Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
" That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a Front.
" Shall call the winds through long arcades
" to roar,
" Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
" Con-

" Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
" And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of
" art."

There is a great deal of true wit and pleaſantry in theſe lines. But the poet having thus pleaſantly and ſarcaſtically ridiculed falſe taſte, proceeds to ſhew wherein *true taſte* conſiſts: and firſt, he obſerves that *good ſenſe* is the foundation of *true taſte*, whoſe office it is to embelliſh nature with ſuitable ornaments.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

" In all, let Nature never be forgot,
" But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
" Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
" Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
" Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
" He gains all points, who pleaſingly con-
" founds,
" Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds."

There is great delicacy in this illuſtration of the modeſt fair *: and the following perſonification of Genius is highly poetical.

---

* It is much to be wiſhed that our lovely Belles were convinced of the utility of this precept, not to *over-dreſs*. The juſt obſervance of it, would greatly improve their charms; as there are few, who do not, in ſome degree, diſfigure themſelves by a ſuperfluity of ill-aſſorted ornaments. A certain degree of plainneſs and ſimplicity, gives us an idea of innocence and modeſty; and theſe ſofter charms, whatever women may think, are much more inviting than all the decorations of dreſs, or graces of coquetry.

" Con-

" Conſult the *Genius* of the Place in all;
" *That* tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall;
" Or helps th' ambitious Hill the Heav'ns to
" ſcale,
" Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale;
" Calls in the Country, catches op'ning
" Glades,
" Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from
" Shades;
" Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending
" Lines;
" Paints as you plant, and, as you work,
" deſigns."

The poet diſplays admirable ſkill in the management of theſe bold figures, which are as chaſte and correct, as they are ſublime and beautiful. What a noble and delightful deſign has he here depictured! And with what maſtery of language is every epithet happily ſelected gradually to raiſe, and finally to perfect, the repreſentation of this enchanting ſcene!

How unlike to this, is *Timon*'s idea of magnificence, which diſplays neither ſenſe nor taſte, and which is admirably ridiculed in the following inimitable deſcription.

" At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
" Where all cry out, " What ſums are
" thrown away!"
" So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
" Soft and Agreeable come never there.
" Great-

" Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a
" draught
" As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
" To compaſs this, his building is a Town,
" His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
" Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he
" ſees,
" A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze!
" Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
" The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.
" Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
" Improves the keenneſs of the Northern
" wind.
" His Gardens next your admiration call,
" On every ſide you look, behold the Wall!
" No pleaſing intricacies intervene,
" No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
" Grove nods at Grove, each Alley has a
" brother,
" And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
" The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
" Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
" With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
" And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no
" ſhade;
" Here Amphitrite ſails through myrtle bow'rs;
" There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
" Unwater'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
" And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty Urn."

The ſhafts of ridicule perhaps never bore a ſharper point than in the foregoing deſcription, which is ſo incomparably fine and ſtriking, that

it

it is no wonder it raiſed the reſentment which, we ſhall preſently ſee, it excited. It is obſervable likewiſe, with what happy dexterity the poet, in expoſing the abſurdities of falſe taſte, has negatively preſcribed the rules of true taſte.

Timon's ſtudy, his furniture, his loaded table, his aukward hoſpitality, next become the objects of keen raillery: but to ſelect all the beauties of this piece, would be to tranſcribe the poem, which he concludes with a compliment to his two noble friends, who ſet examples of magnificence in planting and building, where both ſenſe and taſte concur.

"Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the
"Soil?
"Who plants like *Bathurſt* *, or who builds
"like *Boyle*."

There is one admirable beauty in the concluſion of this poem which muſt not be omitted, where the poet, in theſe two beautiful

---

* The beautiful plantations at this nobleman's eſtate at *Cirencester* have indeed graced the ſoil, which of itſelf is far from being the moſt inviting. It is remarkable that his Lordſhip, as I have been well aſſured, began theſe plantations, in which he has diſplayed ſuch an elegance of taſte, after he had reached his fortieth year; and he has had the rare felicity not only of living to ſee them in a ſtate of perfection, but of preſerving ſuch a degree of health and vigour, as enable him to enjoy the delightful ſcenes he may be ſaid to have created. In his early days, he not only figured in the political world, but he was the delight of every ſocial circle: And even now, at an age to which few advance, he ſtill retains that chearfulneſs and urbanity which at once refine and enliven converſation.

lines, gives a short summary of his precepts for true taste.

" 'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expence,
" And Splendor borrows all her rays from
" Sense."

How just the thought! How poetical the expression! This is to attain the true end of poetry; for at the same time that it convinces the judgment, it charms the imagination.

The character of Timon, as might well have been expected, raised a violent outcry * against the poet, on a supposition that his satire was pointed at a noble Duke, who was, in fact, more distinguished by his magnificence, than his elegance.

It was impossible for our poet to prove the innocence of his intention, which rested only in his own mind. But every thing was done to palliate the matter, and, as far as possible, to remove the imputation.

This essay, however, was so well received by the public, that in a short time, it passed into a third edition. On the publication of it, our author addressed a letter to Lord Burlington, wherein he takes notice that the clamour raised about his epistle, could not give him so much

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* It was after the violent outcry against our author on this occasion, that the first Epistle on the use of Riches, was written.

pain, as he received pleaſure in ſeeing the general zeal of the world in the cauſe of a great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of his noble friend in that of a private man who was innocent.

" It was not the poem," ſays he, " that de-
" ſerved this from you, for as I had the honour
" to be your friend, I would not treat you quite
" like a poet: but ſure the writer deſerved more
" candor even from thoſe who knew him not,
" than to promote a report which in regard to
" that noble perſon, was impertinent, in regard
" to me, villainous. Yet I had no great cauſe to
" wonder, that a character belonging to twenty
" ſhould be applied to one, ſince, by that means,
" nineteen would eſcape the ridicule. I was too
" well content with my knowledge of that noble
" perſon's opinion in this affair to trouble the
" public about it.

" Since malice and miſtake," he continues,
" are ſo long dying, I have taken the oppor-
" tunity of a third edition, to declare his be-
" lief, not only of my innocence, but of their
" malignity; of the former of which my own
" heart is as conſcious, as I fear ſome of theirs
" muſt be of the latter. His humanity feels a
" concern for the injury done to me, while his
" greatneſs of mind can bear with indifference
" the inſult offered to himſelf."

Towards the concluſion he adds, —— " I have
" learned there are ſome who would rather be

" wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may
" be ſafer to attack vices than follies. I will
" therefore leave my betters in the quiet poſſeſ-
" ſion of their idols, their groves, and their
" high places; and change my ſubject from
" their pride to their meanneſs, from their vani-
" ties to their miſeries; and as the only way to
" avoid miſconſtructions, to leſſen offences, and
" not to multiply ill-natured applications, I
" may probably in my next, make uſe of real
" names, inſtead of fictitious ones."

In the third volume of his works, now under conſideration, there is a fifth epiſtle addreſſed to Mr. Addiſon, occaſioned by his Dialogues on Medals; and as the fourth epiſtle treated of one particular branch of profuſion, that is, the vanity of expence in people of fortune and condition, ſo this ridicules one branch of that vanity, which is diſplayed in the collection of old coins, and may therefore very properly be conſidered as a corollary to the fourth epiſtle. The extreme folly of the wrong directed Virtuoſo-Taſte for medals, is finely ridiculed in the following lines,

" With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
" Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
" This the blue varniſh, that the green en-
" dears,
" The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
" To gain Peſcennius one employs his
" ſchemes,
" One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams.

" Poor

" Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen de-
" vour'd,
" Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his *ſhield* was
" ſcour'd:
" And Curio, reſtleſs by the Fair One's ſide,
" Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride."

The pleaſant raillery of theſe lines is admirable, and is more likely to correct ſuch an abſurd and prepoſterous taſte, than a grave and formal reproof.

This was the laſt of our author's moral eſſays; and in one of his letters to Dean Swift, he accounts for his declining them.

" I am," ſays he, " almoſt at the end of
" my morals, as I have been long ago of my
" wit; my ſyſtem is a ſhort one, and my circle
" narrow. Imagination has no limits; that is
" a ſphere in which you may move on to eter-
" nity: but where one is confined to truth, or
" to ſpeak more like a human creature, to the
" appearances of truth, we ſoon find the ſhort-
" neſs of our tether."

Among the leſſer pieces in this volume, we muſt not omit taking notice of the little ode, intitled, *The dying Chriſtian to his Soul*, in imitation of the Emperor Adrian's; which is very poetical and ſublime, and much ſuperior to the original, wherein there is ſomething little and puerile.

The publication of the Ethic Epiſtles having raiſed a vaſt clamour againſt the author, he took

occaſion to anſwer the ſlanderers in ſome ſatires in imitation of Horace. He thought, as he tells us, that an anſwer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity than any he could have made in his own perſon; and the example of much greater freedom in ſo eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, ſeemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Chriſtian may treat vice or folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high, a ſtation.

Theſe ſatires are by no means equal in point of verſification to his other compoſitions *; but they abound in ſtrokes of wit and ſpirit. They are not, as his learned Commentator obſerves, a paraphraſe of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius and manner of writing. In many places, nevertheleſs, the imitation is ſuperior to the original. For inſtance, in the following paſſage from the imitation of the firſt Satire of the ſecond Book of Horace, addreſſed to Mr. Forteſcue †.

" *Nec*

* It muſt be conſidered, however, that as the originals were *ſermoni propriora*, the Poet would have tranſgreſſed every rule of imitation, had he given them all the force and harmony of his verſification. Nevertheleſs he could not forbear to do it on many occaſions.

† This eminent lawyer, who afterward became a judge, appears to have been among our author's moſt familiar and eſteemed friends. He was, though a lawyer, a man of ſome wit and fancy. The whimſical caſe of the pied Horſes, penned in ridicule of the old muſty Reports, was the joint compoſition of this gentleman and Mr. POPE. Our author frequently mentions him in his familiar correſpondence, in terms of the moſt cordial eſteem. In a letter to Mr. Allen, he ſays, — " You muſt aſſure judge Forteſcue of my friend-

" ſhip,

" *Nec quiſquam noceat, cupido mihi pacis! at*
" *ille,*
" *Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)*
" *Flebit, et inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.*"

Thus improved——

" Peace is my dear delight——not Fleury's more:
" But touch me, and no Miniſter ſo ſore.
" Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
" Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,
" Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
" And the ſad burden of ſome merry ſong."

There is a delicacy and pleaſantry in this apology for the ſeverity of his ſatire, which ſeems to excel the original: which is again ſurpaſſed, in point of ſpirit, in theſe lines.

" *Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;*
" *Canidia Albutî, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;*
" *Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes.*"

* * * * * * * * * * *

" ſhip, and admit him to yours; ſo juſtice and righteouſ-
" neſs will meet."

On other occaſions, ſpeaking of him to the ſame friend, he expreſſes himſelf ſomewhat jocularly:—" I have juſt ſeen
" Mr. Juſtice Forteſcue, who is very mindful of your kind
" diſtinction, and reckons the notice of a man of worth, no
" ſmall one. Every man bears reſpect to virtue, even a
" *lawyer* and a *courtier*. The wonder is, when an honeſt diſ-
" intereſted man, will deſcend to take notice of *them*, which
" really nothing but charity could make us do."

" Slander or Poiſon dread from Delia's rage,
" Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be
" Page.
" From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
" P--x'd by her love, or libell'd by her
" hate *."

It muſt be confeſſed, however, that the paſſages which follow, are, as the annotator has remarked, greatly below the original; and it may be added, much inferior to our author himſelf.

But our poet ſoon, however, towers above his original, and darts forth ſuch lively flaſhes of indignation, as could only proceed from the vigour of genius, warmed with the glow of virtue.

" What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the
" pen,
" Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty
" men;
" Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car,
" Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a
" Star;

* Theſe four lines gave great offence to two court Ladies, who deemed themſelves touched: and the Poet employed Lord Cobham to mediate with them, which he long attempted to no purpoſe. At length, however, he ſatisfied them both by this ingenious expedient, which was, that Mr. POPE, in the future editions, ſhould give the *p—xing* to *Delia*, and the *poiſoning* to *Sappho*.

" Can

" Can there be wanting, to defend Her cauſe,
" Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the
" Laws?
" Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt
" ſtrain
" Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
" Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r en-
" gage,
" Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
" And I not ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
" Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir, or
" ſlave?
" I will, or periſh in the gen'rous cauſe:
" Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the
" Laws.
" Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
" Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
" To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
" The World beſide may murmur, or com-
" mend.
" Know, all the diſtant din that world can keep,
" Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but ſooths my
" ſleep.
" There, my retreat the beſt Companions grace,
" Chiefs out of war, and Stateſmen out of
" place."

The conſcious pride likewiſe with which he ſpeaks of his familiarity with the great, is diſplayed with becoming ſpirit and dignity.

" Envy muſt own, I live among the Great,
" No Pimp of pleaſure, and no Spy of ſtate,
" With

" With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er
" repeats,
" Fond to ſpread friendſhips, and to cover
" heats;
" To help who want, to forward who excel;
" This all who know me, know; who love
" me, tell;
" And who unknown defame me, let them
" be
" Scriblers or Peers, alike are Mob to me."

This is, indeed, *ſumere ſuperbiam quaeſitam meritis!*

It is to be obſerved that Lord Harvey and Lady Mary ——— were ſuppoſed to have been deſcribed in this epiſtle, ſo characteriſtically, under the names of Lord *Fanny* and *Sappho*, that theſe two noble perſonages did not omit any means to gratify their reſentment.

The Lady, in particular, was, as may well be imagined, highly offended that the public ſhould apply the character of Sappho to her; and complained of the inſult to her acquaintance, and eſpecially to Lord Peterborough, whom ſhe would have engaged to expoſtulate with Mr. POPE, as we learn from the following letter which that nobleman addreſſed to her.

" MADAME,

" I was very unwilling to have my name made
" uſe of in an affair in which I have no concern,
" and

" and therefore would not engage myſelf to " ſpeak to Mr. POPE; but he coming to my " houſe the moment you went away, I gave " him as exact an account as I could of our " converſation.

" He ſaid to me, what I had taken the liberty " to ſay to you, that he wondered how the town " would apply theſe lines to any but ſome noted " common woman; that he ſhould yet be more " ſurprized, if you ſhould take them to your- " ſelf. He named to me four remarkable " poeteſſes and ſcriblers, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. " Haywood, Mrs. Manly and Mrs. Ben, ladies " famous indeed in their generation, and ſome " of them eſteemed to have given very unfor- " tunate favours to their friends, aſſuring me " that ſuch only were the objects of his ſatire.

" I hope this aſſurance will prevent your fur- " ther miſtake, and any conſequences upon ſo " odd a ſubject. I have nothing more to add.

" Your Ladyſhip's *

" Moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

" PETERBOROUGH."

Nor

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* Mr. POPE, in a letter to Mr. Bethel, then in Italy, ſpeaks of this Lady with a great deal of jocularity.

" You mention," ſays he, " the fame of my old acquain- " tance, Lady *Mary*, as ſpread over Italy. Neither you " delight

Nor was his Lordſhip leſs offended. In ſhort, the two noble perſonages, not only returned the attack with their pens *, but exerted all their influence among the nobility, and even with the King and Queen, to do him prejudice: This laſt attempt was what moſt affected our poet, and of which he expreſſed the higheſt indignation, in the following letter to the noble Lord; which, as it is ſaid, was ſhewn to her Majeſty as ſoon as it was finiſhed.

" I beſeech your Lordſhip to conſider the injury " a man of your high rank and credit may do " to a private perſon, under penal laws and " many other diſadvantages, not for want of " honeſty or conſcience, but merely, perhaps, " for having *too weak a head, or too tender a* " *heart*. It is by theſe alone I have hitherto " lived excluded from all poſts of profit or truſt: " As I can interfere with the views of no man, " do not deny me, my Lord, all that is left; a " little praiſe, or the common encouragement " due, if not to my genius, at leaſt to my " induſtry.

" delight in telling, nor I in hearing, the particulars which " acquire ſuch a reputation; yet, I wiſh you had juſt told " me, if the character be more avaritious, or amatory? " And which paſſion has got the better at laſt."

* They publiſhed a poem, long ſince forgotten, called Verſes addreſſed to the Imitator of Horace: in which they betrayed the utmoſt rage of reſentment, and rancour of ſcurrility. It was a fine picture of malice, checked by impotence; and fury, choaked by phlegm.

" Above

" Above all, your Lordſhip will be careful " not to wrong my moral character, with thoſe " under whoſe protection I live; and through " whoſe lenity alone I can live with comfort. " Your Lordſhip, I am confident, upon conſide- " ration, will think you inadvertently went a " little too far, when you recommended to their " peruſal, and ſtrengthened by the weight of " your approbation, a libel, mean in its reflec- " tions upon my poor figure, and ſcandalous in " thoſe on my honour and integrity; wherein " I was repreſented as an enemy to the human " race, a murderer of reputations, a monſter " marked by God like Cain, deſerving to wan- " der accurſed through the world.——A ſtrange " picture of a man, who had the good fortune " to enjoy many friends, who will always be " remembered as the firſt ornaments of their " age and country, and no enemies that ever " contrived to be heard of, except Mr. John " Dennis and your Lordſhip. A man who " never wrote a line, in which the religion or " government of his country, the royal family, " or their miniſtry, were diſreſpectfully men- " tioned; the animoſity of any one party gra- " tified at the expence of another; nor any " cenſure paſt, but upon known vices, acknow- " ledged folly, or aggreſſing impertinence. It is " with infinite pleaſure he finds, that ſome, " who ſeem aſhamed and afraid of nothing elſe, " are ſo very ſenſible of this ridicule; and 'tis " for that very reaſon, he reſolves, by the grace " of God, and your Lordſhip's good leave,

" That

" That while he breathes, no rich or noble
" knave
" Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.

" This he thinks is rendering the beſt ſervice " he can to the public, and even to the good " government of his fellow-creatures. For this, " at leaſt, he may deſerve ſome commendations " from the greateſt perſons in it. Your Lord- " ſhip knows of whom I ſpeak————their " names I ſhould be as ſorry, and as much " aſhamed to place near your's on ſuch an occa- " ſion, as I ſhould to ſee you, my Lord, placed " ſo near their perſons, if you could ever make " ſo ill an uſe of their ear, as to aſperſe or miſ- " repreſent an innocent man."

POPE did not think proper to print this letter, nor yet, what is more remarkable, to communicate it to his friend Swift, to whom he excuſed himſelf in a letter, ſent with his fourth Eſſay on Man, and his Epiſtle to Lord Cobham.

" There is a woman's war, ſays he, declared " againſt me by a certain Lord; his weapons " are the ſame which women and children uſe, " a pin to ſcratch, and a ſquirt to beſpatter. I " writ a ſort of anſwer, but was aſhamed to " enter the liſts with him, and after ſhewing it " to ſome people, ſuppreſſed it; otherwiſe it " was ſuch, as was worthy of him, and worthy " of me." He had before given that friend an account of this affair, and of his own conduct in it as follows: " That I am an author whoſe characters

" are

" are thought of ſome weight, appears from " the great noiſe and buſtle, that the court and " town make about me. I deſire your opinion " as to Lady ——'s and Lord ——'s perfor- " mance. They are certainly the top wits of " the court, and you may judge by that ſingle " piece, what can be done againſt me, for it " was laboured, corrected, pre-commended, and " at laſt diſapproved, ſo far as to be diſowned by " themſelves, after each had highly cried it up " for the other's. I have met with ſome com- " plaints, and heard at a diſtance of ſome threats " occaſioned by my verſes. I ſent fair meſſages " to acquaint them where I was to be found in " town, and to offer to call at their houſes to " ſatisfy them; and ſo it dropped. It is very " poor in any one to rail and threaten at a diſ- " tance, and have nothing to ſay to you when " they ſee you."

To this he received a very pleaſant and friendly anſwer, entirely in the character of the facetious Dean: who ſays,—— " Give me a ſhilling, and " I will inſure you that poſterity ſhall never " know one ſingle enemy, excepting thoſe " whoſe memory you have preſerved."

Our poet, however, was not intimidated by the clamours againſt him, nor diſcouraged by his friends anxiety for his ſafety; as appears by his letter to his friend Dr. Arbuthnot, wherein he makes an apology for the ſeverity of his ſatire, on account of which, the Doctor, as has before

before been intimated, had gently reprehended him.

" What you recommend to me with the " ſolemnity of a laſt requeſt, ſhall have its due " weight with me. That diſdain and indigna- " tion againſt vice, is (I thank God) the only " diſdain and indignation I have: It is ſincere, " and it will be a laſting one. But ſure it is as " impoſſible to have a juſt abhorrence of vice, " without hating the vicious, as to bear a true " love for virtue, without loving the good. " To reform and not to chaſtiſe, I am afraid is " impoſſible; and that the beſt precepts, as well " as the beſt laws, would prove of ſmall uſe, " if there were no examples to enforce them. " To attack vices in the abſtract, without " touching perſons, may be ſafe fighting indeed, " but it is fighting with ſhadows.

" As to your kind concern for my ſafety, I " can gueſs what occaſions it at this time. " Some characters I have drawn are ſuch, that " if there be any who deſerve them, 'tis evi- " dently a ſervice to mankind to point thoſe " men out; yet ſuch as, if all the world gave " them, none, I think, will own they take to " themſelves. But if they ſhould, thoſe of " whom all the world think in ſuch a manner, " muſt be men I cannot fear . . . . . I will " conſult my ſafety ſo far as becomes a prudent " man; but not ſo far as to omit any thing " which I think becomes an honeſt one."

Having

Having thus juſtified his ſatire on the principles of reaſon, he farther proceeds to juſtify it by the ſanction of example.

" It is certain, much freer ſatiriſts than I, " have enjoyed the encouragement and protec- " tion of the princes under whom they lived. " Auguſtus and Maecenas made Horace their " companion, though he had been in arms on " the ſide of Brutus; and, allow me to remark, " it was out of the ſuffering party too, that " they favoured and diſtinguiſhed Virgil. " You will not ſuſpect me of comparing myſelf " with Virgil and Horace, nor even with " another court-favourite, Boileau. I have " always been too modeſt to imagine my pane- " gyrics were incenſe worthy of a court; and " that, I hope, will be thought the true reaſon " why I never offered any. I would only have " obſerved, that it was under the greateſt " princes and beſt miniſters, that moral ſatiriſts " were moſt encouraged; and that then poets " exerciſed the ſame juriſdiction over the follies, " as hiſtorians did over the vices of men. It " may alſo be worth conſidering, whether " Auguſtus himſelf makes the greater figure, " in the writings of the former, or of the latter? " And whether Nero or Domitian do not appear " as ridiculous for their falſe taſte and affecta- " tion, in Perſius and Juvenal, as odious for " their bad government in Tacitus and Sueto- " nius? In the firſt of theſe reigns it was, " that Horace was protected and careſſed; and

" in the latter, that Lucan was put to death, " and Juvenal baniſhed."

Our poet, accordingly, perſiſted in indulging his ſatirical vein. His ſecond ſatire is in ridicule of gluttony; and is full of thoſe ſprightly turns of thought, and that pleaſant raillery, which common readers ſooneſt commit to memory. On a ſubject of this trivial nature however, we are not to expect many of thoſe beautiful inſtances of fine poetry, which command the attention of the more elegant and refined. Nevertheleſs, there is one paſſage which ſtands diſtinguiſhed above the reſt, both by the beauty of the ſentiment, and of the expreſſion.

Lord Fanny pleading a prerogative to high taſte, as ſuitable to his exalted rank and unwieldy fortune, the poet replies:

" Then, like the Sun, let Bounty ſpread her
" ray,
" And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
" Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
" How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?"

This generous and benevolent ſentiment is expreſſed with that warmth and ſenſibility, that it ſeizes the heart at once.

Our poet's *Epiſtles* in Imitation of Horace, remain next to be conſidered. In theſe, with ſome few exceptions, he has copied all the eaſe and

and vivacity of the original; and frequently riſes above it, by a force and dignity of ſentiment and expreſſion, peculiar to himſelf. In a word, they are ſo exquiſitely performed, that by the beſt judges, the *Imitation* has been held inimitable, and the copy an original. It is very certain he was the firſt that ſtruck out this *manner*, and perhaps may be the laſt that will ſucceed in it. It had the greateſt run of all his works, and was executed with the moſt eaſe and rapidity.

In the following inſtance, however, in his Imitation of Horace's firſt Epiſtle, the original ſeems to have the preference.

" *Nunc itaque et verſus, et caetera ludicra*
" *pono:*
" *Quid verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et*
" *omnis in hoc ſum.*"

* * * * * * * * * *

" Farewel then Verſe, and Love, and ev'ry Joy,
" The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
" What right, what true, what fit we juſtly
" call,
" Let this be all my care---for this is All."

In the Engliſh the third line is altogether flat and forceleſs, and there does not ſeem to be the ſimplicity and elegance which conſtitutes the beauty of the Latin. The verbs *curo* and *rogo* expreſs a ſtrong anxiety and ſolicitude of inquiry concerning the *verum atque decens*, which does

not ſtrike us in the imitation: nor is the *decens* happily expreſſed in the Engliſh.

In the following paſſage likewiſe, the copy will perhaps be thought to fall ſhort of the model.

" *Ac ne ſorte roges, quo me duce, quo Lare tuter:*
" *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,*
" *Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.*
" *Nunc agilis fio, et merſor civilibus undis,*
" *Virtutis verae cuſtos, rigiduſque ſatelles:*
" *Nunc in Ariſtippi furtim praecepta relabor,*
" *Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubjungere conor.*"

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

" But aſk not, to what Doctors I apply?
" Sworn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
" As drives the ſtorm, at any door I knock:
" And houſe with Montagne now, or now with
" Locke.
" Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate,
" Mix with the World, and battle for the
" State,
" Free as young Lyttelton, her Cauſe purſue,
" Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true:
" Sometimes with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
" Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
" Back to my native Moderation ſlide,
" And win my way by yielding to the tide."

There is a force as well as *Elegance* in the original, which is loſt in the imitation; wherein an

an affected levity ſeems to take place of a graceful eaſe. The claſſic reader will obſerve that there is a great deal of beauty in the phraſe, *merſor civilibus undis*, which carries on the Metaphor the poet ſet out with---*Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas* *: and which is wholly loſt in the Engliſh. At the ſame time, it muſt be confeſſed that the paraphraſe in the concluding lines of the imitation is very beautiful and poetical, and vaſtly ſuperior to the flatneſs and poverty of the laſt line of the original.

The following paſſage in Horace is very beautiful; and Mr. Pope, as his friend and annotator well obſerves, rather piques himſelf in excelling the moſt finiſhed touches of his original, than in correcting or improving the more inferior parts. In ſome lines he has happily ſucceeded in this view; in others, he ſeems to have fallen ſhort. For inſtance,

" *Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; dieſque*
" *Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger*
" *annus*
" *Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:*
" *Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quae*
" *ſpem*
" *Conſiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter id,*
" *quod*

---

* In this figure the poet ſeems to have an eye to his celebrated Ode—

" *O navis, referent in mare te novi*
" *Fluctus,*" &c.

" *Aeque pauperibus prodeſt, locupletibus aeque,*
" *Aeque neglectum pueris, ſenibuſque nocebit.*"

* * * * * * * * * * *

" Long, as to him who works for debt, the
" day,
" Long as the Night to her whoſe Love's away,
" Long as the Year's dull circle ſeems to run,
" When the briſk Minor pants for Twenty-
" one:
" So ſlow th' unprofitable moments roll,
" That lock up all the Functions of my ſoul;
" That keep me from myſelf; and ſtill delay
" Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day:
" That taſk, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
" The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe.
" Which done, the pooreſt can no wants en-
" dure;
" And which not done, the richeſt muſt be
" poor."

It will perhaps be allowed, that the three firſt lines of the Latin are not excelled by the imitation: on the contrary, there ſeems to be more force and propriety in illuſtrating the length of the night by the inſtance of a *diſappointed lover*, whoſe *miſtreſs* has *broke her word* with him, than in drawing the illuſtration from the other ſex, to whom it is ſuppoſed to be long, *only* becauſe her *love is away*. His *abſence* alone, without the idea of *diſappointment*, does not afford ſo ſtrong an exemplification of anxiety and impatience. The Engliſh is comparatively ſpiritleſs and inſipid.

Neither

Neither is the illuſtration of the pupil equally happy in the imitation. It is true, the ſlow heavy pace of time, and the impatience of the briſk Minor, is ſtrongly marked in the Engliſh, but we do not ſee the cauſe of that impatience, which is happily expreſſed in the Latin in theſe words---*Quos dura premit cuſtodia, &c.*

The remaining lines however, are far exceeded by the imitation, which is abundantly more philoſophical and full of ſentiment, than the original. There is an inaccuracy however, in the cloſe of the laſt line but one, which has not eſcaped the acuteneſs of the annotator, who obſerves that it is badly expreſſed. It may be added, that the badneſs of the expreſſion ariſes from its being *equivocal:* For it may as well denote the *impatience of the poor under their wants*, as their *exemption from wants.*

Mr. POPE however again ſurpaſſes his original in this beautiful paſſage.

" ——— *vides, quae maxima credis*
" *Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque re-*
" *pulſam,*
" *Quanto devites animi, capitiſque labore.*
" *Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,*
" *Per mare pauperiem fugiens *, per ſaxa, per*
" *ignes:*

" *Ne*

* The learned annotator has juſtly obſerved, that though the fourth line of the Engliſh has all the ſpirit, it has not

" *Ne cures ea, quae ſtulte miraris et optas,*
" *Diſcere, et audire, et meliori credere non*
" *vis?*"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

" But to the world no bugbear is ſo great,
" As want of Figure, and a ſmall Eſtate.
" To either India ſee the Merchant fly,
" Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!
" See him, with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
" Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath
" the Pole!
" Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
" Nothing to make Philoſophy thy friend?
" To ſtop thy fooliſh views, thy long deſires,
" And eaſe thy heart of all that it admires?"

Our poet has given a pretty turn to the following line:

" *Nil conſcire ſibi, nulla palleſcere culpa.*

* * * * * * * * * *

---

all the imagery of the original, where Horace makes Poverty purſue and keep pace with the Miſer in his flight.

But it muſt be allowed that our poet greatly excells the original, in deſcribing the extremes of heat and cold, to which the miſer's dread of want expoſes him. It is obſervable, however, that Mr. POPE has, for the ſake of that ſtriking contraſt, dropped the idea of danger, which the miſer runs into *per ſaxa*: which, nevertheleſs, heightens the deſcription in the Latin.

" True,

" True, conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin,
" He's arm'd without that's innocent within."

This has the ſame ſpirit and morality, though not ſtrictly the ſame ſenſe as the original.

The next Epiſtle addreſſed to Mr. Murray (now Lord Mansfield) is highly poliſhed. It is indeed, as the annotator well obſerves, the moſt finiſhed of all his imitations, and executed *con amore*.

After a familiar and friendly introduction, the poet thus opens the ſubject of the Epiſtle with great dignity, and even ſublimity, which riſes much above the original.

" *Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decedentia certis*
" *Tempora momentis, ſunt qui formidine nulla*
" *Imbuti ſpectent.*"———————

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

" This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
" Self-center'd Sun *, and Stars that riſe and
" fall,

---

* The poet here probably copied from a higher original. Perhaps he had in view the following ſublime paſſage in Job, deſcribing the power of the Almighty.

" He ſtretcheth out the north over the empty place, and
" hangeth the earth upon nothing."

" There

" There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic
" eyes
" Look through, and truſt the Ruler with his
" Skies,
" To him commit the Hour, the Day, the Year,
" And view this dreadful All without a fear."

In the following lines, the common objects of admiration are ridiculed with all the ſtrength and ſpirit, though not perhaps with all the eaſe of the original.

" ———*quid cenſes, munera terrae?*
" *Quid, maris extremos Arabas ditantis et In-*
" *dos?*
" *Ludicra, quid, plauſus, et amici dona Qui-*
" *ritis?*
" *Quo ſpectanda modo, quo ſenſu credis et ore?*"

* * * * * * * * * * *

" Admire we then what Earth's low Entrails
" hold,
" Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
" All the mad trade of Fools and Slaves for
" Gold?
" Or Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
" The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
" Say with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
" And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?"

There is a beauty in Horace's concluſion, *quo* SENSU *credis* and ORE, which the imitation has miſſed.

The

The paſſage which immediately follows, however beautiful in the original, ſeems on the whole to be ſurpaſſed by the imitation.

" *Qui timet his adverſa, fere miratur eodem*
" *Quo cupiens pacto: pavor eſt utrobique moleſtus:*
" *Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret utrumque:*
" *Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,*
" *Si, quidquid vidit melius pejuſve ſua ſpe,*
" *Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?*
" *Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;*
" *Ultra quam ſatis eſt, virtutem ſi petat ipſam.*"

* * * * * * * * * * *

" If weak the pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
" The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
" Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
" In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
" Whether we joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
" Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.
" Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
" Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man away;
" For Virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
" The worſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad."

But with what ſkill has the poet improved the following paſſage into an elegant compliment on his friend!

" ——*cum*

" ——————————— *cum bene notum*
" *Porticus Agrippae, et via te conſpexerit*
" *Appî*;
" *Ire tamen reſtat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.*"

* * * * * * * * * * *

" Grac'd as thou art, with all the Pow'r of
" Words,
" So known, ſo honour'd, *at the Houſe of*
" *Lords*: *
" Conſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
" (More ſilent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
" Where Murray (long enough his Country's
" pride)
" Shall be no more than TULLY, or than
" HYDE!"

What a pity it is, that in a compliment ſo finely turned, and ſo juſtly due, an equal elegance and dignity, ſhould not be preſerved throughout! And yet the cloſe of the ſecond line is ſo wretchedly flat, that one would almoſt ſuſpect that Blackmore, in POPE's abſence, had ſtolen his pen, and finiſhed the line in the true ſpirit of the Bathos. In order to have ſupported the dignity of the verſe, the poet ſhould

* How would our poet have been delighted, had he lived to have ſeen his friend, who then ſhone ſo conſpicuouſly at the bar of that houſe, become the brighteſt ornament within it! To have ſeen him with ſteady, uniform virtue, guard the conſtitution, under every adminiſtration, againſt the fatal extremes of invading licentiouſneſs, and incroaching prerogative!

have

have mentioned that auguſt aſſembly with a periphraſis.

The imitation of the following paſſage, ſeems to fall ſhort of the original.

———————" *Vis recte vivere? Quis non?*
" *Si virtus hoc una poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis*
" *Hoc age deliciis.*" ———————

* * * * * * * * * * *

" Would ye be bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains,
" Diſdain whatever CORNBURY * diſdains;
" Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains."

This is by no means ſo ſtrong and pointed as the original. It does not give us the idea of the *virtus* UNA. Nor is the oppoſition marked by the word *deliciis*, expreſſed in the imitation with equal force, and elegance.

The following lines, however, are finely paraphraſed.

---

* When Lord Cornbury returned from his travels, his brother-in-law, the late Earl of Eſſex, told him he had got a penſion for him, which was in truth a handſome one, and fit for a man of his rank. But Lord Cornbury anſwered, with a compoſed dignity—" How could you tell, my Lord, " that I was to be ſold; or at leaſt, how came you to know " my price ſo exactly."

" *Mille*

" *Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera,*
" *porro et*
" *Tertia ſuccedant, et quae pars quadret acer-*
" *vum.*"

* * * * * * * * * * *

" Is Wealth thy paſſion? Hence from Pole to
" Pole,
" Where winds can carry, or where waves
" can roll,
" For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian Gold,
" Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:
" Advance thy golden Mountain to the ſkies;
" On the broad baſe of Fifty Thouſand riſe,
" Add one round hundred, and (if that's not
" fair)
" Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare."

The pleaſantry of the original is partly loſt, and partly improved, in the next paſſage.

" *Si fortunatum ſpecies et gratia praeſtat,*
" *Mercemur ſervum, qui dictet nomina, laevum*
" *Qui ſodicet latus, et cogat trans pondera dex-*
" *tram*
" *Porrigere: Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille*
" *Velina:*
" *Cui libet, is faſces dabit; eripietque curule,*
" *Cui volet, importunus ebur: Frater, Pater,*
" *adde:*
" *Ut cuique eſt aetas, ita quemque facetus*
" *adopta.*"

" But

* * * * * * * * * * *

" But if to Pow'r and Place your paſſion lie,
" If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the joy;
" Then hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
" To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
" Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
" To whom to nod, whom take into your
" Coach,
" Whom honour with your hand: to make
" remarks
" Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in
" Berks:
" This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair:
" That makes three Members, this can chuſe
" a May'r."
" Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
" Adopt him Son, or Couſin at the leaſt,
" Then turn about, and laugh at your own
" jeſt."

In the firſt part, we loſe the humour of *laevum qui fodicet latus, &c.* but towards the latter end, the ridicule is happily modernized, and facetiouſly applied.

The imitation of the firſt Epiſtle of the ſecond Book of Horace is truly excellent; and though the ſhining paſſages may not be ſo numerous as in the foregoing Epiſtle; yet ſuch as ſtrike us, are very ſplendid, and much ſuperior to the original: more eſpecially where poetry is the ſubject.

Speak-

Speaking of the works of the mob of gentlemen who wrote with eaſe——

" *Inter quae verbum emicuit ſi forte decorum,*
" *Si verſus paulo concinnior unus et alter;*
" *Injuſte totum ducit venitque poema.*"

Our poet improves the paſſage thus,—

" One Simile, that ſolitary ſhines
" In the dry deſert of a thouſand lines,
" Or lengthen'd Thought that gleams through
" many a page,
" Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age."

But the poet's excellence is perhaps no where more conſpicuous than in the inſtance which follows.

" *Ut primum poſitis nugari Graecia bellis*
" *Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier aequa;*
" *Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit equorum.*
" *Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;*
" *Suſpendit picta vultum mentemque tabella;*
" *Nunc tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragoedis:*"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

" In Days of Eaſe, when now the weary Sword
" Was ſheath'd, and Luxury with Charles
" reſtor'd;
" In ev'ry taſte of foreign Courts improv'd,
" All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd.
" Then

" Then Peers grew proud in Horſemanſhip
" t' excell,
" New-market's Glory roſe, as Britain's fell;
" The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
" And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
" Then Marble, ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
" And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
" Lely on animated Canvas ſtole
" The ſleepy Eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul.
" No wonder then, when all was Love and
" Sport,
" The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court:
" On each enervate ſtring they taught the
" note
" To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's
" throat."

This paraphraſe, is not only far beyond the original, but it is perhaps equal to ſome of our author's moſt admired lines.

Admirably, however, as he has here reprehended the depraved taſte of thoſe times, he is not leſs happy in commending the examples of refinement.

" *Torquet ab obſcoenis jam nunc ſermonibus*
" *aurem;*
" *Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,*
" *Aſperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;*"

* * * * * * * * *

" ——————— In all Charles's days,
" Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted bays;

" And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtains)
" No whiter page than Addiſon remains.
" He, from the taſte obſcene reclaims our
" youth,
" And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
" Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
" And pours each human Virtue in the heart."

Theſe lines are beautifully paraphraſed. What an elegant compliment has he paid to Mr. Addiſon, and how gently has he reprehended the ſervility of his courtly adulation!

The following paſſage deſcribing the danger of attempting theatrical compoſition is on the whole much ſuperior to the original.

" *Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventoſo gloria curru,*
" *Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat:*
" *Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis*
" *avarum*
" *Subruit, ac reficit: valeat res ludicra, ſi me*
" *Palma negata macrum, donata reducit op-*
" *timum.*"

* * * * * * * *

" O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys *
" On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of
" praiſe,

* The annotator has well obſerved, that this metaphor, though very fine, is inferior to *ventoſo gloria curru*, which has a happy air of ridicule, heightened by its alluſion to the Roman triumph.

" With

" With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you
" ply,
" For ever ſunk too low, or borne too high!
" Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe,
" A breath revives him, or a breath o'er-
" throws.
" Farewell the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the play,
" The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away."

Theſe lines are very fine: yet the cloſe of the laſt but one is rather flat, and by no means conveys the ſpirit and beauty of *Palma negata.*

The imitation of the ſecond Epiſtle of the ſecond Book of Horace, is quite in the familiar ſtrain, and in general has all the eaſe of the original, but contains few of thoſe more ſtriking beauties which claim diſtinguiſhed notice.

The following humourous deſcription of a book-worm, however, has too much merit to be paſſed over in ſilence.

" *Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit Athenas,*
" *Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem dedit, inſenuitque*
" *Libris et curis, ſtatua taciturnius exit*
" *Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit:*"

* * * * * * * *

" The Man, who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
" To books and ſtudy gives ſev'n years com-
" pleat,

" See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-
" cap on,
" He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
" The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
" So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
" Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!"

The learned critic will obſerve that the idea deſcribing the effects of his hard ſtudy, which is expreſſed with great ſtrength and beauty in the Latin, by *inſenuitque libris et curis*, is wholly dropped in the imitation; but in return, the ridicule in the words *ſtatua taciturnius exit*, is highly improved by the imitator.

The ridicule is farther carried on, and the affected gravity of ſome of the men of the long robe, is pleaſantly rallied in the characters of two ſerjeants—

" Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
" And ſhook his head at MURRAY *, as a
" wit."

There

* It was a long time before the eminent perſon here mentioned, could triumph over a ridiculous prejudice which led the public to conclude, that a man of genius and vivacity could not be a profound lawyer. At length, however, he has happily convinced the world, that the two characters are not incompatible. Bacon was not ſo happy. The blemiſhes in his moral character, diſabled him from ſtemming and

There is a peculiar eaſe and jocularity likewiſe in the imitation of the following lines, though our author has made free with the ſenſe of the original.

"*Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-*
"*ſpectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus aedem.*"

* * * * * * * *

"Lord! how we ſtrut through Merlin's Cave,
"to ſee
"No Poets there, but Stephen *, you, and me."

Our

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and ſubduing an inveterate and over-bearing prejudice.—Indeed the world was ever unwilling to allow any man to excell in more than one accompliſhment. This ſprings from envy univerſally. As for the judgment itſelf, when particularly applied, it is ſometimes true, and ſometimes falſe. Thus, for inſtance, when the public would not allow the great lawyer Coke, to be a claſſic and a wit likewiſe (of which he had given ſo many delectable ſpecimens) they were perhaps in the right; but when they aſſumed, though they ſpoke by the organ of Queen Elizabeth herſelf, that though Bacon was a great Philoſopher, yet he was no Lawyer, they were certainly as much in the wrong.

* Mr. *Stephen Duck*, was a modeſt and worthy man, who had the honour (which many who thought themſelves his betters in poetry had not) of being eſteemed by Mr. POPE.

The Queen, who moderated in a ſovereign manner between two great philoſophers, Clarke and Leibnitz, in the moſt profound and ſublime points in metaphyſics and natural philoſophy, choſe for her favourite *Poet* this Stephen Duck, then a threſher. She thought his poetry excellent, and ſent the

A. in Warburton's hand writing. Pope 3/44 note prefixed to this Volume.

Our poet's verſification of Dr. Donne's * ſecond and fourth ſatires, which remain next to be

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the manuſcript to Mr. POPE for his judgment, having firſt required his word of honour that he would not unſtitch the two firſt leaves, which ſhe had ſewed down to conceal the name of the author. He ſoon diſcovered the condition of the poet by the quality of the poetry, and told the Lady who brought it to him, that he ſuppoſed moſt villages could ſupply verſes of the ſame force. But being told who the writer was, and receiving a fair character of his modeſty and innocence, he generouſly did all he could to eſtabliſh him at court; and had the condeſcenſion and humility frequently to call of him at Richmond. W

* The wit, the vigour, and the honeſty of Mr. POPE's ſatiric writing, had raiſed a great clamour againſt him, as if this *Supplement*, as he calls it, *to the public Laws*, was a violation of the rules of morality and ſociety. In anſwer to this ignorant and prejudiced complaint, it was his purpoſe to ſhew, that two of the moſt reſpectable characters in the modeſt and virtuous age of Elizabeth, Dr. Donne and Biſhop Hall, had both arraigned vice publickly, and painted it in ſtronger colours

(Whether they found it
On the Pillory or near the Throne)

than he had done. In purſuance of this purpoſe, he admirably *verſified*, as he called it, two or three ſatires of Donne, who with all his wit and ſtrong ſenſe could not *verſify*. He intended to have given two or three of *Hall*'s likewiſe, whoſe force and claſſical elegance he much admired; but as Hall was a better verſifier, and being a mere academic, had not his vein vitiated like Donne's, by living in courts and at large, Mr. POPE's purpoſe here was only to correct and ſmooth the verſification. In the firſt edition of theſe ſatires which was in Mr. POPE's library, we find that long ſatire, called the Firſt of the Sixth Book, entirely corrected, and

A. The concluſion of this note in Warburton MS. is worth remarking, the although it was erased in the original. "At the time Mr Lovell was cherishing an Poet, to rival Pope, and as way forwardest one they supposed by would be, the City had set up a Philosopher of the same price to rival Locke, one Clubb."

be conſidered, afford a ſtriking proof how much the force of ſentiment depends on the power of expreſſion. There are ſome indelicacies however, in the verſification of the ſecond ſatire, which Mr. POPE's chaſter pen might, nay ought to, have corrected. But in the next ſatire, our author makes us amends by the following invocation, which is admirably ſublime.

" Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me
" hence
" To wholeſome Solitude, the nurſe of Senſe:
" Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled
" wings ‡,
" And the free ſoul looks down to pity
" Kings!"

In

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the verſification mended, to fit it for his uſe. He intitles it, in the beginning of his corrections, by the name of *Sat. opt.* —This author, Hall, had a ſevere examiner of his wit and reaſoning in our famous Milton. For Hall, a little before the unhappy breach between Charles the 1ſt and his long parliament, had written in defence of Epiſcopacy, when Milton ſet up for the advocate of Preſbytery, and took Hall's defence to taſk. As Milton gave no quarter to his adverſaries, from the Biſhop's theologic writings, he fell upon his *Satires*. But a ſtronger proof cannot be given of their ſuperior excellence, than Milton's being unable to find in them any thing to cavil at, except the title of his three firſt books of ſatires, which the author, ridiculouſly enough, calls TOOTHLESS SATIRES: and this, for want of better hold, Milton ſufficiently mumbles.

‡ Our author here ſeems to have had Milton in view—

" ———And Wiſdom's ſelf
" Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude,

In the next lines the poet again diſplays the becoming pride and dignity of conſcious merit.

" Baſe Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
" Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me;
" Shall I, the Terror of this ſinful town,
" Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or ſmile or frown?"

Thus our author, notwithſtanding the many admonitions of his friends, who were anxious for his ſafety, continued to wage war againſt vice and folly, with all the firmneſs and perſeverance of intrepid virtue, till the year 1739.

About that time, he publiſhed the Epilogue to his Satires, with a reſolution, as the learned editor of his works aſſures us, to publiſh no more poems of that kind; but to enter, by his Epilogue, in the moſt plain and ſolemn manner he could, a ſort of proteſt againſt that inſuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had unhappily lived to ſee. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued thoſe attacks; but bad men were grown ſo ſhameful and ſo powerful, that ridicule was become as unſafe as it was ineffectual *.

This

" Where, with her beſt nurſe, Contemplation,
" She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
" That in the various buſtle of reſort,
" Were all too ruffl'd, and ſometimes impair'd."

* That our author laboured with an honeſt zeal to reform the corruption of morals, and that he ſincerely bewailed that depra-

This Epilogue is divided into two dialogues, and contains an apology for the ſeverity of his ſatires. It is, indeed, a kind of recapitulation of his ſatirical pieces. Moſt of the characters whom he had laſhed before, here receive the parting ſcourge: on the other hand, he pays the laſt tribute of praiſe, to ſeveral whoſe virtues he had before applauded. In ſhort, in this epilogue, he vindicates the juſtice of his writings, alledging that, whether he cenſured or commended, his pen was guided by truth and virtue.

The ſpirit of the following lines is admirable.

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depravity which he at length deſpaired of correcting, is evident from many of his familiar letters, more eſpecially from one to Mr. Allen, wherein he ſays——

"I have two great taſks on my hands; I am trying to "benefit myſelf, and to benefit poſterity; not by works of "my own, God knows: I can but ſkirmiſh, and maintain "a flying fight with vice; its forces augment, and will drive "me off the ſtage, before I ſhall ſee the effects complete, "either of divine providence or vengeance: For ſure we can "be quite ſaved only by the one, or puniſhed by the other: "the condition of morality is ſo deſperate, as to be above "all human hands."

In another letter to the ſame gentleman, after having aſked his advice about printing ſome letters, he adds——

"I am ſure, if you thought they would be of any ſervice "to virtue, or anſwer any one good purpoſe, whether (con-"ſidered as writings) they brought me any credit or not, "they ſhould be given to the world: and let them make me "a worſe writer, provided they could but make one better "man."

"Aſk

" Aſk you what Provocation I have had?
" The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
" When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
" Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and ſhould
" be yours.
" Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
" Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his
" Senſe;
" Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy Mind;
" And mine as Man, who feel for all Man-
" kind."

The poet's conſcious pride once more breaks forth with a decent boldneſs.—

" Yes I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
" Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
" Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the
" Throne,
" Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone."

The invocation which follows is truly noble and ſublime.

" O ſacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
" Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Inſolence!
" To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
" The Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt
" guide."

Our author then proceeds to ſhew, that the moſt poliſhed flattery of a poet cannot ſanctify a bad cauſe.

" Not

" Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's
" Scar,
" Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star."

This is a delicate reprehenſion of Boileau's ridiculous flattery of Louis the Fourteenth.

On the other hand, by way of contraſt, our author ſhews the power of verſe to immortalize the good.

" Not ſo, when diadem'd with rays divine,
" Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from
" Virtue's ſhrine,
" Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to die,
" And opes the Temple of Eternity."

* * * * * * * *

" Let Envy howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus
" ſings,
" And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings*;
" Let Flatt'ry ſick'ning ſee the Incenſe riſe,
" Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
" Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
" And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as
" mine."

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* The lawyers tell us, that Kings are the fountains of honour; but Mr. Pope was of a different opinion. In one of his letters to Mr. Allen he ſays,—" Though they call " Kings the fountains of honour, I think them only the " beſtowers of titles." Whatever the lawyers may ſay, all philoſophers will be of Mr. Pope's mind.

Good ſenſe and fine poetry are happily diſplayed in theſe prophetic lines. His verſe is indeed immortal. He has conſigned many worthleſs characters to perpetual infamy, whoſe vices and follies might otherwiſe have died with their names; and he has preſerved the fame of the worthy, from being buried in the tomb of oblivion.

The poem raiſed him, as he knew it would, ſome enemies; but he had reaſon to be ſatisfied with the approbation of good men, and the teſtimony of his own conſcience.

This volume cloſes with a copy of verſes addreſſed to Lady Frances Shirley, on her preſenting our author with a ſtandiſh, together with a ſteel and golden pen.

In order to enter into the ſpirit of theſe lines, it is neceſſary to premiſe that Mr. POPE was threatened to be proſecuted in the Houſe of Lords for the two foregoing poems, that is, the epilogue to the ſatires. On which, with great reſentment againſt his enemies for not diſtinguiſhing between——

"*Grave Epiſtles bringing vice to light,*"

and licentious libels, he began a third Epilogue, more ſublime and ſevere than the other; which being no ſecret, matters were compromiſed. His enemies agreed to drop the proſecution, and he to leave the third Epilogue unfiniſhed and un-

A. This paſſage, with the variations noticed, publiſhed, exiſts in Warburton's hand-writing. See MS. note prefixed to this Volume.

publiſhed. This affair occaſioned this beautiful poem to Lady Frances, and to this it alludes throughout; more particularly in the following ſtanzas.

It muſt firſt be obſerved, that the poet, by an ingenious turn of imagination, ſuppoſes the golden and ſteel pen to be *weapons from the ſky*, preſented to him by the Athenian Queen, deſcending to him in all her ſober charms. The one, a golden lance to guard deſert; the other of ſteel, to ſtab vice to the heart: which he received on his knees——

" And dipt them in the ſable Well,
" The Fount of Fame or Infamy."

This miſtake of the poet's, the Lady thus pleaſantly rectifies——

" What *Well?* what *Weapon?* (Flavia cries)
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's (a), not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

" But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a Houſe (I mean of Peers)
" Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
" L—— and all about your ears.

(a) A famous toy-ſhop at Bath.

" You'd

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs ([b]),
" Nor ſtop at Flattery or Fib ([c]).

" *Athenian Queen*, and *ſober charms!*
" I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms ([d]);
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print ([e]).

" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies ([f]),
" I'll liſt you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

Our bard had now attained what he juſtly eſteemed the greateſt felicity in life, the eſteem and friendſhip of men of worth and reputation; being not leſs admired for his writings, than careſſed for his integrity and other ſocial virtues.

Having now gained the ſummit of Parnaſſus, he was open to all the trouble and inconvenience

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([b]) The Dunciad.

([c]) The Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

([d]) Such toys being the uſual preſents from lovers to their miſtreſſes.

([e]) When ſhe delivers Eneas a ſuit of heavenly armour.

([f]) i. e. If you have neither the courage to write ſatire, nor the application to attempt an *Epic* Poem.—He was then meditating on ſuch a work.

ariſing

ariſing from adulation and envy. His patience was exhauſted by the endleſs impertinence of poetaſters of all ranks and conditions, as well by ſuch as courted his favour, as by thoſe who envied his reputation.

His excelling talents raiſed a ſwarm of the latter, who endeavoured to depreciate his literary merit, and aſperſe his moral character. Our author for a long time bore their impotent attacks with ſilence and compoſure, which enabled him to avail himſelf of the remarks of his enemies, and turn their malice to his profit. At length, however, grown conſcious of ſuperior ſtrength, and bearing that deteſtation of the low invidious arts of bad writers, which every generous mind muſt entertain; he reſolved to get rid of his flatterers and defamers both together, by grouping them all into one piece, called the *Dunciad*, which he had long meditated, and which was firſt publiſhed in the year 1727.

But to tell of his quarrels with every unworthy adverſary, would be like deſcribing the various annoyances that Hercules encountered in wading through the fenns of Lerna, from every ſnake, and toad, and beetle, which he bruſhed off with his club. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that by the Dunciad he totally ſubdued that many-headed monſter that had long annoyed him with its hiſſings.

When Mr. Pope, together with his friend the Dean, (for reaſons ſpecified in the preface to their Miſcellanies) determined to own the moſt trifling

trifling pieces in which they had any concern; and to deſtroy all that remained in their power; the firſt ſketch of this poem was ſnatched from the fire by Dean Swift, who perſuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him therefore it was inſcribed.

But what forwarded the publication of this piece, was the Treatiſe of the *Bathos*, or *Art of ſinking in Poetry*, publiſhed in the Miſcellanies above ſpoken of. In this treatiſe was a chapter wherein the ſpecies of bad writers were ranged in claſſes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the moſt part at random. But ſuch was the number of poets eminent in that art, that ſome or other took every letter to himſelf.

Among others, the late Mr. *Aaron Hill*, who was a poet, not altogether devoid of poetical merit, ſuſpected himſelf to be marked out by the letters A. H. This miſunderſtanding provoked him to write to Mr. POPE, in terms of the warmeſt expoſtulation. Several letters paſſed between them on this occaſion, which were afterward publiſhed. Six of them have been thought particularly worth preſerving: the reader will find them in the Appendix, No. I. and from thence may learn on what grounds Mr. Hill's miſapprehenſion was founded.

Mr. POPE, with good reaſon, lamented how much he had ſuffered from his acquaintance with the inferior tribe of contemporary poets. He never was more ſerious than when he ſaid,

"Much

" Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
" This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head rhyming
" race."

The beſt commentary on theſe two lines, is comprehended in thoſe very fine and humane letters in the Appendix, written to that wrong-headed man Mr. Aaron Hill. This writer, who, as has been intimated, did not want genius, though it was always faced, and even lined through with fuſtian, in the midſt of a familiar acquaintance with Mr. POPE, and under obligations to him, in a fit of jealouſy, for ſomething or other, very ſeriouſly abuſed him in print; he had no ſooner done this than he repented, and aſked pardon, which as ſoon as he had obtained, he offended in like manner again, and ſo went on inſulting and repenting to the end of the chapter. He thought himſelf a very formidable rival to our poet; this made him expect the obſervance and court due to ſuch an one. The ſeveral marks of friendſhip he had received from our poet went for nothing: For nature never yet put one grain of generoſity or gratitude into the compoſition of a coxcomb.

In ſhort, all the leſſer writers fell into ſo violent a fury, that for half a year or more, the common news papers, in moſt of which they had ſome property, as being hired writers, were filled with the moſt abuſive falſehoods and ſcurrilities they could poſſibly deviſe. A liberty not to be wondered at in thoſe who for many years had aſperſed moſt of the characters of the age;

and this with impunity, their own perſons and names being to moſt, utterly ſecret and obſcure.

This induced Mr. POPE to think that he had now ſome opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light, theſe common enemies of mankind: ſince to invalidate their ſlander, it was ſufficient to ſhew what contemptible men were the authors of it. This it was which gave birth to the DUNCIAD; and our poet thought it a happineſs, that by the late flood of ſlander on himſelf, he had acquired ſuch a peculiar right over their names, as was neceſſary to his purpoſe.

Soon after he had formed this deſign, he communicated it to his excellent friend Dr. Arbuthnot; who, though as a man of wit and learning, he might not have been diſpleaſed to ſee their common injuries revenged on this pernicious tribe; yet as our author's friend and phyſician, being ſolicitous for his eaſe and health, he was unwilling he ſhould provoke ſo large and powerful a party.

Their difference of opinion in this matter, gives occaſion for the colloquial epiſtle * to the Doctor,

* It is proper to obſerve, that this Epiſtle, though not finiſhed till 1733, was begun many years before, as our author aſſures us in his advertiſement prefixed to it; and as it alludes to the DUNCIAD, it was thought proper to mention it at this place, though out of the chronological order of

Doctor, which is a kind of Prologue to the Satires in imitation of Horace, above taken notice of. In this prologue, our author, in a natural and familiar detail of all his provocations, both from flatterers and ſlanderers, has artfully interwoven an apology for his *moral* and *poetical* character.

Of this epiſtle, the learned editor of Mr. Pope's works, has given a very accurate analyſis, to which I refer the curious reader; and ſhall only take notice of ſuch parts as tend to vindicate Mr. Pope and his writings: taking occaſion by the way to point out ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed beauties of this excellent epiſtle.

Our poet having told his caſe, and humorouſly applied to his phyſician, in the manner one would aſk for a recipe to kill vermin, he proceeds in the common character of ſuch as aſk advice, to acquaint his Doctor that he had

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of his publications. In this advertiſement Mr. Pope farther aſſures us, that he had no thoughts of publiſhing it, till it pleaſed ſome perſons of rank and fortune, to attack in a very extraordinary manner, not only his writings, of which being public, the public was judge, but his perſon, morals, and family. Being divided between the neceſſity of ſaying ſomething of *himſelf*, and his lazineſs to undertake ſo aukward a taſk, he thought it the ſhorteſt way to put the laſt hand to this epiſtle. He adds with becoming ſpirit, that if it has any thing pleaſing, it will be that by which he is moſt deſirous to pleaſe, the *truth* and the *ſentiment*; and if any thing offenſive, it will be only to thoſe he is leaſt ſorry to offend, the *vicious* and *ungenerous*.

already formed his reſolution, and determined of his remedy. But, by way of preamble, he introduces a ſimile from the ſtory of Midas, in which, taking occaſion to mention kings, queens, and miniſters of ſtate, his friend takes the alarm, and begs of him to forbear; adviſing him to ſtick to his ſubject, and be eaſy under ſo common a calamity. To make light of his ſuffering provokes the poet; he breaks the thread of his diſcourſe, and abruptly tells him the application of his ſimile.

" Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the Secret paſs,
" &c."

His friend, however, perſiſting to adviſe him againſt ſuch a general attack, the poet replies, that conſidering the ſtrong antipathy of bad to good, there will always be enemies either open or ſecret; and that it admits of no queſtion, but a ſlanderer is leſs hurtful than a flatterer: for, ſays he, in a pleaſant ſimile, alluding to his friend's profeſſion.

" Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
" It is the Slaver kills, and not the Bite."

He then proceeds to ridicule the abject and extravagant flattery of thoſe ſycophants, who complimented him even for his infirmities, his bad health, and his inconvenient ſhape. There is ſo much ſpirit and poignance in his reprehenſion of this ſervile adulation, that I cannot reſiſt the pleaſure of tranſcribing the lines.

" There

" There are who to my Perſon pay their court,
" I cough like *Horace*; and though lean, am
" ſhort:
" *Ammon*'s great ſon, one ſhoulder had too
" high,
" Such *Ovid*'s noſe, and, Sir, you have an
" eye.
" Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee
" All that diſgrac'd my betters, meet in me:
" Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
" Juſt ſo immortal *Maro* held his head."

With the ſame ſpirit and keen ridicule, he expoſes his critics and calumniators; wherein he introduces that inimitable character of Atticus already ſpoken of: and then ſtruck with the ſenſe of that dignity and felicity inſeparable from the character of a true poet, he breaks out into a paſſionate vow for the continuance of the full liberty attendant on it: and concludes his wiſh with a deſcription of his temper and diſpoſition, which was ſuch, that he would even execrate his beſt vein of poetry, if made at the expence of truth and innocence.

" Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
" That tends to make one worthy Man my
" foe,
" Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
" Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear."

Such a noble generoſity and amiable tenderneſs of ſentiment ſeems to have flowed warm from the heart, and perhaps could not have been

expreſſed with ſuch feeling and energy by the mere efforts of genius alone.

Our poet then profeſſes that the ſole object of his reſentment was vice and baſeneſs, and proceeds to ſatirize one under the character of Sporus, who had wantonly injured him in the moſt ſenſible manner.

This moving him with freſh indignation at his ſlanderers, he takes the advice of Horace, *ſume ſuperbiam quaeſitam meritis*, and draws a fine picture of his moral and literary conduct through life: in which he ſhews that not *Fame*, but VIRTUE, which he welcomes in a ſtrain of divine enthuſiaſm, was the conſtant object of his ambition. At the ſame time, he boldly acknowledges, that in his purſuit of vice, he rarely conſidered how knavery was circumſtanced; but followed it with his vengeance, indifferently; whether it led to the pillory, or the drawing room.

But leſt this ſhould convey the idea of a ſavage virtue, he inſtances ſome particulars which prove him of ſo eaſy a nature, as to be *duped by the ſlendereſt appearances*; and withal that he was ſo forbearing, as not only to have been ſilent during a long courſe of calumny on himſelf, but even to have reſtrained his reſentment under the moſt ſhocking of all provocations, *abuſes on his father and mother*.

This

This naturally leads him to give a ſhort account of their births, fortunes and diſpoſitions; which ends with the tendereſt wiſhes for the happineſs of his friend; intermixed with the moſt pathetic deſcription of that filial piety, in the exerciſe of which he makes his own happineſs to conſiſt.

"Oh friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be
"thine!
"Be no unpleaſing melancholy mine:
"Me, let the tender office long engage,
"To rock the cradle of repoſing age,
"With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
"Make languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of
"death,
"Explore the thought, explain the aſking
"eye,
"And keep a-while one parent from the
"ſky*!"

Had our author penned no other than theſe exquiſite lines, they would of themſelves be ſufficient to eſtabliſh his character as an excellent poet, and an amiable man.

Mr. POPE, as appears by this Epiſtle, being thus ſuperior to all apprehenſions from the reſentment of the worthleſs tribe whom he grouped in the *Dunciad*, at length convinced them

* In a very few weeks after this poem was publiſhed, that is, in the year 1733, our author's mother died, aged 93. His father, as has been obſerved, having died in 1717.

that the moſt gentle and forbearing tempers, when ſtrongly urged, are the moſt poignant and ſevere.

But though our poet treated bad writers and bad men with becoming ſeverity, yet no one ever praiſed the good of all denominations with more ſincere and heart-felt pleaſure. Even in this *Dunciad*, he has celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Iſaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addiſon, and in ſhort almoſt every man of his time who deſerved it. Nay, ſo amiable is his impartiality, that Cibber himſelf, the hero of the piece, has his ſhare of commendation, on the preſumption of his being the author of the *Careleſs Huſband*. It was difficult to find the pleaſure of applauding merit in a poem on ſuch a ſubject, yet he has contrived to inſert ſuch a panegyrick, and has made even Dulneſs out of her own mouth pronounce it.

The Dunciad has been generally eſteemed among Mr. POPE's moſt admired pieces, and it is in truth a moſt admirable pattern for ſatirical compoſition; but the ſatire being confined and perſonal, ſome of its moſt capital excellencies are now but faintly reliſhed. It is to be regretted therefore, that ſo much good ſenſe and excellent morality ſhould be intermixed with a tranſient ſatire on private characters, many of them ſo inſignificant, that their names would never have been public, had they not found a place in the *Dunciad*,

Dunciad, and of whom the moſt diſtinguiſhed now ſleep in oblivion.

This piece being of the mock epic kind, preſerves all the dignity peculiar to that ſpecies of compoſition, and is penned in ſtrict conformity to the rules obſerved by the great epic writers in their ſublimer pieces. It is divided into four books, and the firſt opens with an affected ſolemnity in the Maronian ſtrain.

"The Mighty Mother, and her Son, who
"brings
"The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings,
"I ſing."——

The ſubject being propoſed, to preſerve the mock majeſty of the piece, a ſolemn invocation enſues: and at length the college of dulneſs is deſcribed, where the goddeſs ſits enthroned in clouded majeſty, contemplating the wild and monſtrous creation to which ſhe had given birth.

Our poet here ridicules the groſs abſurdities and inconſiſtencies in the productions of the ſons of Dulneſs, with ſuch pleaſant raillery and exquiſite poignance, that the length of the following quotation needs no apology.

"Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
"Where nameleſs Somethings in their cauſes
"ſleep,
"Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
"Call forth each maſs, a Poem, or a Play:
"How

" How hints, like ſpawn, ſcarce quick in
" embryo lie,
" How new-born nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry,
" Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
" And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
" Here one poor word an hundred clenches
" makes,
" And ductile dulneſs new meanders takes;
" There motley images her fancy ſtrike,
" Figures ill pair'd, and Similes unlike.
" She ſees a mob of Metaphors advance,
" Pleas'd with the madneſs of the mazy dance;
" How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
" How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
" How Time himſelf ſtands ſtill at her com-
" mand,
" Realms ſhift their place, and Ocean turns to
" land.
" Here gay Deſcription Egypt glads with
ſhow'rs,
" Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
" Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
" There painted vallies of eternal green,
" In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
" And heavy harveſts nod beneath the ſnow."

The goddeſs is then introduced on the evening of a Lord Mayor's Feſtival, when——

——————— " All huſh'd and ſatiate lay,
" Yet eat, in dreams, the cuſtard of the day;
" While penſive Poets painful vigils keep,
" Sleepleſs themſelves to give their readers
" ſleep."

During

During this ſtill and lethargic period, ſhe revolves in her mind, with parental joy, the long ſucceſſion of her ſons, but chiefly, and with peculiar delight, fixes her attention on *Bays*, the hero of the piece. He is deſcribed, after an ill run at play, and the ill ſucceſs of a dramatic piece, ſitting in his ſtudy in deep deſpair. There is a great deal of keen raillery in this deſcription.

" Swearing and ſupperleſs the Hero ſate,
" Blaſphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd
" his Fate.
" Then gnaw'd his Pen, then daſh'd it on the
" ground,
" Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt
" profound!
" Plung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom
" there,
" Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere de-
" ſpair."

Full of apprehenſions, leſt the empire of dulneſs was drawing to a period, he ponders with himſelf what courſe to follow, whether to betake himſelf to the church, to gaming, or to party writing. In this ſtate of uncertainty and deſpondence, caſting a mournful look on his library, and erecting a pile of dull books, into a kind of altar, he ſolemnly invokes the goddeſs.

" Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!
" Firſt in my care, and ever at my heart;
" *Dul-*

" *Dulneſs! whoſe good old cauſe I yet defend,*
" With whom my Muſe began, with whom
" ſhall end,
" E'er ſince Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praiſe,
" To the laſt honours of the Butt and Bays:
" O thou! of bus'neſs the directing ſoul!
" To this our head like byaſs to the bowl,
" Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim
" more true,
" Obliquely wadling to the mark in view:
" O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
" Still ſpread a healing miſt before the mind;
" And, leſt we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
" Secure us kindly in our native night.
" Or, if to Wit a Coxcomb make pretence,
" Guard the ſure barrier between that and
" Senſe;
" Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
" And hang ſome curious cobweb in its ſtead!
" As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can
" fly,
" And pond'rous ſlugs cut ſwiftly through the
" ſky;
" As clocks to weight their nimble motion
" owe,
" The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
" Me Emptineſs, and Dulneſs could inſpire,
" And were my Elaſticity, and Fire.
" Some Daemon ſtole my pen (forgive th'
" offence)
" And once betray'd me into common ſenſe."

There is certainly a great deal of wit and admirable raillery in theſe lines; but in the opinion of ſome, it has been thought to wound proba-

probability too much to make the hero the worſhipper and champion of Dulneſs, in her proper perſon, without the leaſt diſguiſe. The author of the Elements of Criticiſm, among others, profeſſes himſelf of this ſentiment:—"Dulneſs, "ſays he, may be imagined a Deity or Idol to "be worſhipped by bad writers, but then ſome "ſort of diſguiſe is requiſite, ſome *baſtard virtue* "muſt be beſtowed, to give the idol a plauſible "appearance. Yet in the *Dunciad*, dulneſs, "without the leaſt diſguiſe, is made the object "of worſhip: the mind rejects ſuch a fiction as "unnatural; for dulneſs is a defect of which "even the dulleſt mortal is aſhamed."

This writer, however, appears to be miſtaken, if he preſumes that no baſtard virtue is in this poem attributed to the goddeſs.

Is there no *baſtard virtue* in the *mighty mother—who brings the Smithfield muſes to the ears of Kings?* Starving poetaſters would prefer her for this ſingle virtue, to Apollo and the nine muſes. Is there no *baſtard virtue* in the *peace* of which he makes her the author?

"*The Goddeſs bad Britannia ſleep.*"

Has not the poet celebrated her for her *beauty?*

"Fate---this *fair ideot* gave—"

As alſo for her *gravity*, her *induſtry?* The ſuppliant hero could find great conſolation in her baſtard virtues.

"O

" O ever *gracious* to *perplex'd* mankind,
" Still ſpread a *healing miſt* before the mind."

Is not her *pertneſs* the *baſtard virtue* of *wit?*

" Dulneſs with tranſport ey'd the lively dunce,
" Rememb'ring ſhe her ſelf was *pertneſs*
" once."

Her delight in games and races is another of her baſtard virtues, that would captivate her nobler ſons, and draw them to her ſhrine. Not to ſpeak of her indulgence to the young traveller, whom ſhe accompanies in the ſhape of his Tutor, as Minerva did Telemachus in the ſhape of Mentor. But of all her *baſtard virtues*, her *free-thinking*, the virtue ſhe particularly recommends to her followers in the fourth book, is ſufficient to recommend her to general worſhip.

Yet after all, the poet having made his hero in the paſſage above tranſcribed, invoke DULNESS, *eo nomine*, and profeſs to be her champion, it may be thought, in this inſtance, to exclude the ſuppoſition of his worſhipping ſome baſtard virtue: and perhaps it would have been leſs liable to objection, had the poet *here* dropped the attribute of the Deity invoked, and made his hero ſupplicate the goddeſs generally.

The hero, however, after having thus ſolemnly invoked dulneſs, turns towards his works, in a tender and paſſionate apoſtrophe, and preſaging the miſerable fate to which they

may be expoſed, he determines to commit them to the flames.

" Go, purify'd by flames aſcend the ſky,
" My better and more chriſtian progeny.
" Unſtain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden
" ſheets;
" While all your ſmutty ſiſters walk the ſtreets."

The poet then, with a peculiar vein of ſarcaſtic humour, ſtill preſerving the mock dignity of the piece, deſcribes the ſeveral unfortunate pieces expiring in the flames, the light of which rouſing the goddeſs, ſhe ſnatches the ſheet of an unfiniſhed poem, with which ſhe overwhelms the pyre.

The goddeſs then revealing herſelf to her darling ſon, tranſports him to her temple, and unfolds all her myſteries to his view.

" Here to her Choſen all her works ſhe ſhows;
" Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, verſe loit'ring into
" proſe:
" How random thoughts now meaning
" chance to find,
" Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind:
" How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
" And theſe to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
" How Index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
" Yet holds the eel of ſcience by the tail:
" How, with leſs reading than makes felons
" 'ſcape,
" Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,
" Small

" Small thanks to France, and none to Rome
" or Greece,
" A paſt, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new
" piece;
" 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakeſpear and
" Corneille,
" Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell."

The Poet has here artfully contrived to ſatirize the pretenſions of half-learned ſuperficial ſcriblers, with the keen ſtrokes of the moſt exquiſite ridicule: and having made Dulneſs diſplay her works to her choſen ſon, ſhe is then repreſented anointing his head with the ſacred opium; and after muttering ſome myſtic words, ſhe proclaims him ſucceſſor to the deceaſed laureat.

The ſolemnity of his proclamation is graced with the repreſentation of public games and ſports of various kinds, in imitation of thoſe in Homer and Virgil; and the deſcription of theſe games takes up the greater part of the ſecond book.

I will frankly acknowledge, that I could never read this book without diſguſt. I am ready, nevertheleſs, to own, that the poet has ſhewn great addreſs in adapting the ſeveral games to the different characters of the competitors, and has diſplayed a great deal of wit in deſcribing their various merits in the reſpective exerciſes. But the groſſneſs, nay the filthineſs, of many of

the illuſtrations cannot fail to nauſeate. The language indeed is perfectly chaſte and poliſhed, but no elegance or ingenuity in the mode of expreſſion, can atone for an indecency or indecorum in the idea repreſented.

Thus much, however, may be ſaid in defence of our poet, that in a *Satire*, purpoſely written to expoſe vice and folly, the odious repreſentation is part of the ſcourge which inflicts the puniſhment; and this is the beſt and only apology which can be urged in juſtification of ſome paſſages in this book.

The ſlighteſt indelicacy, however, deſerves a ſevere reprehenſion in a genius like Mr. POPE's, ſince many, who are unable to imitate his excellencies, may be tempted to copy his inelegancies: and we have known ſome little poetaſters, who, having drawn their ideas from the ſordes of human nature, have juſtified themſelves on the authority of Mr. POPE, as many have attempted to vindicate him by the example of Homer and Virgil; not adverting to the difference of the ends propoſed, which alone can apologize for the indelicacy of the means.

But though writers of ſuperior talents, and directed by noble motives, may preſerve, as was ſaid of Virgil, a certain air of majeſty in the deſcription of ſuch immundities; yet, when authors of inferior genius attempt to colour impure ſentiments with the ornaments of ſtile, they only add aukwardneſs to obſcenity, and become every way offenſive.

Mr. POPE uſed himſelf to ſay, that this part of his poem coſt him moſt trouble, and pleaſed him leaſt. A certain proof that he was doing violence to his nicer feelings, and that, on this occaſion, he had loſt ſight of his own excellent precept,

" No Pardon vile Obſcenity ſhould find,
" Tho' Wit and Art conſpire to move the
" Mind."

Nevertheleſs this book is not without its beauties. The laſt exerciſe appointed for the critics, which is that of hearing two voluminous authors, one in verſe and the other in proſe, read without ſleeping, is conceived with great propriety and humour, and is admirably deſcribed in the following beautiful lines.

" Three College Sophs, and three pert Temp-
" lars came,
" The ſame their talents, and their taſtes the
" ſame;
" Each prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
" And ſmit with love of Poeſy and Prate.
" The pond'rous books two gentle readers
" bring,
" The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.
" The clam'rous croud is huſh'd with mugs
" of Mum,
" Till all tun'd equal, ſend a gen'ral hum.
" Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy
" tone
" Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl
" on;

" Soft

" Soft creeping, words on words, the ſenſe
" compoſe,
" At ev'ry line they ſtretch, they yawn, they
" doze.
" As to ſoft gales top-heavy pines bow low
" Their heads, and lift them as they ceaſe to
" blow:
" Thus oft they rear, and oft the head de-
" cline,
" As breathe, or pauſe, by fits, the airs divine.
" And now to this ſide, now to that they nod,
" As verſe, or proſe, infuſe the drowzy God."

The poet has diſplayed great ſkill in the compoſition of theſe lines, which are ſluggiſh and lethargic, to a degree admirably adapted to deſcribe the drowzy ſcene they repreſent. The ſimile of the Pines likewiſe is happily imagined, and very poetically expreſſed.

The audience being all lulled to repoſe, and diſpoſed in their proper places of reſt, the goddeſs tranſports the king to her temple, where he is repreſented ſlumbering with his head on her lap. Having beſprinkled him with Cimmerian dew, which gives birth to a thouſand romantic viſions, he is at length conveyed on the wings of Fancy, and conducted by a ſlip-ſhod Sibyl to the Elyſian ſhade, where he meets with the ghoſt of *Settle*, who leads him to a ſummit, from whence he ſhews him the paſt triumphs of the empire of Dulneſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future.

The poet diſplays great addreſs in this deſcription, which abounds with good ſenſe and poignant reflection. Having firſt pointed out thoſe parts of the globe where ſcience never roſe, he then turns towards the eaſt and ſouth, where ſhe was deſtroyed by tyranny. In the firſt, by Chi Ho-am-ti, the famous emperor of China; who built the great wall between that and Tartary, and deſtroyed all the books, and learned men, of the empire. In the ſecond, by the Caliph, Omar the firſt, who, having conquered Egypt, cauſed his General to burn the Ptolemean library; on the gates of which was this inſcription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Phyſic of the Soul.

Having thus deſcribed the ravages of tyranny, he next pathetically bewails the deſtruction of ſcience by barbariſm and ſuperſtition, in the following beautiful and poetical lines.

" How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
" Where, faint at beſt, the beams of Science
" fall:
" Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean ſkies
" Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals
" riſe!
" Lo! where Mæotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
" The freezing Tanais thro' a waſte of ſnows,
" The North by myriads pours her mighty ſons,
" Great nurſe of Goths, of Alans, and of
" Huns!
" See Alaric's ſtern port! the martial frame
" Of Genſeric! and Attila's dread name!

" See

" See the bold Oſtrogoths on Latium fall;
" See the fierce Viſigoths on Spain and Gaul!
" See, where the morning gilds the palmy
" ſhore
" (The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)
" His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet
" draws,
" And ſaving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
" See Chriſtians, Jews, one heavy ſabbath
" keep,
"And all the *weſtern* world believe and ſleep."

The picture likewiſe which follows of Rome, in her degenerate ſtate, is painted with a bold and maſterly pencil.

" Lo! Rome herſelf, proud miſtreſs now no
" more
" Of arts, but thund'ring againſt heathen
" lore;
" Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books un-
" read,
" And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
" Padua, with ſighs, beholds her Livy burn,
" And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilius mourn.
" See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple
" nods,
" Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd
" with Gods:
" Till Peter's keys ſome chriſt'ned Jove adorn,
" And Pan to Moſes lends his pagan horn:
" See graceleſs Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
" Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd."

Having thus ſhewn by what means thoſe parts of the globe, which had been enlightened by the beams of ſcience, were reduced to the dominion of Dulneſs; he next repreſents a view of Great Britain, and ſhews by whom, and by what cauſes, it will be brought under the empire of the goddeſs. This affords an occaſion to the poet of ſatirizing the depraved and abſurd taſte which prevailed, and, I am ſorry to add, ſtill prevails, in the theatrical entertainments of this nation. Nothing can be a ſtronger reflection on modern taſte and underſtanding, than the encouragement which is given to our ridiculous farces and pantomimes, which debaſe our theatres to mere puppet-ſhews. Nay, it is not too much to ſay, that of the two, the character of Punch is leſs contemptible than that of Harlequin.

Having prophecied that Dulneſs ſhall reign over the theatres, and even be advanced at court, he laſtly foretells that her ſons ſhall preſide in the ſeats of arts and ſciences; giving a glimpſe of the future glories of her reign, which are fully diſplayed in the fourth and laſt book.

This book is replete with beauties. There is ſcarce a line but is fraught with good ſenſe, keen ſatire, and excellent morality, embelliſhed with all the ornaments of poetry.

The goddeſs is deſcribed coming in all her majeſty to deſtroy order and ſcience; and the deſcription is ſo animated and poignant, that I cannot reſiſt the pleaſure of tranſcribing it.

"Beneath

" Beneath her foot-ſtool, *Science* groans in
" Chains,
" And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains *.
" There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and
" bound,
" There, ſtript, fair *Rhet'ric* languiſh'd on the
" ground;
" His blunted Arms by *Sophiſtry* are born,
" And ſhameleſs *Billingſgate* her Robes adorn.
" *Morality*, by her falſe Guardians drawn,
" *Chicane* in Furs, and *Caſuiſtry* in Lawn,
" Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the
" cord,
" And dies, when Dulneſs gives her Page the
" word.
" Mad *Mátheſis* alone was unconfin'd,
" Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
" Now to pure Space lifts her extatic ſtare,
" Now running round the Circle, finds it
" ſquare."

The *Muſes* next are caſt into bondage by Dulneſs, and treated with ſcorn by a harlot, whoſe form is admirably deſcribed as repreſentative of the nature and genius of the Italian opera.

Now the ſons of Dulneſs, drawn by an attractive power, and impulſive gravity of head, all gather round the goddeſs, and are equally eager to preſent the firſt addreſs. But the ge-

* This line alludes to the exile, &c. of Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter.

nius of the ſchools takes the lead, and harangues the goddeſs in the following ſpeech, which conveys the keeneſt ſatire on the prepoſterous plan of ſcholaſtic education.

. . . "Since Man from beaſt by Words is
"known,
"Words are Man's province, Words we teach
"alone.
"When Reaſon doubtful, like the Samian
"letter,
"Points him two ways, the narrower is the
"better.
"Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to
"guide,
"We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.
"To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they com-
"mence,
"As Fancy opens the quick ſprings of Senſe,
"We ply the Memory, we load the Brain,
"Bind rebel Wit, and double Chain on Chain,
"Confine the thought, to exerciſe the breath;
"And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
"Whate'er the talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
"We hang one jingling padlock on the
"mind."

This is a fine ridicule on the prepoſterous method of forcing all boys to make verſes, whether they have a poetical turn or not.

The pedagogue then complains, that when men come into the world, they ſometimes forget this verbal learning, and apply themſelves to

to uſeful knowledge, which occaſions the goddeſs ſuddenly to break forth in an eager wiſh for *arbitrary power*, which is beſt ſupported by turning men's attention from the ſtudy of things, to that of words and ſounds.

" Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant Reign!
" Some gentle JAMES, to bleſs the land
" again;
" To ſtick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
" Give law to Words, or war with Words
" alone,
" Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin
" rule,
" And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
" For ſure, if Dulneſs ſees a grateful Day,
" 'Tis in the ſhade of Arbitrary Sway.
" O! if my ſons may learn one earthly thing,
" Teach but that one, ſufficient for a King;
" That which my Prieſts, and mine alone,
" maintain,
" Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign;
" May you, my Cam, and Iſis, preach it long!
" The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern
" wrong."

Theſe few lines are penned with the ſpirit of true genius, which is ever abhorrent of tyranny under every form. The ſound ſenſe, ſtrong ſatire, and manly freedom of ſentiment with which our poet on all occaſions vindicates the political and religious rights of mankind, plainly prove him to have been a bigot to no ſect or party.

The

The goddeſs having called upon her ſons to preach the ſlaviſh doctrine of divine right, the poet with great pleaſantry and propriety makes the deputies of the univerſities, eſpecially the friends of Ariſtotle, attend prompt at her call. Ariſtotle had eſtabliſhed it as a principle, that ſome men were by nature made to ſerve, and others to command, therefore none ſo fit as his followers to enforce the ſervile doctrine of divine right.

The ſpeech of Ariſtarchus, who explains to the goddeſs the mode of academic education, as chiefly confined to verbal criticiſm, is replete with keen ridicule: and the exclamation which follows is happily expreſſed.

" Ah, think not, Miſtreſs! more true Dulneſs
" lies
" In Folly's Cap, than Wiſdom's grave diſguiſe.
" Like buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
" On Learning's ſurface we but lie and nod.
" Thine is the genuine head of many a
" houſe,
" And much Divinity without a Nũς."

Having diſplayed the art of teaching words without things, in the ſame dull track with the grammar-ſchool, in the next place, he exhibits the ſkill of teaching things, without any profit to the pupil, by perverſely miſapplying his talents to purſuits from which he is wholly averſe; or confining his genius with the curb of *authority*, which brings all minds to one dead level.

This

This part of the ſpeech of Ariſtarchus is ſo poignant, and juſt a ſatire on modern education, that the tranſcript will not appear long.

" What tho' we let ſome better ſort of fool
" Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run through ev'ry
" ſchool?
" Never by tumbler through the hoops was
" ſhown
" Such ſkill in paſſing all, and touching none.
" He may indeed (if ſober all this time)
" Plague with Diſpute, or perſecute with
" Rhyme,
" We only furniſh what he cannot uſe,
" Or wed to what he muſt divorce, a Muſe:
" Full on the midſt of Euclid dip at once,
" And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:
" Or ſet on Metaphyſic ground to prance,
" Show all his paces, not a ſtep advance.
" With the ſame CEMENT, ever ſure to bind,
" We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind:
" Then take him to devellop, if you can,
" And hew the Block off, and get out the Man."

The poet proceeds by regular gradations ſtill farther to expoſe the defects of faſhionable education, in the character of a youth juſt returned from his travels, attended by his governor and a courtezan, whoſe appearance drives Ariſtarchus away.

For the beauty of poetical deſcription, and for exquiſite raillery, nothing perhaps can exceed the following lines, which expoſe the abſurd

abſurd progreſs and miſchievous fruits of modern travelling, in a ſpeech from the tutor to the goddeſs.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

" Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd
" Son:
" Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the
" Rod,
" A dauntleſs Infant! never ſcar'd with God.

* * * * * * * *

" Thro' *School* and *College*, thy kind cloud
" o'ercaſt,
" Safe and unſeen the young Eneas paſt:
" Thence burſting glorious, all at once let
" down,
" Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the
" town.
" Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew:
" Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
" There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
" Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
" To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe
" runs,
" Pours at great Bourbon's feet her ſilken
" ſons;
" Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
" Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls:
" To happy Convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
" Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their
" wines;

" To

" To Isles of fragrance, lilly-silver'd vales,
" Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
" To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
" Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resound-
" ing waves.
" But chief her shrine where naked Venus
" keeps,
" And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;
" Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
" Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd
" swain.
" Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
" And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian
" ground;
" Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
" His royal Sense, of Op'ra's or the Fair;
" The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
" Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit
" whor'd;
" Try'd all *hors-d' œuvres*, all *liqueurs* de-
" fin'd,
" Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
" Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
" Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no
" more;
" All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
" And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound!

* * * * * * * * * * *

" See, to my Country happy I restore
" This glorious Youth, and add one Venus
" more."

To

To complete the ſatire, the goddeſs is made to receive them graciouſly, and to beſtow on them one of her choiceſt bleſſings.

" Pleas'd, ſhe accepts the Hero, and the Dame,
" Wraps in her Veil, and frees from *Senſe of*
" *Shame*."

Senſe, ſatire, and poetry were never more happily combined, than in the foregoing deſcription.

The goddeſs is then ſurrounded by a crowd of *Indolents*, who are tortured with too much eaſe, and endure all the pains and penalties of lazineſs.

To relieve theſe from their ſufferings, an Antiquarian ſteps forth, intreating the goddeſs to make them Virtuoſos.

Here our author expoſes the impoſitions of the Virtuoſi, and the credulity of thoſe who are the dupes of their artifices, in ſeveral pages of exquiſite humour, which are too long for abridgement.

The virtuoſi being diſpoſed of, a fantaſtic troop next preſent themſelves before the Goddeſs, crowned with weeds of ſhells, and make offerings of ſtrange whimſical preſents, ſuch as a fungus, a toad, a neſt, or a flower.

To the care of theſe Naturaliſts, the Goddeſs recommends the lethargic Indolents above-mentioned; adding, that their ſleepy brothers may be well employed in the ſtudy of *Butterflies*, *Birds-neſts*, *Shells*, *Moſs*, &c. There is a great deal of pleaſant ridicule in this recommendation from the Goddeſs.

" The mind, in Metaphyſics at a loſs,
" May wander in a wilderneſs of Moſs;
" The head that turns at ſuper-lunar things,
" Poiz'd with a tail, may ſteer on Wilkins' *
" wings."

Dulneſs, however, cautiouſly warns her ſons ſtill to buſy themſelves about trifles, and to confine their reſearches to ſecond cauſes. In her exclamatory ſpeech to this effect, the poet takes occaſion to ſatirize ſuch trifling inveſtigations of nature, with becoming dignity.

" O! would the ſons of Men once think their
" Eyes
" And Reaſon giv'n them but to ſtudy Flies!
" See Nature in ſome partial narrow ſhape,
" And let the Author of the Whole eſcape:
" Learn but to trifle; or, who moſt obſerve,
" To wonder at their Maker, not to ſerve."

---

* Wilkins was one of the firſt projectors of the Royal Society, and entertained an extravagant notion of the poſſibility of man's flying.

The

The Goddeſs has no ſooner expreſſed this favourite wiſh, than ſhe is addreſſed by a gloomy Sceptic, who undertakes to relieve Dulneſs from any apprehenſions that her ſons will ever apply their thoughts to any uſeful or extenſive views of nature. In this addreſs, the poet has admirably expoſed the abſurd principles, and deplorable condition, of minute philoſophers and free-thinkers.

Says the vain-glorious Sceptic——

" Let others creep by timid ſteps, and ſlow,
" On plain Experience lay foundations low,
" By common ſenſe to common knowledge
" bred,
" And laſt, to Nature's Cauſe thro' Nature led.
" All-ſeeing in thy miſts, we want no guide,
" Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
" We nobly take the high *Priori* Road,
" And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God:
" Make Nature ſtill encroach upon his plan;
" And ſhove him off as far as e'er we can:
" Thruſt ſome Mechanic Cauſe into his place;
" Or bind in Matter, or diffuſe in Space.
" Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
" Make God Man's Image, Man the final
" Cauſe,
" Find Virtue local, all Relation ſcorn,
" See all in *Self*, and but for *Self* be born:
" Of nought ſo certain as our *Reaſon* ſtill,
" Of nought ſo doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*."

In

In theſe excellent lines, which are animated with the moſt pointed ſatire, the poet has happily contrived to inculcate the principles of ſound philoſophy and true piety.

The children of Dulneſs, thus tutored and accompliſhed, are preſented to her in a body by Silenus the Epicurean philoſopher, and are then allowed to taſte of the cup, which is handed to them by *Magus* the miniſter to the Goddeſs, and which is no ſooner taſted, than it occaſions a total oblivion of all obligations divine, civil, moral, and rational.

The effects of this cup are deſcribed in a vein of exquiſite raillery.

" ——— One caſts his eyes
" Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies:
" A *Feather*, ſhooting from another's head,
" Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
" Loſt is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing;
" And nothing left but Homage to a King!
" The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
" To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs."

Theſe myſteries being over, Dulneſs, ever attentive to the welfare of her children, aſſigns each to the guidance of a proper conductor. Theſe attendants are humorouſly deſcribed, under the characters of *Impudence*, *Stupefaction*, *Self-conceit*, *Self-intereſt*, *Pleaſure*, *Epicuriſm*, &c. who apply themſelves to the exerciſe of their ſeveral functions.

" Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
" Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
" But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,
" Beholds himſelf a Patriot, Chief, or Saint."

The poetical imagery in the following lines is exceedingly beautiful, and the ſentiment juſt.

" On others Int'reſt her gay liv'ry flings,
" Int'reſt, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
" Turn'd to the Sun, ſhe caſts a thouſand
" dyes,
" And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe."

The reſt are repreſented, with great ſpirit and poignancy, in the diſplay of their various offices, by which the ſons of Dulneſs are prepared for the *titles* and *degrees* which the goddeſs confers upon them.

Having thus diſtinguiſhed them, ſhe beſtows her bleſſing on them; and, in a ſhort ſpeech, ſhe recommends it to them to repair from theory to practice.

" All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and
" full:
" My Sons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be
" dull."

She then particularizes the ſervices ſhe expects from each, and concludes her ſpeech with a *yawn* of ſuch marvellous efficacy, that it lulls and compoſes all orders of men throughout the king-

kingdom, and the poem ends with the reſtoration of Night and Chaos.

The following lines, which are prophetic of this reſtoration, are at once poetical, philoſophical, and pious——

" She comes! ſhe comes! the ſable Throne
" behold
" Of *Night* primaeval, and of *Chaos* old!
" Before her, *Fancy*'s gilded clouds decay,
" And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
" *Wit* ſhoots in vain its momentary fires,
" The meteor drops, and in a flaſh expires.
" As one by one, at dread Medea's ſtrain,
" The ſick'ning ſtars fade off th' ethereal
" plain;
" As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
" Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
" Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
" *Art* after *Art* goes out, and all is Night.
" See ſkulking *Truth*, to her old cavern fled,
" Mountains of *Caſuiſtry* heap'd o'er her head!
" *Philoſophy*, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
" Shrinks to her *ſecond Cauſe*, and is no more.
" *Phyſic* of *Metaphyſic* begs defence,
" And *Metaphyſic* calls for aid on *Senſe!*
" See *Myſtery* to *Mathematics* fly!
" In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and
" die.
" *Religion* bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,
" And unawares *Morality* expires."

It is to be wiſhed that the poem had concluded with theſe admirable lines, which convey ſo keen and juſt a cenſure on the viſionary raptures of the late noble author of the Characteriſtics. The ſix ſucceeding lines *, which cloſe the piece, are little more than a repetition, or amplification of what was before more forcibly expreſſed.

But upon the whole, this book may be eſteemed as one of the choiceſt of our author's compoſitions. The plan of it, as the Editor obſerves, was artfully contrived to ſhew that the defects of a faſhionable education, naturally led to, and ended in, *Free-thinking*. This plan is conducted throughout with the true ſpirit of indignant ſatire, and with the moſt glorious and laudable deſign, which can animate a great genius--That of advancing the ends of virtue and religion †.

It

---

* "Nor public Flame, nor private, dares to ſhine;
"Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpſe *divine!*
"Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is reſtor'd,
"Light dies before thy uncreating word:
"Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
"And univerſal Darkneſs buries All."

† Our author was apprehenſive that this ſatire on travelling, virtuoſoſhip, and freethinking, would raiſe a ſtorm againſt him, which he humorouſly prophecies in a letter to his friend Mr. Bethel.

"One of my amuſements has been writing a poem, part "of which is to abuſe *Travelling*; you have made me have a "quarrel to it, even when it was for a good reaſon, and (I "hope) will be attended with a good effect, which it rarely "is in the caſes I have ſatirized it for. I little thought three

"months

It is to be regretted therefore, as has been obſerved, that the beauties of this book, ſhould be laviſhed to adorn a poem, which has perſonal ſatire for its chief object.

The inſignificant dunces and malevolent critics expoſed in this piece, are falling into oblivion; and when their characters are wholly forgotten, the *Dunciad* will become in a great degree unintereſting.

Even the hero of the poem, who with matchleſs effrontery, affected to be inſenſible to juſt reproof, is now ſcarcely remembered; ſo tranſient is the memory of pertneſs and vanity.

It is to be wiſhed, that our author had never deſcended to have beſtowed ſo much attention on an object ſo unworthy of his pen, and on whom the moſt pointed and juſt ſatire could produce ſo little good effect.

Cibber was in his nature incorrigible. He was endued with ſo little nice ſenſibility and

---

" months ago to have drawn the whole polite world upon
" me (as I formerly did the Dunces of a lower ſpecies) as I
" certainly ſhall, whenever I publiſh this poem. An army
" of Virtuoſi, Medaliſts, Ciceroni, Royal Society-men,
" Schools, Univerſities, even Floriſts, Free-thinkers, and
" Free-maſons, will encompaſs me with fury: It will be
" once more *concurrere bellum atque virum*. But a good con-
" ſcience, a bold ſpirit, a zeal for truth, at whatſoever ex-
" pence, of whatever pretenders to ſcience, or of all impo-
" ſition, either literary, moral, or poetical, theſe animated
" me, and theſe will ſupport me."

moral delicacy, that ſo far from bluſhing at the detection of his vices and follies, the perfection of his abilities conſiſted in making them the inſtruments, by which he attracted the notice of mankind.

It is not to be wondered, that a man thus totally exempt from all ſenſe of ſhame, and whoſe higheſt vanity was to divert the rabble, ſhould gain a contemptible party of laughers on his ſide.

This Cibber did. To the force of keen ſatire and poignant ridicule, he oppoſed licentious ribaldry, and pitiful buffoonery *. But though

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* The juſt contempt in which Mr. POPE held the author of this ribaldry, appears in one of his letters to Mr. Bethel, where, ſpeaking of the Dunciad, he ſays—

" That poem has not done me, or my quiet, the leaſt " harm, only it provoked Cibber to write a very fooliſh and " impudent letter; which I have no cauſe to be ſorry for; " and perhaps next winter I ſhall be thought to be glad of: " but I lay in my claim to you, to teſtify for me, that if he " ſhould chance to die before a new and improved edition " of the Dunciad comes out, I have already actually written, " (before, and not after his death) all I ſhall ever ſay about " him."

He farther expreſſes his contempt of the Laureat, though in a more jocular manner, in another letter to the ſame Gentleman, dated from Bath, where a certain princeſs at that time reſided.

" Cibber," ſays he, " is here to celebrate her; and he " writes his verſes now, in ſuch a manner, that no body " can uſe them as they were wont to do; for no body will, " on certain occaſions, uſe a pane of glaſs."

the

the man, who is ſo unfeeling as to laugh on occaſions which ſhould command a bluſh, will always find ſenſeleſs grinners to keep him in countenance, yet he will appear deſpicable in the eyes of every one of diſcernment and decorum; and his vices and follies will diſgrace his memory, while the talents which ſhaded and diſguiſed them, are no longer remembered.

Indeed we have too much reaſon to conclude, that the good purpoſe intended by this ſatire was, to the herd in general, of leſs efficacy than our poet hoped. For ſcriblers have not the common ſenſe of other vermin, who uſually abſtain from miſchief, when they ſee any of their kind gibbetted or nailed up, as terrible examples.

It will not be immaterial to obſerve, that Mr. POPE laid the plan of the fourth book at the requeſt of the learned editor of his works, who reminded him that it was a pity ſo fine a poem as the *Dunciad*, ſhould remain diſgraced by the meanneſs of its ſubject; and that he ought to raiſe and ennoble it by pointing his ſatire againſt minute philoſophers and free-thinkers *.

Such

* The editor of his works obſerves, that he imagined it was for the intereſt of religion to have it known, that ſo great a genius had a due abhorrence of thoſe peſts of virtue and ſociety.

It was to advance the ſame ends of virtue and religion, that the editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his

Such a recommendation does honour to him who gave it; but ſtill it is to be wiſhed, that the admirable contents of the fourth book had been totally detached, from the poem of which they conſtitute a part. The weight and importance of the ſubjects treated of in this book, ſeem to have required ſuch a ſeparation: and they would perhaps, if poſſible, have appeared with ſtill greater dignity, had they not been blended with the levities * in other parts of this poem.

Moral Writings, that might be ſuſpected to have the leaſt glance towards *Fate* or *Naturaliſm*, and to add what was proper to convince the world that he was warmly on the ſide of *Moral Government* and a REVEALED WILL: and the editor aſſures us, that it would be great injuſtice to Mr. POPE's memory not to declare that he embraced theſe occaſions with unfeigned pleaſure.

Mr. POPE himſelf acknowledges the influence of the editor's recommendation, in a letter addreſſed to him, the 28th December, 1742, where he ſays—"The encouragement "you gave me to add the fourth book, firſt determined me to "do ſo; and the approbation you ſeemed to give it, was "what *ſingly* determined me to print it."

* Our author himſelf ſeems to apologize for the levity of this piece, in the following letter, addreſſed to the learned annotator.

"I have juſt received yours, and as I have no words to expreſs, "farther than you already know, my ſincere deſire to merit "your friendſhip, I will not employ any. I thank you for "what you ſo ſpeedily have done, and ſhall put it to the "preſs with all haſte, the reſt of the book being ready.

"If any thing more can be done for the *Dunciad*, it muſt "be to acquaint the public, that you have thought it worth "your care, by beſtowing ſome notes upon it, to make it "more important and ſerious."

"This

" This fourth book was publiſhed long after " the firſt three, and the author pleaſantly pre- " fixed an *advertiſement* to the firſt edition of " it, which made its appearance ſeparately in " the year 1742 *, intimating that it was by a " different hand from the other, and found in " detached pieces, incorrect and unfiniſhed."

The editor of his works objected to him the affectation of uſing ſo unpromiſing an attempt to miſlead his reader. He replied, very ſhrewdly, that the editor thought too highly of the public taſte; that, moſt commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in faſhion who took the lead, and ſometimes intruded the dulleſt performances on the town, for works of wit: while at the ſame time, ſome true efforts of genius, without name or recommendation, have paſſed unobſerved or neglected, by the public eye.

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* We find, by a letter above quoted from our author to Mr. Bethel, that he expected to raiſe a ſtorm againſt him by the publication of the fourth book of the Dunciad; and it appears, by the following letter, that his friend entertained apprehenſions on his account, which he thus facetiouſly removes.

" To give you eaſe, in relation to the event of my poem, " which dealing much in general, not particular ſatire, has " ſtirred up little or no reſentment, though it be levelled " much higher than the former; yet men not being ſingled " out from the herd, bear chaſtiſement better, like galley- " ſlaves, for being all linked in a ſtring, and on the ſame " rank."

He

He added many other juſt reflections on this occaſion, and the event ſhewed that he was not miſtaken. The fourth book, the moſt ſtudied and highly finiſhed of all his poems, was eſteemed *obſcure* †, (a name which, in exceſs of modeſty, the reader gives to what he does not underſtand) and but a faint imitation, by ſome common hand, of the other three. He had himſelf the malicious pleaſure of hearing this judgment paſſed on his favourite work, by ſeveral of his acquaintance; a pleaſure more to his taſte than the flatteries they uſed to entertain him with, and were then intentionally paying him.

The Dunciad, it is ſaid, was preſented to the King * and Queen, by Sir Robert Walpole, who,

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† To prove, among other inſtances, how induſtriouſly Lord Bolingbroke concealed his licentious principles from Mr. POPE, and how much he affected before him to diſlike *Freethinkers*, it may be material to obſerve, that when the fourth book of the Dunciad was publiſhed, Lord Bolingbroke was abroad; but on the change of the miniſtry, he returned to England. At his firſt interview with Mr. POPE, he ſaid—"It ſeems you have written a *fourth* book; but it "was repreſented to me as ſo *obſcure* by every body, that I "had no inclination to read it till the other day, when I "found it to be the beſt and moſt finiſhed of all your writ-"ings. The ſatire on Freethinkers, is moſt juſt and uſeful; "and ennobles a work of wit, which only wanted that ad-"vantage."

* When the new edition of the Dunciad was publiſhed, with notes, Mr. POPE regained by it the good opinion of the court. The King declared that he was *a very honeſt man*. Perhaps the court eſteemed *bad Poets* a more legitimate object of ſatire, than *bad Politicians*.

about

about this time, it is thought, offered to procure him a penſion, which he refuſed with the ſame noble ſpirit with which he had formerly declined offers of this nature. This propoſal of Sir Robert's, is probably hinted at in a paſſage of one of our author's letters to Dean Swift, which the reader may ſee in the note underneath †.

Mr. Pope obſerved, that he was wholly obliged to the whig miniſtry, for thoughts of this nature. His friend Lord Oxford, he aſſures us, never made ſuch a propoſal to him: though he often uſed to talk with great kindneſs to him, and frequently expreſſed his concern, that he ſhould be incapable of a *place* without giving inquietude to his father and mother——Such concern, ſaid our pious poet, as I would not have given to either, for all the places which the miniſtry could have beſtowed on me. Lord Oxford, however, never made him any offer of a *penſion*.

† "I was once before diſpleaſed at you for complaining "to Mr. ——— of my not having a penſion. I am ſo again, "at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof, "in the courſe of my life, from the time that I was in the "friendſhip of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to "this time, when I am civilly treated by Sir Robert Wal-"pole, that I never thought myſelf ſo warm in any party's "cauſe, as to deſerve their money, and therefore would "never have accepted it. I deſire you to take off any im-"preſſions which that dialogue may have left upon his Lord-"ſhip's mind, as if I ever had any thoughts of being be-"holden to him, or any other, in that way."

But

But Lord Halifax, as we are aſſured by Mr. POPE, ſent for him of his own accord, in the beginning of the reign of George the Firſt, and acquainted him that he had often been concerned that his merit had never been rewarded as it deſerved; adding, that he was very glad it was now in his power to be of ſervice to him, by ſettling a penſion upon him, if he choſe to accept of it, and that no return ſhould be required of him for it.

Mr. POPE, having thanked him for the propoſal, deſired time to conſider of it; and about three months after, having in the interim heard nothing from his Lordſhip, he wrote to him, repeating his obligations to him for the offer, but at the ſame time declining it, with a noble indifference *,

We

* The letter was expreſſed in the following terms——

" My LORD,

" I am obliged to you, both for the favours you have " done me †, and thoſe you intend me. I diſtruſt neither " your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: and if " ever I become troubleſome or ſolicitous, it muſt not be out " of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordſhip " may either cauſe me to live agreeably in the town, or con- " tentedly in the country; which is really all the difference " I ſet between an eaſy fortune and a ſmall one. It is in-

† His Lordſhip not only ſubſcribed himſelf to the Iliad, but promoted it in the Hanover Club, and rallied their ſecretary *Philips*, for keeping the ſubſcriptions in his hands for ſome time, out of enmity to Mr. POPE.

" deed

We do not find, that any farther propoſals of this nature were made, till Mr. Craggs came into the miniſtry: and this miniſter, in all the warmth of friendſhip, aſſured Mr. POPE, that a penſion of 300 *l.* per annum waited his acceptance: adding with great frankneſs and cordiality, that he, having the diſpoſal of the ſecret ſervice money, could pay him ſuch an annual ſum without the privity of any one.

But our author, without heſitation, declined this inviting offer. He thanked the ſecretary for the warm zeal of his friendſhip, aſſuring him that he could not accept of a penſion; but that, to ſhew his ſenſe of ſo friendly a propoſal, if he ſhould at any time have occaſion for a ſum of money, he would apply to him.---An application however which he never made.

Mr. Craggs preſſed this offer more than once, urging to him at the ſame time, how convenient the uſe of a coach would be. Mr. POPE, however, though very ſenſible of the convenience of an equipage, rightly judged that if on the ſtrength of ſo precarious an income, he ſhould contract ſuch a habit of indulgence, the want of it would prove doubly inconvenient to him; if,

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" deed a high ſtrain of generoſity in you to think of making " me eaſy all my life, only becauſe I have been ſo happy to " divert you ſome few hours; but if I may have leave to " add, it is becauſe you think me no enemy to my native " country, there will appear a better reaſon."

from

from an accidental failure of that income, he ſhould no longer be able to ſupport it.

In ſhort, Mr. POPE conſtantly declined all offers of this nature, with a ſteadineſs which does honour to his character. Nay, he even carried his ſcruples ſo far, as to decline making uſe of a ſubſcription for 1000 *l.* in the South Sea, of which Mr. Craggs made him an offer in the year 1720. And he uſed to ſay, it was a ſatisfaction to him that he did not grow rich (as he might have done) by the public calamity. Of this noble ſpirit of independence, he ſhewed himſelf conſcious in the epiſtle above mentioned to Dr. Arbuthnot, where we find him ſpeaking of himſelf with becoming pride, as——

"Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir, or
"ſlave."

Mr. POPE's delicacy of ſentiment probably ſuggeſted to him, that the accepting of ſuch offers, might impoſe on him an obligation of detaching himſelf from ſome perſonal connections which he valued: and he always induſtriouſly avoided all party-attachments, declaring in a letter to his friend Swift, that he had perſonal obligations to men of different ſides, which he would never violate.

As Mr. POPE's ſpirit made him abhor the thought of a dependant ſtate, ſo his prudence placed him above the neceſſity of ſubmitting to it.

Mr.

Mr. Pope was ſuperior to the little pride of ſuppoſing that an inattention to domeſtic concerns, was characteriſtical of a great genius. On the contrary, that fortune which his merit acquired, he was mindful to huſband to the beſt advantage. With this view, in the year 1729, he purchaſed an annuity of 100 *l.* for his own life, and with pious ſolicitude, took care likewiſe to include his mother's life in the purchaſe.

Our author having taken leave of ſatire, we find his muſe, in the ſixth volume, more agreeably engaged. In this volume of his works we find imitations of the lighter pieces of Horace, ſome of them in the manner of Swift. They ſhew with what happy dexterity our author deſcends from grave to gay.

The moſt diſtinguiſhed of theſe little pieces, is his imitation of the firſt Ode of the fourth book of Horace. This has all the eaſe and elegance of the original, and frequently ſurpaſſes it.

Our author here takes occaſion to pay a delicate compliment to his friend, then Mr. Murray, which in ſome parts is more happily turned than the Latin.

" *Ad* Venerem.

" *Mater ſaeva cupidinum,*
" *Circa luſtra decem flectere mollibus*
" *Jam durum imperiis: abi*
" *Quo blandae juventum te revocant preces.*

" *Tem-*

" *Tempeſtivius in domum*
" *Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,*
" *Comiſſabere Maximi;*
" *Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum**:
" *Namque et nobilis, et decens,*
" *Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,*
" *Et centum puer artium,*
" *Late ſigna feret militiae tuae.*
" *Et, quandoque potentior*
" *Largis muneribus riſerit aemuli,*
" *Albanos prope te lacus*
" *Ponet marmoream ſub trabe citrea.*
" *Illic plurima naribus*
" *Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthiae*
" *Delectabere tibia*
" *Mixtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtula.*
" *Illic bis pueri die*
" *Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum*
" *Laudantes, pede candido*
" *In morem Salium ter quatient humum.*

* * * * * * * * * * *

" To VENUS.

" Mother too fierce of dear deſires!
" Turn, turn to willing hearts your wan-
" ton fires.
" To *Number five* direct your doves,
" There ſpread round MURRAY all your
" blooming loves;

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* The imitation, the reader will obſerve, has all the pleaſantry and ſprightlineſs of the Latin, and has avoided the indelicacy of *torrere jecur idoneum.*

" Noble

" Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
" With ev'ry ſprightly, every decent part;
" Equal, the injur'd to defend,
" To charm the miſtreſs, or to fix the
" friend.
" He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
" Shall ſtretch thy conqueſts over half the
" kind:
" To him each rival ſhall ſubmit,
" Make but his riches equal to his wit.
" Then ſhall thy form the marble grace
" (Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the
" face:
" His houſe, emboſom'd in the grove †,
" Sacred to ſocial life and ſocial love,
" Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
" Where Thames reflects the viſionary
" ſcene:
" Thither, the ſilver-ſounding lyres
" Shall call the ſmiling loves, and young
" deſires;
" There, ev'ry grace and muſe ſhall throng,
" Exalt the dance, or animate the ſong;
" There youths and nymphs, in conſort gay,
" Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting
" day."

† He had at that time an intention of leaving his houſe at Twitenham to Mr. Murray, on very eaſy terms; and with this view he entertained the projects of ſeveral improvements and purchaſes. But when he found, by the growing fame and riſing ſtation of his friend, that it was never likely to be of any uſe to him, he laid aſide that purpoſe.

The concluſion is very poetical, and much beyond the Latin. The poet laments that he is no longer ſuſceptible of thoſe joys, though he ſtill follows the goddeſs in his dreams: And he thus deſcribes the deluſion of fancy.

" *Nocturnis te ego ſomniis*
" *Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem ſequor*
" *Te per gramina Martii*
" *Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.*"

* * * * * * * * * * *

" Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
" And now you burſt (ah cruel!) from my
" arms;
" And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
" Or ſoftly glide by the canal,
" Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver ray,
" And now, on rolling waters ſnatch'd
" away."

Among the little pieces in this volume, is an Epiſtle to the Earl of Oxford, which was ſent with Dr. Parnelle's poems, publiſhed by our author, after the ſaid Earl's impriſonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721; and which is, indeed, a maſter-piece.

The following lines in this epiſtle ſeem to claim particular notice.

" Such were the notes thy once-lov'd poet ſung,
" Till death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful
" tongue.

" For

* * * * * * * * * * *

" For him, thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
" Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend †;
" For Swift, and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
" The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
" Dext'rous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
" And pleas'd to 'ſcape from flattery to wit."

There is great beauty likewiſe in the lines, whereby our author deſcribes the amiable ſincerity, and all-powerful influence of his favourite muſe.

" In vain to deſerts thy retreat is made;
" The muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
" 'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to
" trace,
" Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.

† There is perhaps too much truth in theſe lines; but whatever our author might intend, it was certainly no compliment to a fallen miniſter, to remind him, that he uſed to make the world attend, while he was entertaining himſelf with a man of wit. But the fact is, that Lord Oxford, as a miniſter, was negligent, if we may believe what Lord Bolingbroke uſed to ſay to his friends. He added likewiſe, that Oxford was, in converſation, puzzled and embarraſſed; and, upon the whole, unequal to his ſtation. It was his wont, every day almoſt, to ſend idle verſes from court to the *Scriblerus* Club, which conſiſted of Swift, Arbuthnot, Parnelle, Pope, and ſometimes Gay. He was likewiſe uſed to frequent the Club every night almoſt, and would talk idly, even on the criſis of the moſt important concerns.

Envy itſelf, however, muſt allow that this nobleman diſplayed a moſt manly fortitude during the courſe of his adverſity.

" When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
" And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
" She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
" When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid fare-
" well."

The two epiſtles likewiſe to Mrs. Blount *, have diſtinguiſhed merit. That which is addreſſed to her on her leaving the town after the Coronation, opens with inimitable eaſe and pleaſantry.

" As ſome fond virgin, whom her mother's care
" Drags from the town to wholeſome country
" air,
" Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
" And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
" From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
" Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
" Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
" Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
" Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
" She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe
" went †."

The

* Mr. POPE appears to have had a very ſincere and tender friendſhip for this Lady, which malice was forward to miſconſtrue. In a letter to Mr. Bethel, he thus bewails the cenſoriouſneſs of the world, which prevents his good offices towards her.—" Half the effects of my friendſhip for " her, God knows, are rendered impracticable or diſagree-" able to her, by malicious inſinuations; and I cannot be " of the uſe I wiſh to be to her."

† The writer of theſe ſheets has now in his hand the original copy of theſe verſes, from whence it appears that our author

The reſt of this poem abounds with turns of agreeable humour and ſprightly gallantry. But our extracts have already, in the opinion of ſome, perhaps, been too copious.

There are ſeveral other miſcellaneous little pieces in this volume which have great merit, more eſpecially the collection of Epitaphs, of which it is ſufficient to ſay, that they are equal, if not ſuperior to any compoſitions of the ſame kind.

The contents of the remaining volumes of the octavo edition of his works, conſiſt of the Memoirs of Scriblerus, ſelect Eſſays which he wrote in the *Guardian*, as likewiſe his Preface to the Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad, and the Works of Shakeſpear, together with ſome leſſer pieces, and his ſeveral epiſtolary correſpondences.

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author made ſome alterations, perhaps not for the better. The ſeventh line in the original ſtood thus——

"So fair *Tereſa* gave the town a view."

The alteration, though it has undoubtedly improved the harmony of the verſe, may probably be thought not to have mended the ſenſe: For the reluctance with which ſhe went into the country is better deſcribed by her taking a wiſhful retroſpective view of the town, than by her flying from it. It muſt be added, that in the original there are ſixteen additional lines, which immediately follow the laſt line of the printed copy. In theſe the poet humorouſly deſcribes the manner in which the *beau Eſprits* ſpent their time in town. But on reflection he thought proper to ſuppreſs theſe lines.

The prefaces to Homer and Shakeſpear are, of themſelves, ſufficient teſtimonies of his extenſive learning, and critical ſkill. The other fugitive pieces, though excellent of their kind, are too inconſiderable to claim particular animadverſion.

It would be unpardonable, however, to paſs over his epiſtolary correſpondence, without diſtinguiſhed notice. Theſe are in truth not leſs excellent in their kind, than his poetical pieces. In the turn of his letters, he diſplays that inimitable grace, in which we find all the wit, humour, and *enjoument* of *Voiture*, joined to the good ſenſe and penetration of B----. It is not too much to ſay of them, that they afford the moſt perfect model of epiſtolary writing; ſuch as becomes a correſpondence between men of virtue, wit and learning, improved by a knowledge of the world. But what principally recommends them, is that frank ſincerity, that artleſs *naiveté*, that unaffected openneſs, which ſhews the amiable and virtuous diſpoſition of the writer *.

* It is material to obſerve, that it was the publication of Mr. POPE's Letters, which firſt endeared him to Mr. Allen. Though he had long been acquainted with our poet, and *admired* him for the excellence of his genius, yet the aſperity of his ſatirical pieces was ſo repugnant to the ſoftneſs and ſuavity of that worthy man's diſpoſition, that it in ſome degree eſtranged him from his intimacy. But no ſooner had he read our author's letters, than he *loved* him for the goodneſs and virtues of his heart: and ever after entertained the moſt cordial affection for him.

Among

Among theſe epiſtolary pieces, however, I muſt not omit taking notice of the Character of the Ducheſs of Buckingham, which was pretended to have been penned by Mr. Pope; but in truth Mr. Pope ſeems to have had but little ſhare in the compoſition of it, as appears by a letter of his to a friend, which is ſubjoined to the Character.

This Lady ſeems to have been one of thoſe in whoſe character our author appears to have been miſtaken, as appears by a letter addreſſed to Mr. Bethel *.

Among

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* In this letter, having acquainted his friend that his houſe and garden were offered to him in ſale, he adds—— "If I thought any very particular friend would be pleaſed to "live in it after my death (for as it is, it ſerves all my pur-"poſes as well during life) I would purchaſe it; and more "particularly, could I hope two things, that the friend "who ſhould like it, was ſo much younger, and healthier "than myſelf, as to have a proſpect of its continuing his "ſome years longer than I can of its continuing mine. "But moſt of thoſe I love, are travelling out of the world, "not into it; and unleſs I had ſuch a view given me, I have "no vanity nor pleaſure, that does not ſtop ſhort of the grave.

"The Ducheſs of Buckingham has thought other-"wiſe, who ordered all manner of vanities for her own "funeral, and a ſum of money to be ſquandered on it, "which is but neceſſary to preſerve from ſtarving many "poor people, to whom ſhe is indebted. I doubt not Mrs. "Pratt is as much aſtoniſhed as you or I, at her leaving "Sir Robert Walpole her truſtee, and Lord Hervey her "executor, with a marriage-ſettlement on his daughter, "that will take place of all the prior debts ſhe has in the "world. All her private papers, and thoſe of her corre-"ſpondents, are left in the hands of Lord Hervey; ſo that

Among our author's leſſer pieces, may properly be claſſed the following copy of verſes, which have never yet been printed, and for which the public is indebted to the honourable Mr. Yorke *. The verſes, which appear to have been written in the year 1730, are addreſſed to Dr. Bolton, late Dean of Carliſle, who lived ſome time at Twickenham with old Lady Blount. On the death of her mother (Mrs. Butler of Suſſex) Dr. Bolton drew up the mother's character; from thence Mr. POPE took occaſion to write this epiſtle to Dr. Bolton, in the name of Mrs. Butler's ſpirit, now in the regions of bliſs.

" Stript to the naked ſoul, eſcap'd from clay,
" From doubts unfetter'd, and diſſolv'd in day;
" Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by ſtrife,
" And all my hopes and fears thrown off with
" life;
" Why am I charm'd by friendſhip's fond
" eſſays,
" And though unbody'd, conſcious of thy
" praiſe?

" it is not impoſſible another volume of my letters may
" come out. I am ſure they make no part of her treaſonable
" correſpondence (which they ſay ſhe has expreſly left to
" him) but ſure this is infamous conduct towards any com-
" mon acquaintance. And yet this woman ſeemed once a
" woman of great honour, and many generous principles."

* We have here another inſtance, that the character of a great lawyer, is not inconſiſtent with that of an elegant and refined ſcholar. Were other inſtances in the profeſſion wanting, I might point to a learned and able judge, who was not long ſince promoted to one of the chief ſeats of judicature.

" Has

" Has pride a portion in the parted ſoul?
" Does paſſion ſtill the *firmleſs* mind controul?
" Can gratitude out-pant the ſilent breath?
" Or a friend's ſorrow pierce the gloom of
" death?
" No----'tis a ſpirit's nobler taſk of bliſs,
" That feels the worth it left, in proofs like
" this;
" That not its own applauſe, but thine approves,
" Whoſe practice praiſes, and whoſe virtue
" loves;
" Who liv'ſt to crown departed friends with
" fame;
" Then dying late, ſhalt all thou gav'ſt re-
" claim."

It muſt not be omitted, that in the year 1740, our Author appeared once more in the character of an Editor, having given an elegant edition in two volumes octavo, printed by Meſſrs. Knapton, of ſome of the fineſt Latin poems of the beſt Italian poets. The principal in this collection are the *Syphilis* of FRACASTORIUS, the *Bombyx*, the *Poetics* and the *Scacchia Luſus* of VIDA, the *De Animorum Immortalitate of* PALEARIUS, the *Eclogues* and *Elegies* of SANNAZARIUS, and the *Sylva* of POLITIAN.

It has been before intimated, that our author had formed a deſign of writing an epic poem on a ſtory related in the old annaliſt, Geoffery of Monmouth, concerning the arrival of Brutus, the ſuppoſed grandſon of Eneas, into our iſland, and

and the ſettlement of the firſt foundations of the Britiſh monarchy.

A ſketch of this intended piece, now lies before the writer of theſe ſheets; and as the plan ſeems to be noble, extenſive, and edifying, he truſts that an account of it will not only be entertaining, but inſtructive; as the deſign may ſerve as a model to employ ſome genius, if any there be, or ſhall hereafter ariſe, equal to the execution of ſuch an arduous taſk.

The poem, as has been obſerved, was to have been entitled BRUTUS. As Eneas was famed for his piety, ſo his grandſon's characteriſtic was benevolence; the firſt predominant principle of his character, which prompted his endeavours to redeem the remains of his countrymen, the deſcendants from Troy, then captives in Greece, and to eſtabliſh their freedom and felicity in a juſt form of government.

He goes to Epirus, from thence he travels all over Greece; collects all the ſcattered Trojans; and redeems them with the treaſures he brought from Italy.

Having collected his ſcattered countrymen, he conſults the oracle of Dodona, and is promiſed a ſettlement in an iſland, which, from the deſcription, appears to have been Britain. He then puts to ſea, and enters the Atlantic ocean.

The

The firſt book was intended to open with the appearance of Brutus at the ſtraits of Calpe, in ſight of the Pillars of Hercules, (the *ne plus ultra.*) He was to have been introduced debating in council with his captains, whether it was adviſeable to launch into the great ocean, on an enterpriſe bold and hazardous as that of the great Columbus.

One reaſon, among others, aſſigned by Brutus, for attempting the great ocean in ſearch of a new country, was, that he entertained no proſpect of introducing pure manners in any part of the then known world; but that he might do it among a people uncorrupt in their manners, worthy to be made happy; and wanting only arts and laws to that purpoſe.

A debate enſues. Piſander, an old Trojan, is rather for ſettling in Betica, a rich country, near the ſtraits, within the Mediterranean, of whoſe wealth they had heard great fame at Carthage. Brutus apprehends that the ſoftneſs of the climate, and the gold found there, would corrupt their manners; beſides, that the Tyrians, who had eſtabliſhed great commerce there, had introduced their ſuperſtitions among the natives, and made them unapt to receive the inſtructions he was deſirous to give.

Cloanthes, one of his captains, out of avarice and effeminacy, nevertheleſs deſires to ſettle in a rich and fertile country, rather than to tempt the dangers of the ocean, out of a romantic notion of heroiſm.

This

This has ſuch an effect, that the whole council being diſmayed, are unwilling to paſs the ſtraits, and venture into the great ocean; pleading the example of Hercules for not advancing farther, and urging the preſumption of going beyond a god. To which Brutus, riſing with emotion, anſwers, that Hercules was but a mortal like them; and that if their virtue was ſuperior to his, they would have the ſame claim to divinity: for that the path of virtue, was the only way which lay open to heaven.

At length he reſolves to go in a ſingle ſhip, and to reject all ſuch daſtards, as dared not accompany him.

Upon this, Orontes takes fire, declares he will attend him through any dangers; that he wants no oracle, but his own courage, and the love of glory. That it was for merchants like the Tyrians, not for heroes like them, to make trading ſettlements in a country, for the ſake of its wealth.

All the younger part of the council agree to the ſentiments of Orontes; and, from the love they bear to Brutus, determine to be the companions of his enterprize, and it is reſolved to ſet ſail the next day. That night Hercules appears to him in a viſion, applauding and confirming the ſentiments he had that day delivered in council, and encouraging him to perſevere in the purſuit of the intended enterprize.

The ſecond book opens with a picture of the ſupreme God in all his majeſty, ſitting on his throne in the higheſt heaven. The ſuperintending angel of the Trojans empire (the *Regnum Priami vetus*) falls down before the throne, and confeſſes his juſtice in having overturned that kingdom, for the ſins of the princes, and of the people themſelves. But adds, that after having chaſtiſed and humbled them, it would now be agreeable to his mercy and goodneſs, to raiſe up a new ſtate from their ruins, and form a people who might ſerve him better. That, in Brutus, his Providence had a fit inſtrument for ſuch a gracious deſign.

This proſtrate angel is raiſed by the Almighty, and permitted to attend upon Brutus in his voyage to Britain, in order to aſſiſt him in the reduction of that iſland.

The guardian angel, in purſuance of this commiſſion, flies from heaven to the high mountain of Calpe; and from thence cauſes an eaſt wind to blow, which carries the fleet out of the ſtreights weſtward to the Canary iſlands, where he lands.

Here was to have been a deſcription of Teneriff, and of the volcanoes, as likewiſe of a moſt delicious iſland, which is deſcribed to be without inhabitants. A great part of his followers are diſpoſed to ſettle here. What more, ſay they, can we wiſh for ourſelves, than ſuch a pleaſing end of all our labours? In an inhabited country we muſt, perhaps, be forced to fight, and deſtroy

ſtroy the natives; here, without encroaching upon others, without the guilt of a conqueſt, we may have a land that will ſupply us with all the neceſſaries of life. Why then ſhould we go farther? Let us thank the gods, and reſt here in peace. This affords room for a beautiful deſcription of the land of lazineſs.

Brutus, however, rejects this narrow and ſelfiſh propoſition, as incompatible with his generous plan of extending benevolence, by inſtructing and poliſhing uncultivated minds. He deſpiſes the mean thought of providing for the happineſs of themſelves alone, and ſets the great promiſes of heaven before them.

His perſuaſions, being ſeconded by good omens, prevail; nevertheleſs they leave behind them the old men and the women, together with ſuch as are timid and unfit for ſervice, to enjoy their eaſe there, and erect a city. Over this colony, conſiſting however of about three thouſand perſons, he propoſes to make Piſander king, under ſuch limitations as appear to him wiſeſt and beſt.

To this propoſal they all aſſent with great ſatisfaction; only Piſander abſolutely refuſes to be King, and begs, notwithſtanding his age, that he may attend Brutus in his enterpriſe. He urges that his experience and councils may be of uſe, though his ſtrength is gone; and that he ſhall die unhappy, if he does not die in the arms of his friend.

Brutus

Brutus accepts his company, with great expreſſions of gratitude; and having left his colony a form of pure worſhip, and a ſhort and ſimple body of laws, orders them to chuſe a government for themſelves, and then ſets ſail with none but reſolute and noble aſſociates.

Here the poet, by way of epiſode, meant to have introduced the paſſion of ſome friend, or the fondneſs of ſome female, who refuſed to ſtay behind, and determined to brave all hardſhips and perils, rather than quit the object of their affections.

Providence is now ſuppoſed to ſend his ſpirit to raiſe the wind, and direct it to the northward. The veſſel at length touches at Liſbon, or Ulyſſipont, where he meets with the ſon of a Trojan, captive of Ulyſſes. This gives occaſion for an epiſode; and, among other things, furniſhes an account of Ulyſſes ſettling there, and building of Liſbon; with a detail of the wicked principles of policy and ſuperſtition he had eſtabliſhed, and of his being at length driven away by the diſcontented people he had enſlaved.

Brutus is afterwards driven by a ſtorm, raiſed by an evil ſpirit, as far as Norway. He prays to the Supreme God. His guardian angel calms the ſeas, and conducts the fleet ſafe into a port; but the evil ſpirit excites the barbarian people, to attack them at their landing.

Brutus

Brutus however repulſes them, lands and encamps on the ſea ſhore. In the night an *aurora borealis* aſtoniſhes his men, ſuch a phenomenon having never been ſeen by them before.

He endeavours to keep up their ſpirits, by telling them that what they look upon as a prodigy, may be a phenomenon of nature uſual in thoſe countries, though unknown to them and him; but that if it be any thing ſupernatural, they ought to interpret it in their own favour, becauſe heaven never works miracles, but for the good. About midnight they are attacked again by the Barbarians, and the light of the *aurora*, is of great uſe to them for their defence.

Brutus kills their chief leader, and Orontes the three next in command. This diſcourages them, and they fly up into the country. He makes priſoners of ſome of the natives, who had been uſed to thoſe ſeas, and enquires of them concerning a great iſland to the ſouth weſt of their country; they tell him they had been in ſuch an iſland upon piratical voyages, and had carried ſome of the natives into captivity. He obtains ſome of theſe captives, whom he finds to be Britons; they deſcribe their country to him, and undertake to pilot him.

In the next book, Brutus touches at the Orcades, and a picture is given of the manners of the ſavages. The North Britons he brought with him from Norway, relate ſtrange ſtories

concerning one of the greateſt of their iſlands ſuppoſed to be inhabited by Daemons, who forbid all acceſs to it by thunders, earthquakes, &c. Eudemon relates a tradition in Greece, that in one of the northern iſlands of the ocean, ſome of the Titans were confined after their overthrow by Jupiter. Brutus, to confound their ſuperſtition, reſolves to land in that iſland.

Brutus ſails thither in a ſmall veſſel of ſix oars attended only by Orontes, who inſiſts on ſharing with him in this adventure. When the boat approaches the ſhore, a violent hurricane riſes, which daſhes it againſt the rocks, and beats it to pieces. All the men are drowned but Brutus and Orontes, who ſwim to land. They find a thick foreſt dark and impenetrable, out of which proceeds a dreadful noiſe.

All at once the ſun was darkened, a thick night comes over them; thundering noiſes, and bellowings are heard in the air, and under ground. A terrible eruption of fire breaks out from the top of a mountain, the earth ſhakes beneath their feet, Orontes flies back into the wood, but Brutus remains undaunted, though in great danger of being ſwallowed up, or burnt by the fire. In this extremity he calls upon God; the eruption ceaſes, and his guardian angel appears to Brutus, telling him God had permitted the evil ſpirit to work ſeeming miracles by natural means, in order to try his virtue, and to humble the pride of Orontes, who was too confident in his courage, and too little regardful of providence. That the hill before them was a

volcano; that the effects of it dreadful, though natural, had made the ignorant ſavages believe the iſland to be an habitation of fiends. That the hurricane, which had wrecked his boat, was a uſual ſymptom preceding an eruption. That he might have periſhed in the eruption, if God had not ſent him his good angel to be his preſerver.

He then directs him to ſeek the ſouth-weſt parts of Great Britain, becauſe the northern parts were infeſted by men not yet diſpoſed to receive religion, arts and good government; the ſubduing and civilizing of whom was reſerved by providence for a ſon, that ſhould be born of him after his conqueſt of England.

Brutus promiſes to obey; the angel vaniſhes. Brutus finds Orontes in a cave of the wood; he is ſo aſhamed of his fear, that he attempts to kill himſelf. Brutus comforts him, aſcribes it to a ſupernatural terror, and tells him what he had heard from the angel. They go down to the coaſt, where they find Hanno, with a ſhip to carry them off.

The enſuing book deſcribes the joy of Brutus, at ſight of the white rocks of Albion. He lands at Torbay, and, in the weſtern part of the iſland, meets with a kind reception.

The climate is deſcribed to be equally free from the effeminacy and ſoftneſs of the ſouthern climes, and the ferocity and ſavageneſs of the northern. The natural genius of the native being thus in the medium between theſe extremes, was well adapted to receive the improvements in virtue, he meditated to introduce. They are

repreſented worſhippers of the ſun and fire, but of good and gentle diſpoſitions, having no bloody ſacrifices among them. Here he meets the Druids, at an altar of turf, in an open place, offering fruits and flowers to heaven.

Then follows a picture of the haven, which is ſucceeded by an account of the northern parts, ſuppoſed to be infeſted by tyrants, of whom the Britains tell ſtrange ſtories, repreſenting them as giants, whom he undertakes to aſſiſt them in conquering.

Among theſe iſlands, our poet takes notice of the iſland Mona, groaning under the laſh of ſuperſtition, being governed by prieſts.

Likewiſe of another diſtracted by *diſmal Anarchy*, the neighbours eating their captives, and carrying away virgins; which affords room for a beautiful epiſode, deſcribing the feelings of a paſſionate lover, who prevailed on Brutus to fly to the reſcue of a favourite fair-one, whom, by his aid, he recovered from the arms of her brutal raviſher.

Our poet alſo ſpeaks of a third under the dominion of *Tyranny*, which was ſtronger than the reſt, and defended by giants living in caſtles, high rocks, &c. ſome of theſe giants our poet names, as *Corinæus*, *Gogmagog*, *&c.* Here he propoſed to moralize the old fables concerning *Brutus*, *Gogmagog*, *&c.*

Brutus, however, is oppoſed in his attempt by the prieſts, conjurers, and magicians; and

the prieſts are ſuppoſed to have had ſecrets, which paſt for ſupernatural, ſuch as the uſe of gunpowder, &c. He meets with many difficulties likewiſe from his own people, which interrupt his deſigns; particularly from one of his kinſmen, who is young, fierce, and ambitious. He is earneſt for conquering all by force, and treating the people who ſubmitted to him as ſlaves.

But Brutus gives it as his opinion, not to conquer and deſtroy the natives of the new-diſcovered land, but to poliſh and refine them, by introducing true religion, void of ſuperſtition and all falſe notions of the Deity, which only leads to vice and miſery, among people who are uncorrupted in their manners, and only want the introduction of uſeful arts, under the ſanction of a good government, to eſtabliſh and enſure their felicity *.

This turbulent kinſman likewiſe endangers a revolt, by taking away a woman betrothed to a Britain.

Some of Brutus's followers take part with him, and raiſe a faction, which, by his wiſdom and firmneſs, he ſuppreſſes; and brings the diſcontented back to their duty, who at length unite with him againſt the giants, their common enemy. It muſt not be omitted, that the kinſman is repreſented as repenting of his feceſſion,

* Here the poet could have had a fine opportunity of expoſing the inhuman conduct of the Europeans, with reſpect to the Indians.

and much aſhamed that Brutus, having left him a victim to female blandiſhments, went to war without him.

Brutus, in the end, ſucceeded in his enterprize againſt the giants, and enchantment vaniſhed before him: having reduced the fortreſſes of ſuperſtition, anarchy and tyranny, the whole iſland ſubmits to good government, and with this the poem was intended to cloſe.

Such are the outlines of the plan, which have been extracted from the ſheets before me; and that nothing might be wanting to perfect it as an epic compoſition, our poet had prepared his machinery, and given names to his good and evil ſpirits. He obſerves, that both Scripture and common opinion agree in authorizing the operation of ſuch ſpirits, as theſe employed for good ends, to advance the worſhip of the Deity and virtue; and thoſe for evil, to promote ſuperſtition and vice: and he adds, that they may be equally admitted under any diſpenſation, either Ethic or Chriſtian.

Nor has our poet forgotten the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, of which ſome are taken notice of in this ſketch, particularly that of *Brutus*, whoſe character is as perfect as human nature will admit. A moſt wiſe legiſlator, an undaunted ſoldier, a juſt, moderate, beneficent prince; the example and pattern of kings, and true heroes.

That of *Orontes*, a young man next in command under him, of an impetuous nature, ſuch

as Achilles, Rinaldo, Alexander; valiant, ungovernable, licentious, but generous; and when free from paſſion, good and humane.

That of *Piſander*, to contraſt with Orontes, a very old man, the Neſtor of Troy, who had ſeen three generations, being born before the rape of Helen, in the flouriſhing days of king Priam. Wiſe, cautious, eloquent; of great authority in Brutus's army, employed to tame the ſavages in Britain, and to unite the different clans of the good Britons, &c.

Hipomedom, a bloody, cruel ſoldier, always for violent meaſures; killed by the giants.

Cloanthus, a ſoldier ſeeking only plunder and luſt, deſtroyed by a woman.

Eudemon, a phyſician, carried away captive, while yet a boy, at the taking of Troy, by Machaon, the ſon of Eſculapius, who inſtructed him in his art, and afterwards enfranchiſed him. After the death of Machaon, he became highly honoured all over Greece; nevertheleſs, he leaves the court of Oreſtes, whoſe phyſician he was, out of love to his country, to follow Brutus. A character of uncommon philanthropy, learning and virtue, but devoted to the worſhip of Eſculapius, out of gratitude to the memory of his ſon.

Goffarius, an artful politic prince, without virtue, truſting more to ſtratagem in war, than to force.

Magog,

Magog, another Mezentius, a deſpiſer of the gods; brutal, truſting to his great ſtrength, without fear, conſcience, or prudence.

Corineus, valiant, proud, bloody; but ſubtle, avaritious, and diſſembling.

Sagibert, favourite to Goffarius, a gay agreeable young man; vicious, ſpirited and brave, ſuch as the Duc de Joyeuſe, killed in the wars againſt the King of Navarre.

Hanno, a man of a ſevere republican virtue, high ſpirit, and great knowledge of men and manners, from having been much abroad in his different commands.

Our Author had actually begun this poem; and part of the manuſcript, in *blank verſe*, now lies before me. But various accidents concurred, to prevent his making any farther progreſs in it.

He had likewiſe planned two odes, or moral poems, on the *Miſchiefs of arbitrary Power*, and the *Folly of Ambition*. The firſt was to open with a view and deſcription of Mount Etna or Veſuvius, after a long intermiſſion from eruptions; in which was given a picture of all rural felicity, in the moſt enchanting ſcenes of vineyards and olive-yards in one place, the products of Ceres in another, and flowery paſtures, overſpread with flocks and herds, in a third, while the ſhepherds were indulging themſelves in their rural dances, ſongs and muſic; and the huſ-

bandmen in feats of activity. In the heat of theſe amuſements, is heard the rumbling in the bowels of the mountain, the day is overcaſt, and after other dreadful ſymptoms of approaching deſolation, a torrent of liquid fire breaks out from the mouth, and running down the declivity, carries away every thing in its paſſage; and, as Milton ſays——

"All the flouriſhing works of Peace deſtroys."

That on the *folly of ambition and a name*, was to open with the view of a large champain deſart country; in the midſt of which was a large heap of ſhapeleſs and deformed ruins, under the ſhadow of which was ſeen a ſhepherd's ſhed, who at his door was tending a few ſheep and goats. The ruins attract the eye of a traveller paſſing by, who, curious to be informed of what he ſaw, addreſſes himſelf to the ſhepherd, to know to what ſuperb ſtructures theſe ruins belonged. The ſhepherd entertains him with an abſurd and fabulous account of antient times, in which there were ſuch traces of true hiſtory, that the traveller at length diſcovers, by the aid of the fabulous narrator, joined to certain marks in the ruins themſelves, that this was the famous Blenheim, built, at the public expence, by a warlike nation, for the Deliverer of Europe, &c.

It may be worth obſerving farther, that Mr. POPE once had a purpoſe to pen a diſcourſe on the riſe and progreſs of Engliſh poetry, as it came from the Provincial poets, and had claſſed the Engliſh poets, according to their ſeveral ſchools and ſuc-

ſucceſſions, as appears from the liſt underneath.

ÆRA I.

Rymer, 2d part, pag. 65, 66, 67. 77. Petrarch 78. Catal. of Proven als [Poets.]

1. School of Provence: Chaucer's Viſions, Romaunt of the Roſe, Pierce Plowman, Tales from Boccace, Gower.

2. School of Chaucer: Lydgate, T. Occleve, Walt. de Mapes, Skelton.

3. School of Petrarch: E. of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, Sir Philip Sydney, G. Gaſcoyn, Tranſlator of Arioſto's Com.

4. School of Dante: Mirror of Magiſtrates, Lord Buckhurſt's Induction, Gorboduck,—Original of good Tragedy,—Seneca [his Model]

ÆRA II.

Spencer, Col. Clout, from the School of Arioſto and Petrarch, tranſlated from Taſſo.

5. School of Spencer, and From Italian Sonnets: W. Brown's Paſtorals, Ph. Fletcher's Purple Iſland, Alabaſter, Piſcatory Ec. S. Daniel, Sir Walter Raleigh, Milton's Juvenilia. Heath. Habinton.

Tranſlators from Italian: Golding, Edm. Fairfax, Harrington.

6. School of Donne: Cowley, Davenant, Michael Drayton, Sir Thomas Overbury, Randolph, Sir John Davis, Sir John Beaumont, Cartwright, Cleveland, Craſhaw, Biſhop Corbet, Lord Falkland.

Carew, T. Carey, in Matter; G. Sandys, in his Par. of Job, Fairfax, in Verſification; Models to Waller.

Sir John Mennis, Tho. Baynal, Originals of Hudibras.

Having thus given an account of our author's moſt diſtinguiſhed pieces, with ſuch animadverſions as occurred, it remains, according to the plan propoſed, to conſider the nature, force, and extent of Mr. POPE's Genius.

This office, as has been obſerved, has been undertaken in form by an ingenious Critic, whoſe remarks have frequently been taken notice of in the foregoing part of theſe ſheets.

His work not being yet compleated, he has not hitherto poſitively determined in what claſs of poetical merit Mr. POPE is to be ranked. But from ſeveral ſcattered hints, and more eſpecially from his dedication to Dr. Young, we may more than conjecture what rank he would aſſign him.

In this dedication, the critic expreſſes himſelf in the following terms——

" I revere the memory of POPE, I reſpect and
" honour his abilities; but I do not think him
" at the head of his profeſſion. In other words,
" in that ſpecies of poetry wherein POPE
" excelled, he is ſuperior to all mankind: and
" I only ſay, that this ſpecies of poetry is not
" the moſt excellent one of the art.

" We do not, it ſhould ſeem, ſufficiently attend
" to the difference there is betwixt a man of wit,
" and a man of ſenſe, and a true poet. *Donne* and
" *Swift*, were undoubtedly men of wit, and men of
" ſenſe;

" ſenſe; but what traces have they left of pure " poetry? It is remarkable, that Dryden ſays " of Donne, he was the greateſt wit, though " not the greateſt poet of this nation. *Fonte-* " *nelle* and *La Motte,* are entitled to the former " character; but what can they urge to gain the " latter? Which of theſe characters is the moſt " valuable and uſeful, is entirely out of the " queſtion: all I plead for, is, to have their " ſeveral provinces kept diſtinct from each " other; and to impreſs on the reader, that a " clear head, and acute underſtanding, are not " ſufficient alone, to make a poet; that the " moſt ſolid obſervations on human life, ex- " preſſed with the utmoſt elegance and brevity, " are MORALITY, and not POETRY; that the " Epiſtles of Boileau in rhyme, are no more " poetical, than the Characters of La Bruyere in " proſe; and that it is a creative and glowing " imagination, *acer ſpiritus ac vis*, and that " alone, that can ſtamp a writer with this ex- " alted and very uncommon character, which ſo " few poſſeſs, and of which ſo few can properly " judge."

Theſe reflections are ſpecious, but, perhaps, on cloſe examination, they will appear to be fallacious. That the moſt ſolid obſervations on human life, expreſſed with the utmoſt elegance and brevity, *may be* MORALITY and not POETRY, is certain: but does it therefore follow that they *muſt be*, and that there is a poſitive contradiſtinction between them? Surely if ſuch obſervations are embelliſhed with beautiful figures,

figures, illuſtrated by ſtriking images, and the whole expreſſed in harmonious numbers; they cannot be denied a place among poetical compoſitions.

Had *Donne* and *Swift*, had *Fontenelle* and *La Motte*, of whom the critic ſpeaks, with their *wit and good ſenſe*, which POPE had in common with them, had the *ſupreme harmony of numbers* in common with him; would any man of common ſenſe have denied either of them the character of a TRUE POET?

Mr. Voltaire, who may be ſuppoſed full as well acquainted with the nature of his own art as our critic, ſays, ſpeaking of Mr. POPE, that to write *elegantly in verſe* is the gift to one in a million, and that only to the TRUE POET.

It is not eaſy to conceive why *Morality* and *Poetry* are thus contradiſtinguiſhed, as if it was impoſſible, that the *acer ſpiritus ac vis*, ſhould ever be diſplayed on a *moral* ſubject.—But that they may, Mr. POPE's Moral Epiſtles ſufficiently evidence; and the reader, it is preſumed, from the paſſages above pointed out in theſe Epiſtles, will not heſitate to pronounce, that they abound with inſtances of true poetical ſpirit.

Having thus indirectly pointed out what he conceives the nature of Mr. POPE's genius to be, he proceeds farther to explain what denominates a poet.

"It

" It is amazing this matter ſhould ever have " been miſtaken, when Horace has taken parti- " cular and repeated pains to ſettle and adjuſt " the opinion in queſtion. He has more than " once diſclaimed all right and title to the name " of Poet, on the ſcore of his ethic and ſatiric " pieces.

"——*Neque enim concludere verſum*
" *Dixeris eſſe ſatis*"——

" are lines often repeated, but whoſe meaning " is not extended and weighed as it ought to " be.

" Nothing can be more judicious than the " method he preſcribes, of trying whether any " compoſition be eſſentially poetical or not; " which is, to drop entirely the meaſures and " numbers, and tranſpoſe and invert the order " of the words: and in this unadorned manner " to peruſe the paſſage. If there be really in it " a true poetical ſpirit, all your inverſions and " tranſpoſitions will not diſguiſe and extinguiſh " it; but it will retain its luſtre like a diamond " unſet, and thrown back into the rubbiſh of " the mine. Let us make a little experiment " on the following well-known lines.

" Yes, you deſpiſe the man *that is* (a) con- " fined to books, who rails at human kind from

(a) There are no ſuch words in Mr. Pope, as thoſe diſtinguiſhed by Italics.

" his

" his ſtudy; though what he learns he ſpeaks;
" and may *perhaps* ([b]) advance ſome general
" maxims, or *may* ([c]) be right by chance. The
" coxcomb bird ſo grave and *ſo* ([d]) talkative,
" that cries whore, knave and cuckold from his
" cage, though he rightly calls many a paſſen-
" ger, you hold him no philoſopher ([e]). And
" yet ſuch is the fate of all extreams, men may
" be read too much, as well as books. We
" grow more partial for the *ſake of the ob-*
" *ſerver* ([f]), to obſervations which we ourſelves
" make; leſs *ſo* ([g]) to written wiſdom, *becauſe* ([h])

([b]) This word is *added* to deſtroy the metre, which is perfect without it:

" Though what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance"—

([c]) This word is likewiſe interpolated for the ſame purpoſe. The line in the Epiſtle ſtands thus:

" Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance."

([d]) No ſuch word in the Epiſtle.

([e]) Two words are omitted here.

([f]) Here is another interpolation, inſtead of an inverſion. In the line in the Epiſtle there is no *of*.

" We grow more partial for th' obſerver's ſake."

([g]) No ſuch word in the Epiſtle.

([h]) The word *becauſe* is not in the Epiſtle; POPE ſays,

" To written wiſdom, as another's, leſs."

" another's:

" another's: maxims are drawn from notions,
" *and* (1) thoſe from gueſs."

" What ſhall we ſay of this paſſage?---Why
" that it is moſt excellent ſenſe, but juſt as poeti-
" cal as the *qui fit Maecenas* of the author who
" recommends this method of trial. Take ten
" lines of the Iliad, Paradiſe Loſt, or even of
" the Georgics of Virgil, and ſee whether, by
" any proceſs of critical chemiſtry, you can
" lower and reduce them to the tameneſs of
" proſe. You will find that they will appear
" like Ulyſſes in his diſguiſe of rags, ſtill a
" hero, though lodged in the cottage of the
" herdſman Eumaeus."

Though nothing, perhaps, could diſplay a ſtronger proof of prejudice, than this method of determining the nature of Mr. Pope's poetical Genius; yet I would by no means be thought to impute the want of candor to the critic, being

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(1) The copulative is not in the Epiſtle.

I am far from ſuſpecting the writer of any invidious intention, to pervert and falſify Mr. Pope's writing, in order to eſtabliſh a judgment injurious to his reputation: at the ſame time I muſt obſerve, that in the inſtances pointed out in the foregoing notes, he has been guilty of unpardonable inattention, to ſay no more. The reader will perceive, that inſtead of inverting and tranſpoſing, he has taken the liberty of adding to and altering the Poet's expreſſions; which was not neceſſary in order to make proſe of it: And there never yet was a poem penned which might not be rendered flat and proſaic, by ſuch unjuſt and injurious liberties.

ſenſible

ſenſible that when the mind has once haſtily adopted an opinion, it is too apt to ſeize thoſe particulars only which favour its raſh concluſion, and to be unmindful of every circumſtance, which may tend to remove the firſt impreſſion.

It is obſervable, that the inſtance here ſelected to ſhew that Mr. POPE had not the true poetical ſpirit, is taken from the opening of his Epiſtle on the Characters of Men: and, perhaps, its being the opening, might alone have afforded a reaſon againſt its being ſingled out to prove, what the critic would endeavour to infer from it. For the poetical ſpirit, the *vivida vis* is not to be expected, nay, perhaps, ought not to be conſpicuous, in the very outſet of a poem, more eſpecially of a familiar epiſtle.

What farther proves the partiality of this examination, is the critic's challenging a compariſon between a familiar epiſtle of this kind, and the two moſt finiſhed *epic* pieces, perhaps, extant in any language. Surely, unleſs Mr. POPE meant to have deſcended to burleſque, it would have been very prepoſterous to have imitated in this epiſtle, the ſolemnity and dignity of the epopæia.

Our poet had tranſgreſſed common ſenſe and decorum, had he diſplayed all that *acer ſpiritus ac vis*, of which our critic is ſo fond, in an epiſtle intended to repreſent the ſtile of familiar converſation. At the ſame time, our critic takes no notice of a thouſand paſſages in the *Eſſay on Man*,

Man, and in the *Ethic Epiſtles*, *&c.* which, tranſpoſe and invert them as you will, breathe nothing but poetic fire and ſublimity. Nay, he has paid the ſame inattention to numerous paſſages in theſe very Imitations. It would ſeem as if he thought that the true poet, was to write nothing but what bore the ſtamp of poetic fury and inſpiration: And that our critic inherited the ſublime taſte of *Martinus Scriblerus*, who required every thing to be in the buſkin or florid ſtile.

So when the *unpoetical* POPE ſays——

" *Shut, ſhut the door, good John*——

Martinus the critic, would have had him ſay—

" The wooden guardian of our privacy
" Quick on it's axle turn——

Again, when POPE ſays—

" *Tye up the knocker*——

Martin would wiſh the expreſſion altered thus—

" Gag my loud-tongued gate."

To be more ſerious, however, it may be obſerved, that it is by no means juſt to try and determine our poet's merit, by a ſingle inſtance, thus partially ſelected; and oppoſed to ſome of the moſt celebrated poems now extant.

It may be added, that there cannot be a ſtronger inſtance of a blind veneration for theſe admired pieces, than the bold challenge which the eſſayiſt has given, and which we need not decline accepting. There is ſo little neceſſity, however, of being induſtrious in the choice of ten lines from the eminent bards he mentions, that I will do what the critic has done by Mr. POPE; I will take the firſt ten lines from the beginning of each, and will try the effects of what he calls critical chemiſtry, by throwing them out of their metrical order,—and firſt on the Meonian bard.

Θεὰ ἄειδε οὐλομενεν μηνιν πηληϊαδεω Αχιλῆος ἣ ἔθηκε μυρί' ἀλγε' Αχαιοῖς δ' ωροΐαψεν πολλὰς ἰφθίμυς ψυχὰς ἀϊδι, δ' τεῦχε αὐτυς ἑλωρια Κυνέσσιν, τε πᾶσι οἰωνοῖσι, δ' βελή διός ἐτελέιτο ἐξ ὅ δη τὰ ωρῶτα Ατρείδης τε ἄναξ ανδρῶν κ) δῖος Αχιλλεύς ἐρίσαντε διασήτην. Τίς τ' ἄρ θεῶν ξυνέηκε σφῶε μάχεσθαι ἔριδι; υίος Διὸς κ) Δητῦς, ὁ γὰρ χολωθεὶς βασιλῆι ὦρσε κακὴν νὅσον ἀνά ςρατὸν.

Let us now make the ſame experiment on the Mantuan Muſe.

" *Maecenas incipiam canere hinc quid faciat*
" *actas ſegetes: quo ſidere conveniat vertere ter-*
" *ram, et adjungere vites ulmis; quae ſit cura*
" *bovum, qui cultis pecori habendo, atque quanta*
" *experientia parcis apibus. Vos Liber et alma*
" *Ceres, O clariſſima lumina mundi, quae ducitis*
" *annum labentem coelo; ſi tellus mutavit cho-*
" *niam glandem pingni Ariſta, et miſcuit Ache-*

" *loia*

" *loia pocula inventis uvis veſtro munere et vos*
" *Fauni praeſentia numina agreſtum, ferte, &c.*"

Laſtly, let us ſee how the great Milton will ſuſtain this trial by inverſion.

" Heavenly muſe, that on the ſecret top of
" Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire that ſhepherd,
" who firſt taught the choſen ſeed, how the heaven
" and the earth in the beginning roſe out of
" chaos, ſing of man's firſt diſobedience, and
" the fruit of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal
" taſte brought all our woe, and death into the
" world, with loſs of Eden; till one greater
" man reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat."

We are ſo far, in any of the foregoing inſtances, from diſcovering the appearance of any hero in his diſguiſe of rags, that they rather preſent to us the image of a peaſant, ſtrutting in regal purple: and perhaps it is not too much to ſay, that they are inferior in ſpirit and dignity to Mr. POPE's *.

Never-

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* Too many, it is to be feared, are apt to ſuppoſe, that high ſounding words conſtitute the force and ſublimity of poetical expreſſion: and Horace himſelf does not ſeem exempt from this kind of miſtake.

His authority, indeed, has been ſo firmly eſtabliſhed, that it may ſeem preſumption now to call it in queſtion. Nevertheleſs, the inſtance by which Horace illuſtrates his own rules, is not, perhaps, the moſt happily choſen. In the paſſage of the ſatire alluded to, where he recommends the

Nevertheleſs, this tameneſs, admitting it ſuch, ought not to be imputed as a blemiſh, in theſe admirable poems; for the beginning of a piece ought to be ſimple and modeſt. No one, who knows how to manage a Pegaſus, would ever think of ſetting off full ſpeed, the minute he mounted.

It would have been a fairer exemplification, if the critic had ſelected other paſſages, in which,

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experiment of trying the ſpirit of verſe, by inverting the order of the words, he ſays,

" *Non ut ſi ſolvas; poſtquam diſcordia tetra*
" *Belli ferratos poſtes portaſque refregit:*
" *Invenias etiam disjecta membra poetae.*"

Now let any one tranſpoſe this paſſage thus:

" *Poſtquam tetra diſcordia refregit ferratos*
" *Poſtes portaſque belli.*"

Theſe words, indeed, are ſonorous; but can they, by any poſſible arrangement, be rendered *harmonious* and *ſpirited*. Invert and tranſpoſe them how you will, the *poſtes portaſque* will be flat: Theſe words will hang upon the tongue, and their hiſſing will offend the ear.

It may be objected, I am well aware, that harmony is here out of the queſtion; and that, though we deſtroy the harmony, yet the *acer ſpiritus ac vis*, which does not conſiſt in meaſure, will nevertheleſs remain. To this it may be anſwered, that we are not here ſpeaking of the *acer ſpiritus ac vis*, generally, but of the VIS POETICA; and wherever there is the *vis* POETICA, there SPIRIT and HARMONY will be combined; and though you break the meaſure, which gives *perfection* to the harmony, yet the compoſition will ſtill be to a degree harmonious: there will ſtill be the *disjecta membra* POETAE. For even *proſe* may, by well turned periods, be rendered harmonious, as well as ſpirited.

even

even in the familiar Epiſtle under conſideration, he might have diſcovered the true ſpirit of poetry; and of which the moſt diſtinguiſhed have been ſelected in the foregoing critical examination.

In this very Epiſtle, for inſtance, if he had tranſcribed from verſe 103 to 109, they might have afforded him an inſtance of animated and poetical lines; which, as has been obſerved, it is impoſſible to reduce to the tameneſs of proſe by any inverſion or tranſpoſition. Likewiſe, had he tranſcribed from verſe 140 to 149, they might have furniſhed him with a farther example of true poetical ſpirit, which no inverſion or tranſpoſition can diſguiſe, or extinguiſh. Other exemplifications likewiſe might have been found, in this Epiſtle, and ſome of them have already been pointed out.

But perhaps the critic might object to theſe examples, as not being of that ſpecies of poetry which he deems moſt excellent.

" The *ſublime and the pathetic*," he obſerves, " are the two chief nerves of all genuine poeſy. " What is there," he continues, " tranſcendantly " ſublime or pathetic in POPE? In his works " there is indeed *nihil inane, nihil arceſſitum; " puro tamen fonti quam magno flumine proprior*; " as the excellent Quintillian remarks of Lycias. " And becauſe I am perhaps unwilling to ſpeak " out in plain Engliſh, I will adopt the following paſſage of Voltaire, which, in my opinion, " as exactly characterizes POPE, as it does his " model Boileau, for whom it was originally

" deſigned, INCAPABLE PEUT ETRE DU SU-
" BLIME QUI ELEVE L'AME & DU SENTI-
" MENT QUI L'ATTENDRIT, MAIS FAIT
" POUR ECLAIRER CEUX A QUI LA NATURE
" ACCORDA L'UN & L'AUTRE, LABORIEUX
" SEVERE, PRECIS, PUR, HARMONIEUX, IL
" DEVINT ENFIN LE POETE DE LA RAISON."

The critic had before premiſed, that the ſpecies of poetry, in which Mr. POPE excelled, was not, in his opinion, the moſt excellent one of the art: and here he points out the ſpecies to which only he ſeems to confine the excellence he admires.

The ſublime and the pathetic, have, it is true, been allowed a ſuperior degree of excellence, as being perhaps moſt generally ſtriking and affecting: and *Horace* ſeems inclined to confine poetical excellence ſolely to the *ſublime*, and to allow him only to be a poet----*cui mens divinior et os magna ſonaturum*, &c.

But terror and pity are more readily produced, than ſome are apt to imagine; and theſe being the ſenſations with which the mind perhaps is moſt eaſily impreſſed, poets therefore apply themſelves moſt conſtantly to excite them; and thus often raiſe their own reputation, on the weakneſs of their readers.

With reſpect to the pathetic, however, it is a term uſually confined to ſuch ideas, as raiſe in us emotions of pity. But I much queſtion, whether

ther the full power of the pathos, has ever yet been fully explained.

Any ſcene or deſcription, that is exquiſitely beautiful, is capable of impreſſing ſenſations analogous to the pathetic. We never view, or read of ſuch objects, without feeling that kind of total relaxation, that enervate tremulous ſenſation, which we experience when we contemplate any object of diſtreſs or pity. No one, perhaps, of nice ſenſibility, can read that inimitable deſcription of Paradiſe, in Milton, without being diſpoſed to indulge an effuſion of tears; yet here every thing is gay, elegant and riant: and the ſame effects, though not in the ſame degree, are found to reſult from different cauſes.

Notwithſtanding, however, that theſe ſpecies of poetry apply moſt forcibly to our feelings, it may be doubted, perhaps, whether they ought therefore to be eſteemed as moſt excellent.

That art is moſt excellent, which moſt immediately tends to accompliſh the end propoſed. The end of literary compoſitions, of every kind, ſhould be to enlarge the underſtanding, and mend the heart. Man is to be conſidered as a creature compounded of reaſon, as well as paſſion. Now occaſional ſtrokes of the genuine ſublime and pathetic, may ſucceſsfully produce theſe effects; but when they become the conſtant attention of a writer, through a long laboured production, the one generally ſwells into unnatural inflation, and aukward bombaſt; while the other degenerates into unmanly ſoft-

neſs and ridiculous whining: of which, we may be bold to ſay, the greateſt writers furniſh too frequent inſtances.

The reaſon is, that in theſe kinds of poetry, nature is generally repreſented in the *outré*. The imagination loves to be flattered; it always pictures to itſelf ſomething more grand and more extraordinary, than it ever met with in reality: and there is always ſomething in every ſcene, which falls ſhort of the perfection it aſpires to. This propenſity is favourable to poetical enthuſiaſm, and is what gives ſuch a peculiar reliſh to the ſublime and pathetic. But to be extravagant, requires leſs ſkill than is uſually imagined; and to deſcribe nature in her genuine character, is perhaps the greateſt effort of art.

In the hiſtory of human learning, imagination has always been aſſigned as the proper province of poetry. This has been ſo univerſally adopted, and taken in ſo wide an extent, that many have uſed the *licentia poetica*, without any reaſonable bounds or reſtraint; as if it was, in no degree, under the direction and controul of judgment.

But, though poetry may be allowed, more than any other literary compoſition, to be addreſſed to the imagination; yet, if it is calculated to delight the imagination only, without being directed to any purpoſe, either moral or intellectual, it certainly does not deſerve to be ranked among the moſt excellent ſpecies of poetry. In this

this caſe, what ſhould be the mean, is prepoſterouſly made the end.

The pleaſures of the imagination are more obvious, but they certainly are not ſo refined, as thoſe of the underſtanding. The latter are attended with ſome increaſe of knowledge, on which the mind may, from time to time, expatiate by reflection. The former, though tranſporting for a time, are confined in their effects, and are quickly evaneſcent. The pleaſures of imagination ſeem to hold a middle ſpace between the groſs enjoyments of ſenſe, and the more refined delights of the underſtanding. All are, in ſome degree, capable of enjoying the two former; but very few have a reliſh for the latter: as very few are capable of ſuch a ſtretch and perſeverance of thought, as alone can render them grateful.

It is owing to the indulgence of this exceſſive licenſe of flattering the imagination, that, at an advanced age, as judgment ripens, the greater part of poetry becomes inſipid: and the truth of this reflection may lead us to determine the ſpecies of poetical compoſition which is moſt excellent; which is certainly that, for which our reliſh does not abate with the growth of our experience and underſtanding; that, which abounds with ſentiment, and conveys uſeful truths with grace, preciſion, and harmony.

In fact, the true diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of poetry, ſeems to conſiſt rather in the ſtyle, than in the

the matter. The eſſence of true poetry, is harmony. As to the faculty of the mind, to which it properly refers, that depends altogether on the nature of the various objects it treats of, and which are common to proſe as well as verſe.

Sublimity and pathos are not confined to poetry; ſince proſe, as well as verſe, may be ſublime, pathetic, narrative, or deſcriptive; and may be directed to the imagination, or the judgment, as the ſubject requires. No man will venture to deny, that *Longinus* and *Quintilian*, *Locke* and *Newton*, *&c.* though no poets, were all men of imagination.

Admitting, however, that the ſublime and the pathetic, are the moſt excellent ſpecies of poetical compoſition; yet, can it be truly ſaid, that Mr. POPE did not excel in theſe?

If the critic means, that we do not find in POPE a poem, in which the *ſublime* and the *pathetic* conſtitute the character of the whole; this is only ſaying, in other words, what every one knows, that Mr. POPE never compoſed a tragedy, or an epic poem. But, if he means to deny, that there are a thouſand paſſages in POPE's poems, in which the *ſublime* and the *pathetic* are diſplayed in their utmoſt force and perfection; this is a miſtake that all who have eyes, or hearts, or heads, muſt be convinced of.

Does not the Meſſiah afford inſtances of the true ſublime? Has not the critic himſelf allowed the

the lines, toward the concluſion of Windſor Foreſt, to contain ſtrokes of genuine and ſublime poetry? Can any thing be more ſublime and pathetic, than ſeveral paſſages in his Eſſay on Man? as well as in the fourth book of the Dunciad; not to mention the Verſes to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady, the Ode to St. Cecilia, and many other of his compoſitions, from whence ſeveral inſtances have been ſelected.

As to the pathetic in particular, the critic himſelf is forced to acknowledge, that the Epiſtle from *Eloiſa to Abelard*, with the *Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady*, are truly tender and pathetic: and his feelings have, in many paſſages, extorted from him the moſt warm and involuntary confeſſions of our poet's excellence, both with reſpect to ſublimity and pathos.

With what propriety then can he aſk,—— "What is there tranſcendently ſublime or pa- "thetic in POPE?" when he has himſelf, with real taſte and candor, pointed out ſo many inſtances of both the one and the other, in the courſe of his criticiſms on little more than one volume of our poet's works?

Perhaps, however, he will not allow POPE to excel in theſe qualities, becauſe he has only diſplayed them occaſionally, and not made them his principal ſtudy and attention. But to determine whether a writer has a genius for the ſublime, the pathetic, the deſcriptive, or any other mode of compoſition, it is ſufficient that he

he ſhews himſelf capable of exerting thoſe various powers, whenever the nature of the ſeveral ſubjects he treats of, requires that he ſhould diſplay them.

Mr. POPE has himſelf given us the reaſon why he did not cultivate thoſe ſpecies of poetry, which chiefly delight the imagination. He rather choſe to mix the *utile dulci*——

"And ſtoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his ſong."

Or, as he elſewhere expreſſes it,

"————He turn'd the tuneful art
"From ſounds to things, from fancy to the
"heart."

His ſtrong ſenſe, and moral caſt of mind, having inclined him principally to cultivate didactic and moral compoſition, many critics have endeavoured to confine his genius to thoſe kinds; and inſinuated, with this eſſayiſt *, that he did not excel in the other ſpecies of compoſition; and have therefore been ready to compliment him with the frigid encomium, which Voltaire has paid to Mr. Boileau, and which the eſſayiſt has transferred to Mr. POPE, by ſtiling him, LE POETE DE LA RAISON. A compliment,

* Speaking of Mr. POPE's deſign of writing an epic poem, the critic intimates a ſuſpicion, that ſo DIDACTIC a genius would have been deficient in that *ſublime* and *pathetic*, which are the main nerves of the *epopea*.

which

which writers of luxuriant imagination and ſcanty judgment, may, without prejudice to their vanity, pay to thoſe who have more ſenſe than themſelves.

But why ſhould the critic apply, or rather pervert, Voltaire's ſentiments, to expreſs his judgment of Mr. POPE; which he modeſtly confeſſes himſelf unwilling to ſpeak out in plain Engliſh? If Voltaire's authority is of any weight, the critic need not be told, that whatever Voltaire might think of Boileau, he entertained a very different judgment of Mr. POPE from that which the critic has paſſed, by transferring Voltaire's character of the former, to the latter.

We have already ſeen, that he complimented Mr. POPE as one endowed with a gift given to one in a million, and that only to the true poet. —But this is not all.—In a letter from England to one of his friends at Paris, he ſays farther of him,—" I intend to ſend you one or two poems of " Mr. POPE, the beſt poet of England, and at " preſent of all the world. I hope you are ac- " quainted enough with the Engliſh tongue, to " be ſenſible of all the charms of his works. " For my part, I look upon his poem, called " the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, as ſuperior to the *Art* " *of Poetry* of Horace; and his *Rape of the* " *Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of " Deſpreaux. I never ſaw ſo amiable an *imagi-* " *nation*, ſo gentle *graces*, ſo great variety, ſo " much wit, and ſo refined knowledge of the

" world, as in this little performance." MS. Letter, Oct. 15, 1726.

Such are the ſentiments of this celebrated foreigner, with reſpect to Mr. POPE's poetical merit; and how much warmer would this panegyric have been, had Voltaire been maſter of the nicer beauties of the Engliſh language, in which Mr. POPE ſo eminently excelled. We find, that ſo far from thinking him *laborieux, ſevere*, he pronounces him a poet of what he calls *amiable* IMAGINATION and *gentle Graces*; maſter of great variety, wit, and urbanity—— Qualities tending to perfect a poet, even in thoſe ſpecies of compoſition, which our eſſayiſt deems moſt excellent.

Nevertheleſs, the eſſayiſt does not ſcruple to queſtion Mr. POPE's title to INVENTION and IMAGINATION. In the dedication, above taken notice of, he affects to ſpeak of him rather as a *Moraliſt*, than a *Poet*; adding, that it is a creative and glowing *Imagination* only, which can ſtamp a writer with the latter character.

In another part, ſpeaking of the Epiſtle from Eloiſa to Abelard, he ſays---" POPE was a moſt " excellent IMPROVER, if no great original IN- " VENTOR." Again, in the cloſe of his Examen of the *Rape of the Lock*, he thus expreſſes himſelf: " It is in this compoſition, POPE prin- " cipally appears a POET; in which he has diſ- " played more imagination, than in all his other " works taken together. It ſhould, however,

" be

" be remembered," he adds, " that he was not " the FIRST former and creator of thoſe beauti- " ful machines, the Sylphs; on which his claim " to imagination is chiefly founded. He found " them exiſting ready to his hand; but has, in- " deed, employed them with ſingular judgment " and artifice."

It is to be wiſhed, that before the critic had paſſed theſe haſty cenſures, he, who is ſo well able, had previouſly defined the words INVENTION and IMAGINATION; or, at leaſt, that he had premiſed what meaning *he* intended to convey by the uſe of thoſe terms.

Definitions, it is true, more eſpecially of abſtract terms, are dangerous; and much ridicule has been thrown upon the unwary uſe of them. But it is indiſpenſably neceſſary, however, that ſuch as criticize or diſpute, ſhould make the world acquainted with the ſenſe they annex to the terms they employ: otherwiſe they may cavil without end, and only create confuſion, inſtead of begetting conviction.

Now *Invention* and *Imagination* are, at leaſt, in my apprehenſion, terms, though nearly allied, yet ſomewhat different from each other; though they are frequently uſed indiſcriminately, and confounded even by our critic himſelf; as it ſhould ſeem by the following expreſſions.

" The man of rhymes," ſays he, " may be " eaſily found; but the genuine poet, of a lively

" plaſtic *Imagination*, the true MAKER or CRE-
" ATOR, is an uncommon prodigy."

Here the critic ſeems to attribute the power of making or creating, to the *Imagination*, which more properly belongs to the *Invention*.

But the TRUE MAKER or CREATOR (ſays he) is an *uncommon prodigy*. I believe ſo. *Maker* of what? Not of Beings, nor Ideas. He may make Monſters: things which never did exiſt in one caſe, and which never can in the other. We can only combine the Beings and the Ideas which our ſenſes preſent unto us. As *Maker* and *Creator*, in any other ſenſe than a ſkilful Aſſociator and Combiner, the Man in Bedlam has the advantage of the trueſt Genius.

So that *Invention*, as applied to literary compoſition, ſeems to be nothing more than, the faculty of diſcovering certain relations among various objects; from whence we form a *new* and beautiful *aſſociation* of ideas: and we pronounce no man a *genius*, who does not excel in this faculty.

Imagination, on the other hand, is the faculty of illuſtrating and embelliſhing thoſe ideas, by new, apt and ſtriking images and figures. It is the office of imagination, to repreſent ſome truth to the underſtanding, as it were by reflection.

Thus it would ſeem, that imagination is but a proper attendant on invention. As genius is the faculty of forming new aſſociations of ideas, ſo imagination

imagination is the faculty of repreſenting them by new images.

It is from imagination, that a writer derives the fire and enthuſiaſm, which, with reſpect to poetry eſpecially, conſtitutes, among other qualities, what we call Genius. But to form a poetic genius, requires a happy concurrence of all the nobler qualities of the mind. The invention ſhould be quick and fertile; the poet muſt be able readily to perceive the relations among various objects which preſent themſelves before him, and to combine them, with ſuch *curious felicity*, as to produce a ſtriking and intereſting union.

As this union, however, will be more or leſs obvious to others, in proportion as their powers of perception are more or leſs vigorous or languid: therefore the Poet's imagination likewiſe ſhould be lively and ardent. He muſt be capable of impreſſing thoſe ideas on different minds, by placeing them in various lights, by the uſe of choice and ſtrong images, and of figurative illuſtrations, decked with all the graces of an elegant, ſplendid and harmonious diction.

His judgment alſo, ſhould be ſolid and correct. He muſt be capable of arranging his thoughts in a methodical train; of combining ſuch only as have a natural congruity between them, of ſeparating ſuch as are diſſimilar, and of applying them to their proper purpoſes, ſo as to produce a complete and ſtriking union.

His taſte, likewiſe, ſhould be refined: he muſt be able to diſtinguiſh nicely what is beautiful, and to ſelect ſuch imagery as may be beſt appropriated to illuſtrate the ideas he would convey. He muſt know, likewiſe, how to preſerve a juſt ordonnance of figures, and avoid the jarring claſh of metaphors. He muſt diſcern alſo, what ſtile is moſt properly adapted to the various ſpecies of compoſition: otherwiſe he will be liable to miſtake inflation for ſublimity, conceit for wit, and gaudineſs for elegance.

Theſe are the qualities which form a genius in poetry, and of theſe Mr. POPE was eminently poſſeſſed; though the ingenious critic ſeems to deny, or at leaſt to queſtion, his title to the moſt eſſential of them, that is, *invention.*

We are the more ſurprized at the critic's diſputing Mr. POPE's juſt claim to this excellence, as he ſeems to entertain very juſt and liberal notions of the nature of invention; where he ſays, how conſiſtently with his judgment of Mr. POPE, let others determine —— "That a "want of ſeeming originality ariſes frequently, "not from a barrenneſs and timidity of genius, "but from invincible neceſſity, and the nature "of things: that the works of thoſe, who pro-"feſs an art whoſe eſſence is imitation, muſt "needs be ſtamped with a cloſe reſemblance to "each other; ſince the objects, material or ani-"mate, extraneous or internal, which they all "imitate, lie equally open to the obſervation of "all, and are perfectly ſimilar."

But

But the miſtaken foundation on which the critic diſputes, or at leaſt doubts, the validity of our author's claim, betrays itſelf in his admitting that Mr. POPE has diſplayed more imagination in the *Rape of the Lock*, than in all his other works taken together; with this abatement, that he was not the FIRST former and creator of thoſe beautiful machines, the Sylphs.

If by this is meant, that Mr. POPE was not the firſt who brought the Sylphs into *poetical machinery*, the obſervation, were it true, would have weight. But it is deſtitute of truth: for Mr. POPE was unqueſtionably the firſt who employed this *machinery*. He firſt diſcovered the relations between thoſe imaginary beings of air, and the light fantaſtic objects he intended to ridicule. He firſt aſſigned thoſe beings their ſeveral charges, directed their ſeveral functions, denounced their ſeveral puniſhments, and framed various new aſſociations of pleaſing ideas from this whimſical ſyſtem: and if this is not INVENTION, it is difficult to ſay what is.

If, on the other hand, it is only meant that Mr. POPE was not the inventor of the *Roſycrucian ſyſtem* of the Sylphs, this is true; but it is ſo far from arguing his want of invention, that, to have made ſuch a ſyſtem, was not only out of the province of poetical invention, but had it been brought into it, would have deſtroyed all its effect.

Poetical invention muſt have the popular belief to work upon, or it can never attain its end.

Could Homer have brought his gods, or Milton his devils, into poetical machinery, had they been the inventors of either ſyſtem? No: They took them as they found them, ready framed for their purpoſe, by having become the objects of popular belief.

It is ſaid, indeed, that there have been critics, in former as well as later times, weak enough to ſuppoſe, that Homer himſelf was the firſt inventor of his gods and goddeſſes. But ſurely what made him the admiration of the Greeks of his own and after times, was his giving them back, conveyed in the moſt ſplendid light, the image of their own minds.

But he who at preſent uſes the pagan mythology for his poetical machinery, may be fairly charged with want of invention; becauſe it has not only been pre-occupied, but has been ſo long uſed, that it is now worn out. For a *ſupernatural ſyſtem* may be too old, as well as too new; and is alike unfit for poetic uſe, either when it has loſt, or when it never had, the popular belief.

It is from this reaſon, that the antient mythology is become diſguſting. We cannot now bear invocations to the muſes. Apollo now no longer ſhines in the ſplendid ſphere, to which the poets exalted him. Even Venus herſelf, though girt with her Ceſtus, muſt give up the power of inſpiration; and her ſon, Cupid, now can wound no longer. We may indeed ſmile to ſee him in Anacreon, fluttering his wings, and pointing his arrows;

arrows; but if a modern were to draw ſuch a picture, we ſhould throw it aſide with diſguſt, and deſpiſe him as the pitiful copiſt of an exploded ſyſtem.

What a Phenomenon of a poet then muſt he be, who, to affect the name of an Inventor, firſt conceives a ſyſtem of faith for the people, and then, without waiting till it be received, founds all his *probable* adventures upon it! The reader not being previouſly acquainted with the ſyſtem, or with the nature of the Beings it comprizes, would be at a loſs to conceive why ſuch and ſuch particular attributes and functions are aſſigned to each; and ſuch an attempt would rather ſhock, than delight the imagination.

Homer, the great Inventor, did far otherwiſe; he took the popular religion as he found it, and employed the traditional tales, of which it was full, to convey to his readers, in all the majeſty of numbers, and ſplendour of painting, the trueſt philoſophy of the human paſſions and affections. This was that MAGIC OF INVENTION, which has ſo faſcinated every age, from his own to the preſent.

Even the wild *Arioſto* was not ſo far gone, as to have recourſe to the moon for *Invention*; though he ſent one of his heroes, and might have ſent many of his critics, thither for the recovery of their wits. He was not the firſt Doctor who adviſed this remedy. As groteſque a picture as he gives us of humanity, it was a true one of the times he lived in; which were extravagantly depraved, by the romances of chivalry, and the legendary tales of the ſaints.

But to ſhew the falſe ground on which Mr. POPE's title to invention is brought into queſtion, let us ſuppoſe a critic on *Newton* ſhould ſay — "He had not much *phyſical Invention.* His "merit of that kind muſt reſt on the *reflecting* "*Teleſcope.* Here he has ſhown more invention, "than in any of his works; and yet, even here "we muſt remember, that he was not the firſt "former of *Steel* and *Glaſs.*"

Though this may be thought too extravagant, to be ſaid ſeriouſly; yet it is much leſs ſo, than the above objection to POPE's claim of invention. Had Newton firſt diſcovered the uſe of *ſteel* and *glaſs,* it had not ſpoiled his optical *Invention,* and had greatly benefited mankind; but had POPE been the inventor of the Sylphian Syſtem, he had been diſabled from making any poetical uſe of the whimſies he had created; and had, moreover, injured ſociety, by adding an overload to labouring ſuperſtition.

In ſhort, a critic who denies our poet the merit of invention, becauſe he did not invent the Sylphian Syſtem, might with as much propriety ſay, that Mr. POPE had no invention, becauſe he did not make Miſs Fermor's lock of hair, nor the ſciſſars with which her gallant divided it.

One would be apt to ſuppoſe, that they who diſpute Mr. POPE's claim in this reſpect, confined their ideas of *invention,* merely to the production of ſomewhat fabulous and fantaſtic, ſuch as the ſtories of the *Centaurs,* the *Mermaids,* and *Syrens,* &c.

In

In the eſtimation of ſuch, one would imagine that Ovid muſt be the prince of poets, as he is continually entertaining our imagination with the *ſpecioſa miracula*, and is conſtantly teeming with a ſucceſſion of monſters *.

But they do not conſider that the mind which firſt created theſe imaginary exiſtencies, did not diſplay greater, nor yet ſo great power of invention, as he who firſt introduced them into poetical machinery.

The firſt formation of them, was effected by the combination of a very few ſimple ideas. But to bring them into action, to preſcribe their various provinces, to direct their ſeveral operations, and to deduce the moral reſulting from their

* The right reverend and learned author of the Divine Legation of Moſes, has ſhown, nevertheleſs, that even Ovid here was no Inventor, but indebted for his fables to the preceding Greek writers, who took them from the popular tales. The METAMORPHOSIS, his Lordſhip obſerves with his uſual acumen, aroſe from the doctrine of the METEMPSYCHOSIS; and was, indeed, a mode of it, and, of courſe, a very conſiderable part of the Pagan theology: ſo that we are not to wonder if ſeveral grave writers made collections of them, ſuch as *Nicander*, *Boeus*, *Calliſthenes*, *Dorotheus*, *Theodorus*, *Parthenius*, and *Adrian* the ſophiſt. Of what kind theſe collections were, we may ſee by that of *Antonius Liberalis*, who tranſcribed from them: thence, too, *Ovid* gathered his materials, and formed them into a poem, on the moſt ſublime and regular plan, A POPULAR HISTORY OF PROVIDENCE; carried down in as methodical a manner, as the graces of poetry would allow, from the creation to his own times, through the EGYPTIAN, PHENICIAN, GREEK, and ROMAN hiſtories: And this the elegant *Paterculus* ſeems to intimate, in the character he gives of the poet and his works.

reſpective agencies, requires a much more varied and complicated aſſociation of ideas.

It is in this light, that Mr. POPE may be ſaid to have been maſter of as much *invention* and *imagination* as any other writer whatever. Theſe faculties he has not only diſplayed in the *Rape of the Lock*, but they are conſpicuous throughout the whole of his works. In his *Eloiſa to Abelard*, what new and ſtriking combinations of ideas! what ſplendid and variegated imagery! What delicate and pathetic ſentiments! What eaſy and harmonious verſification!

But if there are any ſo unreaſonable to contend, that it is in the conſtruction and conduct of a *fable* only, that a poet can be allowed the merit of invention and imagination, they cannot yet deny that Mr. POPE has eminently diſplayed theſe faculties in the *Dunciad*. In this beautiful ALLEGORY, ONE great intire action is exemplified, and conducted according to the laws of the Epopea: the poem has its *Hero*, its *Machinery*, its *Epiſodes*, with every requiſite which conſtitutes the perfection of epic compoſition: and the firſt three books diſplay the moſt fertile invention, and ſportive imagination.

Nay, was there no other proof of our author's capacity to excel in fabulous compoſition, it might be collected even from the plan of the epic poem which has been ſet forth above, and which he did not live to execute.

But,

But, however it may ſhock our critic's notion of poetical genius, I am inclined to conſider the *Eſſay on Man*, as a maſter-piece of poetry. This may be eſteemed the moſt excellent ſpecies of compoſition; and, though it inculcates the moſt *important truths*, it ſeems to have as powerful a claim to invention and imagination, as the beſt conceived *fiction*.

It required the utmoſt degree of poetical ſkill, to give ſpirit, grace and variety to ſevere method, abſtract reaſoning, and logical argument: and yet, with what beauty and elegance are the dry precepts of philoſophy illuſtrated and embelliſhed?

It would be very extraordinary to contend, that a *moral* ſentiment, conveyed in poetical language, and harmonious numbers, was not poetry.

It is perhaps one of the ſtrongeſt proofs of the excellence of this piece, that no work was ever more frequently quoted by readers of every claſs. There is ſcarce a line which has not been committed to the memory, both of the learned and unlearned. Many have no other ſyſtem of morality, than what they have collected from this excellent piece: and though few are capable of thinking for themſelves, yet all can readily repeat the admirable ſentiments and precepts with which this poem abounds.

If we would know why this piece never fails to charm the reader to a degree of faſcination, the

the reaſon is obvious ---- It is owing principally to the magic of POPE's verſification.

As to the qualities of invention, imagination, judgment, &c. theſe, as has been intimated, are common to writers of genius in every kind of compoſition. But, I muſt repeat it, the truly diſtinguiſhing and eſſential characteriſtic of poetry is *ſtyle*. Let a writer poſſeſs a fertility of invention in the wideſt extent, let his imagination be ever ſo ardent and luxuriant, his judgment ever ſo chaſte and correct, yet, if his verſification is bad, no one can juſtly denominate him a Poet.

There is, if the expreſſion may be allowed, a genius of ſtyle, which is an *indiſpenſible* ingredient in the compoſition of poetical excellence: and to this Mr. POPE owes his ſuperiority: a copious flow of expreſſion, a correct glowing and ſplendid diction, and a raviſhing harmony of numbers, were peculiar to our poet *.

But from the exemplifications which have been given from his writings, in the courſe of theſe ſheets, the reader will be able to judge of the

* In this ſenſe the learned commentator ſaid, and he ſaid truly, that Mr. POPE ſpoke ominouſly, when he modeſtly called himſelf the *laſt* of his profeſſion: He did not ſay, as our critic miſrepreſents him, "that all true genius died with POPE," for "though "there have been many pieces which ſeem to ſhew, that there is "no failure of poetical abilities," yet no one has hitherto been able to equal him in the harmony of his verſification.

I would not, however, be underſtood to conſider the merit of verſification *alone* ſufficient to conſtitute a poet. I am ſenſible, with Horace, that *non ſatis eſt puris verſum perſcribere verbis*. I only mean, that verſification is the firſt and moſt eſſential requiſite.

nature,

nature, *force* and *extent* of his genius. The nature of a writer's genius, is to be collected from his earlieſt efforts; and that of Mr. Pope appears to have been of the moral and contemplative caſt; as we may conclude from his Ode to *Solitude*, the firſt production of his childhood.

No writer was ever more eminently qualified to excel in this ſpecies of compoſition. His correct and accurate judgment enabled him to apply the choice and various talents he poſſeſſed to the beſt advantage. The fertility of his invention never rendered his ideas crowded and confuſed: they are always clear, diſtinct, preciſe, pointed and pertinent: the vigour and vivacity of his imagination, never degenerated into wanton luxuriance. His images are lively, bold, and ardent; but appoſite, elegant, and chaſte. We ſeldom meet with a falſe mixture of metaphors; his figures are beautifully congruous and exact. The brilliance of his fancy likewiſe, was happily attempered, and never dazzled with the falſe luſtre of gaudy conceit, and fantaſtic witticiſm.

In ſhort, he held all the faculties of his mind in ſuch due ſubordination, that many, perhaps, have been haſtily led to ſuppoſe his *creative* powers (ſince ſuch they are to be called) deficient, becauſe they are ſo caſtigated by his judgment, that they were not ſo obviouſly predominant in him, as in ſome other great writers, who have occaſionally given way to the *irregular ſallies* of imagination, and the *wild flights* of fancy. The ſplendid marks of genius, which incline us to excuſe

excuſe the failings of others, give additional luſtre to his writings: and his wit, only ſerved to adorn his judgment.

It was to the accuracy of his judgment, and to the unwearied patience and application with which he poliſhed his writings, that he owed that ſingular correctneſs which diſtinguiſhes them above all others. He corrected, as he ſomewhere ſays, becauſe it was as pleaſant to him to correct as to write: and what the great Sir Iſaac Newton modeſtly ſaid of himſelf, may perhaps with equal propriety be ſaid of Mr. POPE: "That whatever "he had done worth notice, was owing to a "patience of thought, rather than any extra-"ordinary ſagacity, which he was endowed with "above other men."

Our author uſed to ſay, that any thing would delight us after a little application *. Nothing, he remarked, could be more dry than the ſtudy of antiquity; yet he once got ſo deeply into *Graevius*, and was ſo much taken with it, that he compoſed a treatiſe in Latin on the buildings in

* Nevertheleſs Mr. POPE was naturally indolent, as many men of ſuperior genius have been; whom yet ſome ruling paſſion or other has brought forth into a very active life. In ſome, the love of money; in others, the love of power; in others again, the love of fame; has counteracted the diſpoſitions which nature gave them. But though the love of *Fame* beat very ſtrong in POPE's breaſt, yet, as may be collected from what follows, *Friendſhip* ſeems to have been his ruling paſſion. This, with other motives co-operating, made him perpetually buſy in the world, though naturally diſengaged and eſtranged from it.

Rome,

Rome, collected from the writings of Graevius: which treatiſe is ſaid to be now in Lord Oxford's library *.

Such was his vigour and perſeverance of mind, that the exerciſe of thinking was never a painful taſk to him: on the contrary, he complained in his laſt illneſs, that "the thing he ſuffered moſt "by, was that he could not think †."

As to the *force* of his genius, it ſeems to have been equal to the correctneſs of his judgment; or he could never, under the age of twenty, have produced ſo maſterly a performance as the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*; in which he has ſhown ſuch uncommon acuteneſs and penetration; in which he has analyſed the faculties of the human mind, aſſigned the proper province to each; given the moſt juſt and perſpicuous rules for their various exertions; and conveyed the whole with the utmoſt ſtrength and energy.

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* In truth, Mr. Pope was both an antiquarian and an architect, and neither in an inferior degree. There are, as has been obſerved above, ſome traits of the firſt kind in the Harleian Library; and no bad ſpecimen of his ſkill in the latter ſcience, may be found among his friends.

† Our Author and Dean Swift, being in the country together, had occaſion to obſerve, that if men of contemplative turns, were to take notice of the thoughts which ſuddenly preſent themſelves to their minds, as they were walking in the fields, &c. they might find many, perhaps, as well worth preſerving, as ſome of their more deliberate reflections. They accordingly agreed to write down ſuch involuntary thoughts as occurred, during their ſtay there: and theſe furniſhed out the maxims in Pope's and Swift's Miſcellanies.

But

But the force of his genius, which is thus conſpicuous in this early piece, is ſtill more manifeſt in his riper productions. Had his genius been leſs vigorous, he could not, at any age, have commanded that depth, that compaſs, that elevation of thought, with that majeſty and ſublimity of diction, which ſtrike us throughout the *Eſſay on Man*. He could never have diſplayed the ſecret workings of the human paſſions, have unravelled the intricacies, and reconciled the ſeeming inconſiſtencies of human conduct. In ſhort, he could never have enriched a ſubject ſeemingly ſo unſuſceptible of poetical embelliſhments, and have united eaſe and elegance with weight and dignity; he could never have thus ſmoothed the rugged paths of morality, nor, in a ſteril dreary ſoil, have called forth all the flowery graces of the moſt ſmiling and luxuriant ſcene, by which he allured the reader to follow him with delight through the thorny maze of a philoſophic ſyſtem, had not his genius been as ſtrong, as his judgment was ſolid.

With regard to the *extent* of his genius, it was ſo wide and various, that perhaps it will not be too much to ſay that he excelled in every ſpecies of compoſition. When we conſider that the bold didactic bard, who in the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, directs our judgment and improves our taſte, in the purſuit of human learning: that the ſublime moral poet, who in the *Eſſay on Man*, inculcates the moſt important truths, and enforces the ſolemn obligations of religion and virtue, is the ſame writer who ſports in the

Rape

Rape of the Lock, frolics in the *Dunciad*, and wantons in the *Wife of Bath*, and other looſer pieces, we can ſcarce believe that the ſame author can be maſter of ſuch various excellencies. What *Quintilian* ſaid of *Homer* may be juſtly applied to our Author. *Hunc nemo in magnis ſublimitate, in parvis proprietate ſuperaverit. Idem lætus ac preſſus, jucundus et gravis, tum copia, tum brevitate mirabilis. Quid? in verbis, ſententiis, figuris, diſpoſitione totius operis, nonne humani ingenii modum excedit.* In ſhort, we may ſafely ſubſcribe to Bolingbroke's opinion, who pronounced our author's talents to be *Univerſal:* and we truſt that our Critic's eſtimate will never be admitted as the juſt meaſure of Mr. Pope's poetical merit.

That a falſe taſte ſhould occaſion very erroneous judgments is nothing ſtrange: In the reign of Charles II. *Settle* was for ſome time a formidable rival to *Dryden*, nay, by ſome, thought the better poet.

Where there is no *true* taſte to direct, the *bad* has a fair chance to be miſtaken for, and ſo preferred to, the *good*. But one would hardly think, that, where true taſte has directed to the good, it ſhould ever ſo far blunder as to miſtake the *good* for *better*, in the ſame ſpecies of compoſition. Yet *Quintilian* tells us that has happened. Even when arts were at their height in Athens, there were critics who preferred *Philemon* to *Menander*. *Habent tamen alii quoque comici et præcipue*

cipue Philemon *qui ut* pravis *ſui temporis judiciis* Menandro *ſæpe, prælatus eſt, ita conſenſu omnium meruit credi ſecundus.* This would be ſcarce credible, had not we ſeen, in our own times, faſtidious critics, of true taſte, prefer *Dryden* to *Pope*, though the former is certainly as inferior to the latter as *Philemon* was to *Menander*.

Having thus attempted a critique on Mr. POPE's Genius, exemplified from his writings, let us now return and purſue the hiſtory of his life.

It has been obſerved, that various accidents conſpired to prevent his proceeding in the compoſition of the epic piece, which he had begun on the plan before exhibited. Among other things which might contribute to divert him from the purſuit, we may, perhaps, reckon the publication of many of his familiar letters, which having been brought into the world without his privity, he himſelf publiſhed a genuine collection of them in 1737.

This edition was undertaken at the particular requeſt of Mr. Allen, and publiſhed by ſubſcription; a method which our author declared himſelf not fond of *. In a letter to this gentleman, he ſpeaks of this publication, and aſſigns ſuch motives for it, as reflect great honour on his moral ſentiments.

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* See printed Letter 80, to Mr. Allen, dated 30th April, 1736.

"I will put," ſays he, "the book to the "preſs in three weeks time, and determine to "leave out every ſyllable, to the beſt of my "judgment, that can give the leaſt ill example "to an age too apt to take it, or the leaſt offence "to any good or ſerious man. This being the "ſole point for which I have any ſort of deſire "to publiſh the Letters at all, is, I am per-"ſuaded, the chief point which makes you, in "friendſhip to my character, ſo zealous about "them: and therefore how ſmall ſoever be the "number ſo printed, provided I do not loſe too "much (for a man of more prudence than for-"tune) I conclude *that work* will be done, and "that *end* anſwered, were there but one or two "hundred books in all."

From the preface to this edition, we learn more particularly the cauſe and neceſſity of their being publiſhed at this time.—He had, it ſeems, been diſagreeably uſed, by the publication of ſome letters, written in his youth, which fell into the hands of a Lady *, who printed them in 1727, without his, or his correſpondent's conſent. This treatment, and the apprehenſion of more of the ſame kind, induced him to recall as many as he could, from thoſe who he imagined had

* This Lady was the favourite of Mr. Cromwell, who correſponded with Mr. Pope, and truſted the fair object of his fondneſs with the letters which paſſed between them. She being afterwards unfortunately preſſed by neceſſity, did not ſcruple to commit theſe letters, with thoſe of other correſpondents, to the preſs.

preſerved any. He was ſorry to find the number ſo great; but immediately leſſened it, by burning three parts in four of them: the reſt he ſpared, not in any preference of their ſtyle or writing, but merely as they preſerved the memory of ſome friendſhips dear to him, or placed in a true light ſome matter of fact, from which the ſcriblers of the times had taken occaſion to aſperſe either his friends or himſelf. He therefore laid by the originals, together with thoſe of his correſpondents, and cauſed a copy to be taken, to depoſite in the library of a noble friend; that in caſe either of the revival of ſlanders, or the publication of ſurreptitious letters, during his life, or after, a proper uſe might be made of them.

The next year, the poſthumous works of Mr. Wycherley were printed, in a way diſreputable to his memory. It was thought a juſtice due to him, to ſhew the world his better judgment; and that it was his laſt reſolution to have ſuppreſſed thoſe poems. As ſome of the letters which had paſſed between him and our author cleared that point, they were publiſhed in 1729, with a few marginal notes added by a friend.

Many volumes likewiſe had been publiſhed, under the title of Mr. POPE's Correſpondence, with promiſes ſtill of more; and open and repeated offers of encouragement had been given to all perſons, who ſhould ſend any letters of his to the preſs.

Several

Several had been printed in his name, which had been wrote an age ago by *Voiture*, others likewiſe which were never penned by him, and ſome addreſſed to perſons to whom they were never written: counterfeited as from Biſhop Atterbury to him, which neither that Biſhop nor he ever ſaw; and advertiſed even after that period when it was made felony to correſpond with the Biſhop.

Among other mortifications of this kind, none ſeems to have affected him more than the publication of his letters to Dean Swift, which were publiſhed without his conſent; and what is more ſtrange, with the Dean's concurrence and approbation. Mr. Pope's chagrin at this unaccountable proceeding, is very feelingly expreſſed in a letter to Mr. Allen.

" My vexation about Dean Swift's proceed-
" ing has fretted and employed me a great deal,
" in writing to Ireland, and trying all the means
" poſſible to retard it; for it is put paſt prevent-
" ing, by his having (without aſking my conſent,
" or ſo much as letting me ſee the book) printed
" moſt of it.——They at laſt promiſe me to ſend
" me the copy, and that I may correct and ex-
" punge what I will. This laſt would be of
" ſome uſe; but I dare not even do this, for
" they would ſay I *reviſed it.* And the book-
" ſeller writes, that he has been at great charge,
" &c. However, the Dean, upon all I have ſaid
" and written about it, has ordered him to ſub-
" mit to any expunctions I inſiſt upon; this is

" all I can obtain, and I know not whether to
" make any uſe of it or not. But as to your
" apprehenſion, that any ſuſpicion may ariſe
" of my own being any way conſenting or con-
" cerned in it, I have the pleaſure to tell you,
" the whole thing is ſo circumſtanced, and ſo
" plain, that it can never be the caſe. I ſhall
" be very deſirous to ſee *what* the letters are
" at all events; and I think that muſt deter-
" mine my future meaſures; for till then I can
" judge nothing. The exceſſive earneſtneſs the
" Dean has been in for publiſhing them, makes
" me hope they are caſtigated in ſome degree;
" or he muſt be totally deprived of his under-
" ſtanding.—— They now offer to ſend me
" the *originals* (which have been ſo long de-
" tained) and I'll accept of them (though they
" have done their job) that they may not have
" them to produce againſt me, in caſe there be
" any offenſive paſſages in them. If you can
" give me any advice, do. I wiſh I could ſhow
" you what the Dean's people, the women and
" the bookſeller, have done and writ, on my
" ſending an abſolute negative, and on the
" agency I have employed of ſome gentlemen
" to ſtop it, as well as threats of law, &c. The
" whole thing is too manifeſt to admit of any
" doubt in any man: how long this thing has
" been working; how many tricks have been
" played with the Dean's papers, how they were
" ſecreted from him from time to time, while
" they feared his not complying with ſuch a
" meaſure: and how, finding his weakneſs
" increaſe, they have at laſt made *him* the in-

" ſtrument

" ſtrument himſelf for their private profit;
" whereas, I believe, before, they only intended
" to do this after his death *."

It appears that he afterwards received the originals; for in a letter addreſſed to the ſame gentleman, a few months afterwards, he adds, by way of poſtſcript——" It will pleaſe you to
" know that I have received the packet of letters
" from Ireland ſafe, by the means of Lord
" Orrery."

Such ill treatment made him extremely cautious in his correſpondences; and in his letters to his intimates, he often laments the reſtraint it puts him under. Addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Bethel, he ſays——

" I know you are one of thoſe that will burn
" every ſcrap I write to you at my deſire, or I
" really ſhould be precluded from performing
" the moſt common offices of friendſhip, or
" even writing that I eſteem and love any man."

In a letter likewiſe to Mr. Allen, after ſpeaking of his intention to put himſelf to ſome inconvenience for the ſake of ſerving a friend, he pleaſantly adds—

" Theſe letters will never come into our col-
" lection, therefore let us commend ourſelves

* He likewiſe complains of this indiſcretion in his old friend, in a letter addreſſed to Mr. Warburton, which is printed in vol. ix. p. 337.

" honeſtly, when we do or ſuffer any thing in " a good cauſe."

The unwarrantable publication of his letters at leaſt did him the ſervice to ſhew that he conſtantly enjoyed the friendſhip of worthy men; and that if a catalogue were to be taken of his friends and his enemies, he needs not to bluſh at either.

Many of theſe letters having been written on the moſt trying occurrences, and all in the openneſs of friendſhip, they afford a proof what his real ſentiments were; as they flowed warm from the heart, and freſh from the occaſions; without the leaſt thought that the world ſhould ever be witneſs to them. Had he ſate down with a deſign to draw his own picture, he could not have done it ſo truly; for whoever ſits for it (whether to himſelf or another) will inevitably find the features more compoſed, than his appear to be in theſe letters. But if an author's hand, like a painter's, be more diſtinguiſhable in a ſlight ſketch, than in a finiſhed picture, this very careleſſneſs will make them the better known from ſuch counterfeits, as have been, and may be imputed to him, either through a mercenary or malicious deſign.

After our author had publiſhed the Epilogue to his Satires, wherein he took leave of the public, his health growing daily more and more infirm, he was obliged to abate his application, and inſtead of meditating farther publications, he determined to give a more correct edition of his

his works; and to this end, in the year 1743, the intire Poem of the DUNCIAD *, made its appearance by way of ſpecimen. Our author made ſome progreſs in this deſign, but did not live to complete it. He had, for the greater part of his life, been ſubject to an habitual headach; and to this complaint, which he inherited from his mother, was added a dropſy in his breaſt, under which he laboured in the latter part of his days, and at length expired 30th May, 1744, about eleven o'clock at night.

Juſt before his death, he fell into continual ſlumberings, and yielded his breath ſo imperceptibly, that the people who moſt conſtantly attended him, could not tell when he expired.

His body, purſuant to his own requeſt, was depoſited in the ſame vault with thoſe of his parents, to whoſe memory he had erected a monument with the following inſcription written by himſelf.

D. O. M.

ALEXANDER POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBRO, PIO,
QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII
ET EDITHÆ CONJUGI INCULPABILI,
PIENTISSIMÆ, QUI VIXIT ANNOS
XCIII. OB. MCDCXXXIII
PARENTIBUS BENE MERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT
ET SIBI. OBIIT AN. 1744, ÆTATIS, 56.

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* The Fourth book was firſt printed ſeparately in the year 1742.

The laſt line was added after his death in purſuance of his will; the reſt was done on the death of his parents.

The preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, with a generous and amiable affection, has ſince erected an elegant monument, in the church of Twickenham, to the memory of his deceaſed friend: an engraving of which, the reader will find at the end of this volume.

Mr. POPE had long foreſeen that his end was approaching, and he beheld the haſty progreſs of his infirmities, with manly fortitude and reſignation. In his ſeveral accounts of his health to his private friends, he deſcribes the deſperate ſtate of his conſtitution, without any unbecoming emotions, or unmanly lamentations. In a Letter to Mr. Allen, ſpeaking of another diſorder which did not prove mortal, he ſays——

"I am in no pain, my caſe is not curable, and "muſt in courſe of time, as it does not dimi-"niſh, become painful at firſt, and then fatal. "And what of all this? Without any diſtemper "at all, life itſelf does ſo, and is itſelf a pain, "if continued long enough. So that provi-"dence is equal, even between what ſeems ſo "wide extremes, as health and infirmity."

In another letter to the ſame perſon, he ſays——"I am very ſure I have not much "ſtrength left, nor much life; all it can allow "me will be to ſee you, and (if I can ſtretch it

"ſo

" ſo far) one friend more abroad: In either of " your houſes if I drop, I drop contented; " otherwiſe Twickenham will ſee the laſt of " me."

In a letter to Mr. Bethel, he likewiſe expreſſes himſelf on the ſame ſubject with a certain degree of unconcern and even pleaſantry.

" I am tied down," ſays he, " from any diſtant " flights; a horſe hereabouts muſt needs be like " a carrier's horſe, always in a road, for my life " (as you know) is perpetually carrying me be- " tween this place and London: to this narrow " horizon my courſe is confined; and I fancy it " will end here; and I ſhall ſoon take up my " inn, at Twickenham church or at Weſtminſter, " as it happens to be my laſt ſtage."

Again, addreſſing himſelf to the ſame perſon, he draws a moſt pleaſing picture of the decline of life.

" I would be very glad," ſays he, " methinks, " if after a friendſhip of ſo many years, in the " whole courſe of which no one miſtake, no " one paſſion, no one intereſt has ariſen, to in- " terrupt our conſtant, eaſy and open com- " merce, if it were yet reſerved for us to paſs " a year or two together in a gentle walk down " the hill, before we lie down to reſt: the even- " ing of our days is generally the calmeſt, and " the moſt enjoyable of them."

During

During the courſe of his illneſs, and in his laſt hours, he behaved with that compoſure and ſerenity which ſeldom fails to attend a pure conſcience and elevated mind.

He ſeems to have riſen ſuperior even to his laſt infirmities. But two days before he died, he ſat in the garden for three hours in a ſedan; and took an airing in Buſhy-park, the very day before he died. He would dine in company, when many under the like circumſtances would have languiſhed in bed. One day being brought to table, he appeared ſo ill, that the company thought him expiring; which occaſioned Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, the excellent daughter of an excellent father, to exclaim, "Mercy upon us! "this is quite an Egyptian feaſt." Lord Bolingbroke, who was likewiſe preſent, ſeemed to be affected with the deepeſt concern at his friend's deſperate condition.

Mr. POPE, however, not only beheld his approaching end with magnanimity, but he ſpoke of it with chearfulneſs; in adoring the goodneſs of the Deity in the flattering hopes he has permitted nature to indulge men, even amidſt the ſenſe of the deſperateneſs of their condition. "A dropſy in the breaſt, which is my caſe, I "know to be incurable," ſaid he one day to the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, "and yet I fre- "quently catch myſelf in indulging, before I am "aware, with this pleaſing deluſive hope." Which is more to be admired here, his piety or ſtrength of mind!

Not

Edited in Ruff. MS by Warburton.

Not long before his death, having ſent out ſeveral of his Ethic Epiſtles as preſents to his friends, he pleaſantly ſaid--- "I am like Socra- "tes, diſtributing my morality among my "friends, juſt as I am dying."

He preſerved the ſame temper to the laſt.---- On the morning of his death, the phyſician who attended him, obſerved that his pulſe was very good, and took notice of other favourable circumſtances. To which our author anſwered with great calmneſs, and in a ſeeming vein of raillery, "Here am I dying of a hundred good "ſymptoms."

Having attended our amiable author to his lateſt moments, it remains to cloſe this hiſtory with a delineation *of his moral Character*. But firſt it may not be improper to gratify the reader's curioſity with ſome further particulars reſpecting his *perſon*, *temper*, *manners*, and other minuter circumſtances.

As to his perſon, it is well known that he was low in ſtature; and of a diminutive and miſhapen figure, which no one ridiculed more pleaſantly than himſelf. Nevertheleſs, his countenance reflected the image of his mind. His eye in particular was remarkably fine, ſharp and piercing: there was ſomething in ſhort in the air of his countenance altogether, which ſeemed to beſpeak ſtrong ſenſe and acute penetration, tempered with benevolence and politeneſs. This prepoſſeſſion in his favour grew ſtronger when he

he ſpoke. His voice, even in common diſcourſe, was ſo naturally muſical, that he was called the *Little Nightingale* *: and all who were acquainted with him, acknowledged that his appearance and addreſs were perfectly engaging.

In his temper, though he was naturally mild and gentle; yet he ſometimes betrayed that exquiſite ſenſibility, which is the concomitant of genius. But though his lively perception and delicate feeling irritated by wretched ill health, made him too quickly take fire, yet his good ſenſe and humanity ſoon rendered him placable. The haſty ſparks of reſentment preſently expired; and his mind was ſuperior to the dark malice of revenge.

In the manner of ſpending his time, he contrived to mix the uſeful with the agreeable. His chief amuſement was his favourite Muſe, though he ſometimes applied himſelf to the ſiſter art, Painting; in which, however, he does not ſeem to have made any remarkable proficiency, if we may credit his own jocular account of his progreſs in this art, in a letter addreſſed to Mr. Gay †.

But,

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* Our author likewiſe had naturally a very fine ear; by the help of which, though he never learnt muſic, yet he generally judged right of the moſt celebrated compoſitions.

† "I have been near a week in London, where I am like "to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *elegans* "*formarum ſpectator*. I begin to diſcover beauties, that "were

But, in truth, notwithſtanding his own modeſt eſtimate of his merit in this art, he had made a conſiderable progreſs in the execution, as may be ſeen by a picture of Betterton of his painting, now in the poſſeſſion of Lord Mansfield.

With regard to the theory of the art, and his exquiſite diſcernment of hands, when the moſt ſkilful have been at a loſs; he uſed to ſay, that it was the only ſpecies of criticiſm which he underſtood perfectly. This enabled him to obſerve one great defect, in what he

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" were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an " eye, or turn of a noſe or ear, the ſmalleſt degree of light " or ſhade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to diſ- " tract me. I no longer look upon Lord *Plauſible* as ridicu- " lous, for admiring a Lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty " elbow, (as the Plain Dealer has it) but am in ſome dan- " ger even from the ugly and diſagreeable, ſince they may " have their retired beauties in one trait or other about them. " You may gueſs in how uneaſy a ſtate I am, when every " day the performances of others appear more beautiful and " excellent, and my own more deſpicable. I have thrown " away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my va- " nity; two Lady *Bridgwaters*, a Ducheſs of *Montague*, be- " ſides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. " I have crucified Chriſt over again in effigy, and made a " Madona as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is " yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himſelf in " painting; and as it is ſaid, an angel came and finiſhed " his piece, ſo, you would ſwear, a devil put the laſt hand " to mine, 'tis ſo begrim'd and ſmutted. However, I com- " fort myſelf with a Chriſtian reflection, that I have not " broken the commandment; for my pictures are not the " likeneſs of any thing in heaven above, or in the earth " below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will " any body adore or worſhip them, except the Indians " ſhould have a ſight of them; who, they tell us, worſhip " certain idols purely for their uglineſs."

eſteemed

eſteemed the fineſt by far of Mr. Addiſon's poems, the *Letter from Italy* to Lord Halliſax, which was, that whenever the fine arts of painting, ſtatuary and architecture are the ſubject, they are all treated with ſuch general encomiums, as ſhew the poet underſtood none of them.

On the contrary, we may obſerve, that where ſuch things occur in Mr. POPE's poems, they are touched upon with ſuch peculiarity and preciſion, as ſhew the writer was a maſter of the ſubject.

Among his principal recreations, we may likewiſe account the delight he took in friendly intercourſe and ſocial feſtivity. He had an exquiſite reliſh for ſociety, and was himſelf a moſt entertaining and elegant companion. His converſation was polite and chearful; but ſo eaſy and unaſſuming, though open, that, in mixed company, a ſtranger might have been with him for months, without ſuſpecting him to have had any ſuperiority of parts, much leſs that he was of univerſal celebrity.

His various reading, and retentive memory *, aſſiſted by a habit of reflection, rendered him intelligent upon moſt ſubjects; and his ſocial diſpoſition made him communicative. He had the art of relating the moſt trivial occurrences with grace and ſpirit: and he abounded with thoſe facetious anecdotes, and thoſe ready and ſprightly turns, which enliven converſation.

* His memory is ſaid to have been ſo tenacious and local, that he could directly refer to any particular paſſage in a favourite author.

Our

Our author, however, was not formed for a public ſpeaker. He has himſelf confeſſed, that he could never ſpeak in public. "I don't believe," he was wont to ſay, "if it was a ſet "thing, that I could relate any ſtory to twelve "friends together; though I could tell it with "a great deal of pleaſure to any three of "them." "When I was to appear," ſaid he, "for the Biſhop of Rocheſter †, though I had "but ten words to ſay, on a plain eaſy point, I "made two blunders in them."

From this frank confeſſion, it appears, that our author wanted that confidence, in which men of too exquiſite ſenſibility are often deficient. The apprehenſions which ariſe from the levities, the indecorums, nay, from the inattention of a public audience, would be ſufficient to diſconcert one of Mr. POPE's nice feelings: though, among a choſen ſet, he appeared equal to any effort of eloquence; being entirely diſengaged and free from that aukward baſhfulneſs, which the French properly call *Mauvaiſe Honte*.

He was indeed perfectly open, unaffected and affable in his manners. He never debaſed himſelf by an unbecoming levity, or ſervile accommodation: nor did he offend others, by an overweening arrogance and pertinacity.

† See a letter from the Biſhop, then in the Tower, to Mr. POPE, vol. viii. p. 126.

He did not betray any thing in his converſation or behaviour, which might afford any reaſonable ground to tax him with vanity. He was ſo ſenſible of the folly of human vanity, that in his laſt illneſs, he obſerved to a familiar friend, that one of the things he had always moſt wondered at, was, that there ſhould be any ſuch thing as human vanity. "I had enough," he added, "to mortify mine a few days ago: "for I loſt my mind for a whole day."

He was, in general, happy, in an agreeable flow of animal ſpirits; and he uſed to declare, that he was not inclined, by his conſtitution, to be hippiſh. Nevertheleſs, his ſpirits never hurried him into any of thoſe exceſſes or indecorums, into which too many are apt to be tranſported. He was not weak enough to imagine, with others of leſs pretenſions, that his genius would juſtify every immorality, indecorum, and affected ſingularity of conduct. He was free, yet decent; lively, yet diſcreet. He never thought that his merit and reputation gave him a right to diſpenſe even with the leſſer duties or forms of ſocial life. He perfectly well knew what belonged to others, and was exact in giving every one his due, without departing from the juſtice he owed to himſelf.

Though no one, as a writer, perhaps was ever more the ſubject of laviſh encomium and illiberal criticiſm, yet few appear to have been leſs affected by either. He had a conſcious dignity

nity of mind, which ſecured him from being elated by the former, or depreſſed by the latter.

He knew the juſt value of his own works; and he was too well acquainted with the narrow limits of human capacity, to over-rate their merit.

If he was patient of juſt criticiſm from a ſtranger or an enemy, to that of a friend he was moſt reſigned: and they who were beſt acquainted with him teſtify, that they never knew his equal in confeſſing his errors in compoſition, ſentiment or expreſſion; or one who, with more unfeigned readineſs and pleaſure, would receive the corrections propoſed. Add to this, that no man ever judged of others with more candour and liberality.

He ſeems to have entertained a kind of veneration for the character of a learned and virtuous man. His picture of ſuch an one, in his Windſor Foreſt *, is moſt highly finiſhed; and he no where, perhaps, diſcovers more enthuſiaſm, than where he ſpeaks of the poets who lived and died near Cooper's Hill.

"I ſeem thro' conſecrated walks to rove,
"I hear ſoft muſic die along the grove:
"Led by the ſound, I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
"By god-like Poets venerable made."

* See from l. 234 to 256. It is worth obſerving, that notwithſtanding our author's love of ſtudy and retirement, yet his better judgment taught him to place the ſtudious, only next in degree to the active, life.

With the ſame fervor, as has been obſerved, he expreſſes himſelf in his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and other parts of his works.

His praiſe, however, was not confined to the dead; he celebrated living merit with a warm and heart-felt applauſe. Witneſs the generous tribute he paid to the genius of Addiſon, Prior†, and other cotemporary writers ‡.

But

† Our author ſaid, that the *Alma* of *Prior* was the only work that (abating its exceſſive ſcepticiſm) he could have wiſhed to have been the author of. Yet, ſo unable, ſaid he, are authors to make a true eſtimate of what they write, (either from their fondneſs for the ſubject, or the pains it coſts them in the compoſition) that Prior aſking him, ſoon after the publication of his works by ſubſcription, how he liked his *Solomon*; he replied, "Your Alma is a maſter-"piece." The other, with great impatience and reſentment, replied, "what do you tell me of my Alma, a looſe and haſty ſcribble, to relieve the tedious hours of my impriſonment, while in the meſſenger's hand."—This judgment of his friend, occaſioned thoſe two ſatiric lines in the ſmall Poem of the Impertinent——

"Indeed poor Solomon in rhime
"Was much too grave to be ſublime."

‡ His generous zeal extended itſelf to the cauſe of literature in general, as is manifeſt from the ſolicitude he expreſſes in a poſtſcript of one of his letters to Mr. Allen, dated 14th May, 1737, concerning a Bill for the Encouragement of Learning, which had been then lately thrown out of the Houſe of Lords, and which he had taken great pains to promote.

"The bill, about which ſome honeſt men, as well as I, "took ſome pains, is thrown out, for this ſeſſions. I think "I told

But it is his moral character which above all adorns and endears his memory.

In truth, his morals are the beſt comment on his writings: and they will be read with infinitely more pleaſure and profit, when it is known that he felt and practiſed himſelf what he recommended to others. If we have reaſon to ſuſpect from a writer's conduct in life, that he diſregards the moſt eſſential principles which he inculcates with his pen, the mind revolts from his doctrine, and it hurts our pride to be the dupes of hypocriſy. To be truly uſeful and entertaining, a good writer ſhould likewiſe be a

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" I told you it was a better bill when it *went into* the Houſe " of Commons, than when it *came out*. They had added " ſome clauſes, that were prejudicial, as I think, to the " true intention of encouraging learning; and I was not " ſorry the Houſe of Lords objected to them: but it ſeemed " reaſonable, that if *particulars* only were objected to, they " ſhould be referred to a committee to amend them, and not " to *reject* the *whole* for them. But human paſſions mingle " with public points too much; and every man's private " concerns are preferred by himſelf to the *whole*. 'Tis the " caſe in almoſt every thing. It really was not mine, in " the part I had herein; and therefore I am not, in my " own particular, the worſe, for the miſcarriage of the " bill, and yet I am ſorry for it: though if the general " purport of it be again brought in, another ſeſſions, with- " out thoſe clauſes which were added by the Commons to " the original draught, I ſhould be gladder that it was now " thrown out."

The frequent and tedious litigations which have lately engaged the courts of law and equity, reſpecting the rights of authors, ſeem to evince the expedience of an act to aſcertain the extent of ſuch right, and to ſecure it from invaſion.

good man. Such was Mr. POPE. In every relation of life in which we can conſider him, whether as a ſon, a brother, a friend, or a citizen, he was equally excellent and praiſeworthy.

His filial piety, was particularly eminent and exemplary. His affection and reverence for his parents, not only breathes in his works *, but is conſpicuous in his private correſpondences †, and appeared on all occaſions wherein he could expreſs them.

The moral virtues are all derived from the ſame principle, and have a reciprocal dependance on each other. The man of true filial piety, is ſeldom deficient in other moral duties; and Mr. POPE was not wanting in any.

No man ever entertained more exalted notions of friendſhip, or was ever more ſincere,

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* See the concluſion of his Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

† In one of his letters to Mr. Blount, he ſays—"The "queſtion you propoſed to me, is what at preſent I am the "moſt unfit man in the world to anſwer, by my loſs of one "of the beſt of fathers. He had lived in ſuch a courſe of "temperance, as was enough to make the longeſt life "agreeable to him; and in ſuch a courſe of piety, as ſuf-"ficed to make the moſt ſudden death ſo likewiſe. Sudden, "indeed, it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give "me ſuch a one, provided I can lead ſuch a life. I leave "him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion "that extends beyond the grave."

ſteady,

ſteady, warm, and diſintereſted in all his attachments.

His heart was not, as he himſelf well expreſſes it, like a great warehouſe, ſtored only with his own goods, or with empty ſpaces to be ſupplied as faſt as intereſt or ambition could fill them; but it was every inch of it let out in lodgings for his friends.

His ſentiments on this head were ſo refined, that in his idea of true friendſhip, he ſeems to have comprehended all the eſſential duties of civil life, and he frequently lamented that the inſtances of this virtue were ſo rare. In a letter to Mr. Bethel, bewailing the death of a common friend, he expreſſes himſelf with great ſtrength and feeling on this ſubject.

" He was a man," ſays he, ſpeaking of their deceaſed friend, " of a better ſort than moſt of " the preſent generation. A man *natus melic-* " *ribus annis*, when gratitude, honour, and the " love of our country, were not made objects of " ridicule. A little ſeeming virtue in the pro- " feſſion of friendſhip, ſtill remains; but the " miſery is, that no man can have a ſenſe of " his duty to his friend, who wants it for God " or his country; and ſuch profeſſions can be " depended on no farther than they advance each " others ends, or as long as two knaves draw " together. So that I fear friendſhip is on the " wing, when honour has taken its flight."

Addreſſing himſelf likewiſe to Mr. Allen, he ſays---"The ſentiments you expreſs upon the "anniverſary of your birth-day, ſhew you a "good man, and therefore I have reaſon to be "glad, that you can account the friendſhip I "bear you, as one of the ſatisfactions of your "life: otherwiſe it might be but a diſgrace to "be ranked among the things you like, if you "liked ſuch things and men, as many do like, "and make their enjoyments. I truſt in God "ſuch a friendſhip will out-laſt all thoſe that "are built upon vanity, intereſt, or ſenſuality; "the common grounds upon which people build "them."

At the ſame time, he uſed very feelingly to bewail the uncertainty of our judgment, with reſpect to the ſincerity of friendſhip: particularly in a letter to Mr. Allen, where he ſays,--- "No true judgment can be here made of any "man, or any thing with certainty, farther than "that we *think* another man means well, and "that we *know* we ourſelves mean well. It is "in this ſituation every honeſt man ſtands with "reſpect to another, and upon which all well "principled friendſhips depend."

This uncertainty, however, did not degenerate into diſtruſt. The feelings of his own heart were ſufficient to convince him, that men of honour and ſincerity, though rarely, were yet to be found; and he expreſſed upon all occaſions the moſt ardent affection for honeſt men, frequently lamenting the little union which ſubſiſted among ſuch.

ſuch. Addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Bethel, he ſays—

"A few honeſt people is all the world is "worth: but you ſhall never find them agree to "ſtand by one another and deſpiſe the reſt; "which, if they would, they would prevail "over the follies and the influence of the world: "but they comply with what is round about "them, and that being almoſt ſure to be folly "or miſery, they muſt partake of both."

He was one day, in a converſation with the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, condemning himſelf for his undiſtinguiſhed choice of friends in his youth. He ſaid, if they ſought his acquaintance, and could amuſe or entertain him, it was enough; he was too inattentive to their moral qualities *.

In the courſe of this converſation, Mr. POPE added,—"I am now quitting my hands of theſe "unworthy acquaintance, as faſt as I can, and "turn them off by dozens. Having found "they ſought me out of vanity, and when en-

* In thoſe times, Dr Arbuthnot, (whoſe morals were equal to any man's, and whoſe wit and humour, as POPE uſed to tell this friend, were ſuperior to all mankind) one day ſaid to him, "What makes you ſo frequent with John of Bucks? "He knows you have got money by Homer, and he wants "to cheat you of it."—This ſuſpicion, in the opinion of ſome, has been thought to have been warranted, by his perſuading the poet to buy an annuity of him, when in the general opinion, there was not the leaſt probability that he could ſurvive his youth. But the ſeller over-reached himſelf.

" couraged by their profeſſions, I have aſked " any thing of them, for a man who was in " reality what they pretended to be, had always " ſome paltry excuſe to evade their promiſes and " profeſſions. It was, ſays he, but the other " day, that a noble Lord in my neighbourhood, " who till then I had much miſtaken, told me " in converſation, that he had a large benefice " fallen, which he did not know what to do " with--Give it to me, ſaid I, and I will promiſe " to beſtow it on one who will do honour to " your patronage. He ſaid I ſhould have it. " I believed him, and after waiting ſome time, " without hearing farther of it, I reminded " him of what had paſſed, when he ſaid, with " ſome confuſion, that his ſteward had diſpoſed " of it, unknown to him or his lady *."

In his riper years he formed no connections through vanity; and though he lived among the great and wealthy, he lived with them upon the eaſy terms of reciprocal amity, and ſocial familiarity †. But his familiarity with them never ſo

* The diſſimulation and inſincerity of thoſe, whom, by a ſtrange abuſe of words, we call the great, is not without its uſe. It affords a profitable leſſon to men of worth and abilities, to rely ſolely on their own induſtry, as the moſt effectual means to attain that ſure and noble independence, which renders them ſuperior to the neglect and inſolence of exalted baſeneſs.

† In one of his letters to Swift, he ſays, with honeſt frankneſs—— " The greateſt man in power of this ſort, (meaning knaves, of whom he was before ſpeaking) " ſhall " hardly

ſo far corrupted his manners, or influenced his writings, as to induce him to flatter or diſſemble. He courted none on account of their honours or titles; but was a friend to ſuch only whom he thought diſtinguiſhed by their virtues. He did not idoliſe their power, but reſpect their principles; as is evident from his attachment to the two fallen miniſters Bolingbroke and Oxford; to whom he never offered incenſe in their proſperity; but paid them the grateful tribute of applauſe, after their diſgrace. Not only his principles but his ſpirit, excluded him from all views of employing their influence to procure for himſelf either place or penſion.

He ſeemed indeed to have entertained no very favourable idea of the motives on which the great, uſually confer their favours. In one of his letters to Mr. Allen, ſpeaking of his endeavours to ſerve a common friend, he ſays——

" I am trying to ſerve that gentleman with
" a great man, who declares the greateſt eſteem
" for him, and preſſes much to be brought ac-
" quainted with him: but I never truſt entirely
" in great men, though this has much of that,

" hardly make me bow to him, unleſs I had a perſonal ob-
" ligation; and that I will take care not to have. The top
" pleaſure of my life, is one I learned from you, both how
" to gain, and how to uſe, the freedom of friendſhip with
" men, much my ſuperiors. To have pleaſed great men,
" according to Horace, is a praiſe; but not to have flattered
" them, and yet not diſpleaſed them, is a greater."

" which

" which generally animates them moſt to do any
" good, *vanity*."

In another letter to the ſame perſon, ſpeaking of Mr. Hooke *, who had then lately been pro-

* This gentleman ſeems to have poſſeſſed no ſmall ſhare of Mr. POPE's eſteem and friendſhip. His ſolicitude to do him ſervice, is ſtrongly exemplified in the following anecdote.

" The firſt Ducheſs of Marlborough was deſirous of having
" an account of her *public conduct* given to the world. This
" Mr. *Hooke*, a Roman Catholic, in the myſtic way, and com-
" piler of the Roman Hiſtory, was, by Mr. POPE and others,
" recommended to her Grace, as a proper perſon to draw
" up this *Account*, under her inſpection; and by the aſſiſtance
" of the papers ſhe communicated to him, he performed
" this work ſo much to her Grace's ſatisfaction, that ſhe
" talked of rewarding him largely, but would do nothing
" till Mr POPE came to her, whoſe company ſhe then
" ſought all opportunities to procure, and was uneaſy to be
" without it. He was at that time with ſome friends, whom
" he was unwilling to part with, a hundred miles diſtant.
" But at Mr. Hooke's earneſt ſolicitation, when Mr. POPE
" found his preſence ſo eſſentially concerned his friend's
" intereſt and future ſupport, he broke through all his en-
" gagements, and in the depth of winter, and ill ways,
" flew to his aſſiſtance. On his coming, the Ducheſs
" ſecured to Mr. Hooke five thouſand pounds; and by that
" means attached him to her ſervice. But ſoon after ſhe
" took occaſion, as was uſual with her, to quarrel with him.

" Her ev'ry turn by violence purſu'd,
" Not more a *ſtorm* her hate, than *gratitude*."

Thus Mr. *Hooke* repreſented the matter. The reaſon *ſhe* gave of her ſudden diſlike of him, was his attempt to pervert her to popery. This is not without probability: for he finding her Grace (as appears from the *Account of her Conduct*) without any religion, might think it an act of no common charity to give her his own.

moted,

Warburton struck out promoted & substituted "recommended to the kind offices of the Duchess of Marlborough"

~~moted,~~ he says—— "He begins to feel the effects "of a court life, the dependance on the great, "who never do good, but with a view to make "slaves."

He used his interest with the great, therefore, more to benefit others, than to serve himself: and no one ever enjoyed a more heartfelt pleasure in the service his talents and situation enabled him to render. The warmth with which he expresses himself on an occasion of this kind, in a letter to Mr. Allen, is truly amiable.

"I can never," says he, "enough thank you "(my dear and true friend) for every instance "of your kindness. At present, I am loaded "with them, but none touch me more sensibly, "than your attempts for Mr. Hooke; for I am "really happier in seeing a worthy man eased "of the burthen which fortune generally lays "such men under, as have no talents to serve "the bad and the ambitious; than in any plea-"sures of my own, which are but idle at "best."

Indeed, he appears to have been zealous on behalf of his friends, even to anxiety. In one of his letters to Mr. Allen, speaking of two of their common friends, whose concerns were somewhat embarrassed, he expresses great apprehensions and uneasiness on their account; and then adds, by way of anticipating Mr. Allen's raillery——

"Now

" Now you'll laugh, and aſk me, why I will
" make theſe things troubles to me, which will
" probably ſoon be at an end, and are ſo little
" ſo to them? I am ſo much the more con-
" cerned, as I ſee them leſs ſo. But enough of
" this. I ſhould forget them, and I will when-
" ever God pleaſes; but I conclude it is not his
" pleaſure, till he makes me of another diſpo-
" ſition."

As he was faithful and zealous in his attachments, ſo he was ſlow and cautious in the choice of his friends; and particularly ſo in his connections with writers. Among theſe, he aſſociated only with the moſt eminent; being of opinion, as he himſelf well expreſſes it, that

" —— Each ill author is as bad a friend."

Addiſon, Swift, Parnelle *, Congreve †, Rowe,

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* The following account of this ingenious man, and of thoſe which follow, which Mr. POPE gave to the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, will not, I truſt, prove unintereſting.

When Parnelle had been introduced by Swift to Lord Treaſurer Oxford, and had been eſtabliſhed in his favour by the aſſiſtance of POPE, he ſoon began to entertain ambitious views. The walk he choſe to ſhine in was *popular preaching:* he had talents for it, and began to be diſtinguiſhed in the mob-places of Southwark and London, when the Queen's ſudden death deſtroyed all his proſpects, and at a juncture when famed preaching was the readieſt road to preferment. This fatal ſtroke broke his ſpirits; he took to drinking, became a ſot, and ſoon finiſhed his courſe.

His

Rowe ‡, Steele ⸸, and Gay, were among thoſe whom he appears moſtly to have eſteemed. Sir

---

His friend, Fenton, had the like ill hap.—Mr. Pope had a great intimacy with Craggs the Younger, when the latter was miniſter of ſtate. Craggs had received a bad and neglected education. He had great parts: and partly out of ſhame for want of literature, and partly out of a ſenſe of its uſe, he, not long before his immature death, deſired Mr. Pope to recommend to him a modeſt, ingenious and learned young man, whom he might take into his houſe, to aid and inſtruct him in claſſical learning. Mr. Pope recommended Fenton; who was ſo taken in, and anſwered all the miniſter expected from him: ſo that Fenton had gained much of his favour, and of courſe thought his fortune made, when the ſmall-pox ſeized the miniſter, and put an end to all Fenton's hopes.

† Mr. Pope eſteemed Congreve for the manners of a gentleman and a man of honour, and the ſageſt of the poetic tribe. He thought nothing wanting in his Comedies, but the ſimplicity and truth of nature.

‡ Rowe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, maintained a decent character, but had no heart. Mr. Addiſon was juſtly offended with him for ſome behaviour which aroſe from that want, and eſtranged himſelf from him; which Rowe felt very ſeverely. Mr. Pope, their common friend, knowing this, took an opportunity, at ſome juncture of Mr. Addiſon's advancement, to tell him how poor Rowe was grieved at his diſpleaſure, and what ſatisfaction he expreſſed at Mr. Addiſon's good fortune; which he expreſſed ſo naturally, that he (Mr. Pope) could not but think him ſincere. Mr. Addiſon replied, I do not ſuſpect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is ſuch, that he is ſtruck with any new adventure, and it would affect him juſt in the ſame manner if he heard I was going to be hanged.—Mr. Pope ſaid he could not deny but Mr. Addiſon underſtood Rowe well.

⸸ Mr. Pope uſed to ſay of Steele, that though he led a very careleſs and vicious life, yet he, nevertheleſs, had a real love and reverence of virtue.

John Vanbrugh * likewiſe ſeems to have had ſome ſhare in his eſteem. But he ſeems to have entertained the moſt cordial regard for Gay, whoſe modeſt candor, and amiable ſimplicity of manners, chiefly endeared him to our author.

A congeniality of talents alone was not a ſufficient recommendation to his intimacy; for he was more attentive to the worth and honeſty of his companions, than to their abilities: and if ever he aſſociated with ſuch as were deficient in theſe requiſites, it was becauſe they had the art to deceive him, by wearing the appearance of thoſe qualities which he moſt admired. That he was ſo deceived, and that he became a dupe

* Swift had taken a diſlike (without knowing him) to Vanbrugh, and ſatirized him ſeverely in two or three poems, which diſpleaſed Mr. POPE; and he remonſtrated with his friend on this occaſion. Swift ſaid, he thought Vanbrugh a coxcomb and a puppy: the other replied, you have not the leaſt acquaintance with, or perſonal knowledge of him:— Vanbrugh is the reverſe of all this, and the moſt eaſy careleſs writer and companion in the world. This, as he aſſured an intimate friend, was true. He added, that Vanbrugh wrote and built juſt as his fancy led him; or as thoſe he built for, and wrote for, directed him. If what he did pleaſed them, he gained his end; if it diſpleaſed them, they might thank themſelves. He pretended to no high ſcientific knowledge in the art of building; and he wrote without much attention to critical art. Speaking with Mr. POPE of the Fables in the comedy of Eſop, the latter ſaid to him, Prior is called the Engliſh Fontaine, for his *Tales*; nothing is more unlike. But your *Fables* have the very ſpirit of this celebrated French poet.— It may be ſo, replied Vanbrugh; but, I proteſt to you, I never read Fontaine's Fables.

to ſpecious and artful pretences of virtue and friendſhip, will appear hereafter *.

Among his moſt intimate friends, and thoſe with whom he correſponded with the greateſt eaſe and familiarity, were Mr. Allen and Mr. Bethel; whom he loved for their real and unaffected goodneſs of heart: And to whom he opened his own, without reſerve or affectation, not as a man of ſprightly wit, but of friendly ſincerity.

In a letter to the former he ſays—"I hope, "dear Sir, I need not tell you the pleaſure it "will always be to me, to hear you are well and "happy: Thoſe words only, without form, "without ornament, without all affected cir-"cumſtance and compliment, are ſufficient to "make an honeſt man's letter to an honeſt man "agreeable; and worth a thouſand of the pret-"tieſt things that can be ſaid by all the courtiers "and wits of the world."

In a letter likewiſe to Mr. Bethel, in which he incloſed one to a common friend, he ſays—

"I am ſo aukward at writing letters, to ſuch "as expect me to write like a wit, that I take "any courſe to avoid it. 'Tis to you only, and a "few ſuch plain honeſt men, I like to open my-"ſelf with the ſame freedom, and as free from

* See, among other proofs, the note ſubjoined to the clauſe in his will, bequeathing a legacy to Mr. Allen.

"all

" all diſguiſes, not only of ſentiment, but of " ſtyle, as they themſelves."

In a word, he was the very SOUL OF FRIENDSHIP. He was never at eaſe, nor would let others be ſo, while any miſunderſtandings or ſtrangeneſs ſubſiſted amongſt his friends, or while any of them was labouring under ſickneſs or diſeaſe.

Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot has ſaid to the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, that on occaſions of eſtrangement among his friends, he was never at reſt till he brought the parties together, among ſuch common friends who had moſt power or art to bring about a reconcilement. And as the promiſe of his own company was a forcible inducement to bring his friends to concur with, or bear a part in his ſcheme of the propoſed reconciliation, he would engage himſelf to twenty places, when he could not attend at one. On which occaſions Mrs. Arbuthnot uſed to tell him, that he was a perfect male-bawd in promoting friendſhip, and was able to give leſſons to thoſe of her own ſex, who dealt only in the affairs of love.

She uſed to add, that when a common friend was ſick, her father *, whoſe aid was generally ſought for on theſe occaſions, was neceſſitated carefully to hide himſelf from Mr. POPE, to

* It was in a great meaſure owing to the care and ſkill of this worthy man and able phyſician, that Mr. POPE, with ſo weak a conſtitution, was enabled to extend his life to ſuch an advanced ſeaſon.

avoid

avoid the teazings of his anxiety concerning the iſſue of the diſeaſe.

His zeal for the intereſt and credit of his friends was carried to that degree of anxiety, that he felt every circumſtance which affected either, as powerfully as if the concern was his own. In his lateſt illneſs, he gave a remarkable inſtance of this friendly ſolicitude.

At the laſt time, when his intimate friend, the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, ſaw him, which was in bed, and one might ſay his death-bed, taking his leave of him, he ſaid, "You know "how often I have preſſed you to print the laſt "volume of the Divine Legation: your repu- "tation, as well as your duty, is concerned in "it. People ſay, you can get no farther in "your proof. Nay, Lord Bolingbroke himſelf "bids me expect no ſuch thing. He ſays, in- "deed, you are maſter of the ſubject; but for "that very reaſon you will ſtop, knowing it "can be puſhed no farther."

His love of virtue likewiſe was ardent and unfeigned, and appeared even in his lateſt moments. On the very morning of the day on which he died, he ſaid to thoſe about him,---"There is nothing "meritorious in life, but virtue and friendſhip; "and friendſhip indeed is only a part of *virtue*."

This, our author may truly be ſaid to have exerciſed in every branch. He was juſt, punctual, temperate, generous, beneficent and grate-

ful. His ſtrict regard to juſtice and punctuality, appeared in all his tranſactions. He was exact, even to minuteneſs; and was quite free from the pitiful affectation of being thought too elevated a genius to deſcend to trivial concerns. The nice ſentiments he adopted, with reſpect to punctuality, appear in one of his letters to Mr. Allen, where he ſays——

"I remember, and like the ſaying of a friend "of mine (no poet) That punctuality is a branch "of moral honeſty; and that an unpunctual man "is a thief of his neighbour's time, which he "can never repay."

Our author's regard to punctuality, is in no inſtance more conſpicuous, than in his agreements with the bookſellers, concerning the property of his works. The ſeveral deeds and articles, which were executed on thoſe occaſions, now lie before me: and they ſhew with what preciſion, and ſcrupulous caution, our author entered into engagements, where punctuality was requiſite.

It has, indeed, been publicly imputed to him, that he was in ſome reſpects over cautious in ſuch contracts; and too attentive to diſpoſe of his works on the moſt beneficial terms. But, in truth, he was by no means more ſolicitous to improve his fortune by his writings, than becomes every man of diſcretion, who is under the neceſſity of enlarging the narrowneſs of his income, by the extent of his talents.

He

He appears, in many inſtances, more eſpecially after he was made eaſy in his circumſtances, by the profit of his Homer, to have been perfectly indifferent on the ſubject of gain.

In one of his letters to Mr. Bethel, dated 2d November, 1736, ſpeaking concerning the publication of one of his favourite pieces, he ſays,

" I have not taken any care, more than I " think decent, about *ſaving myſelf harmleſs* in " the expence; nor do I ſee much taken; by " none ſo much as yourſelf, I aſſure you, hitherto, " conſidering the ſphere you move in. I have " many aukwardneſſes in it, and hate to ſpeak " of it; 'tis really to no purpoſe to do it, but " to ſerve myſelf, which is a motive I am not " uſed to make my *ſole* one."

Nay, ſo far was he from being anxious to make the moſt of his writings, that he received ſubſcriptions from his friends, with a kind of jealous ſuſpicion; which proved that his delicacy was ſuperior to every other ſentiment.

In a letter to Mr. Allen, he ſays--- " I will " allow you to remit the forty-five guineas, " which, you ſay, ſome of your friends, and " Leake, have *really ſubſcribed*."

The words in Italics were ſtruck under by Mr. Pope in his letter, to intimate his ſuſpicion, that his friend only pretended to remit the ſub-

ſcriptions of others, in order to conceal his own benefaction.

In ſhort, Mr. POPE had nothing ſordid or illiberal in his nature. He always happily preſerved a due medium between parſimony and profuſion. He was neither oſtentatious nor niggardly. "He treated his friends," ſays Lord Orrery, "with a politeneſs that charmed, "and a *generoſity* that was much to his honour. "Every gueſt was made happy within his doors; "pleaſure dwelt under his roof, and *elegance* "preſided at his table."

He was nevertheleſs extremely temperate, and, in general, avoided the delicacies of a ſumptuous table. Neither the weakneſs of his conſtitution, nor his habit of ſtudy, would admit of his indulging any habitual exceſs. But from his numerous connections among the great, he was, nevertheleſs, ſometimes obliged to ſubmit to the inconvenience of irregular hours, and tempted to partake of a ſurfeiting variety. In ſome of his letters to his more familiar friends, he often blamed himſelf for his accommodation in theſe reſpects: particularly in one to Mr. Bethel, which he concludes thus---

"Take care of your health; follow not the "feaſts (as I have done) of Lords, nor the fro-"lics of ladies: but be compoſed, yet chearful; "complaiſant, yet not a ſlave."

Again,

Again, addreſſing himſelf to the ſame gentleman, he ſays——

" Since I came to London, I am not ſo much " in ſpirits, nor in the ſame quiet, as at Bath. " The irregular hours of dining (for as to " nights, I keep the ſame) already have diſor- " dered by ſtomach, and bring back that heavi- " neſs and languor upon me after dinner, which " I was almoſt entirely free from; though I ſtill " continue to make water my ordinary drink, " with as little mixture of wine as before †. " I am determined to fix my dining to two o' " clock, though I dine by myſelf; and comply " afterwards with the importunities and civilities " of friends, in *attending*, not *partaking*, their " dinners."

To the virtues of oeconomy and temperance, he united the merit of the moſt expanded beneficence. He has been heard to ſay, that he never ſaved any thing, unleſs he met with ſome preſſing caſe of

† We find, in a letter to Mr. Bethel, a facetious account of a converſation which Mr. Pope held with the famous Dr. Cheney on this ſubject. " The Doctor, ſays he, mag- " nified the Scarborough waters, and indeed all waters, but " above all, common water. He was greatly edified with " me, for having left off ſuppers; and upon my telling him, " that moſt of my acquaintance had not only done ſo, but " had not drank out three dozen of wine in my houſe in a " whole twelvemonth; he bleſſed God, and ſaid, my con- " verſation was with angels."

This is no unpleaſant ridicule of the bigotry of that otherwiſe able phyſician, to a conſumptive regimen.

charity, that was an abſolute demand upon him; and that then he retrenched perhaps forty or fifty pounds a year, from his own expences. For inſtance, ſaid he, in a converſation on this ſubject, "Had ſuch an one happened this year, "I ſhould not have built my two ſummer-"houſes."

His affection and generoſity were conſpicuous in his kindneſs to his ſiſter, which was truly exemplary. She had imprudently involved herſelf in a law-ſuit, in which he ſupported her, and which in the end proved unſucceſsful. His ſentiments on this occaſion, expreſſed in a letter to Mr. Bethel, are extremely amiable.

"I thank you for your repeated offer in re-"lation to my ſiſter. I have furniſhed her with "150 *l.* and ſhe has loſt it, being caſt in the "law-ſuit (or rather, I believe *I* have loſt it) "But I ſhall be able to make a ſhift till more "of my rents come in. It is right ſometimes "to love our neighbour, not only as well, but "better than one's ſelf, and to retrench from "our own extravagancies, to aſſiſt them in "theirs. For it was meer folly of not making "proper articles, that ſubjected her to this loſs."

But his beneficence to Mr. Savage * alone affords a powerful proof of his humane and chari-

* This miſerable man was born of the Counteſs of *Macclesfield*, who, living upon ill terms with the Earl her huſband,

charitable diſpoſition. This unhappy man, whoſe diſtreſſes were ſo various and of ſo ſingular a nature, was, in the latter part of his life, chiefly ſupported by Mr. POPE's bounty, who procured an annual ſubſcription for him, to the amount of 50 *l.* per annum, of which he contributed 20 *l.* per annum himſelf.

The extravagance, profligacy and ingratitude of this unhappy man ſo eſtranged his friends from him, that moſt of them withdrew their ſubſcriptions in reſentment. Mr. POPE, however, had ſo much good nature and tenderneſs that he ſtill continued his remittance, though he had good reaſon to be highly offended at his conduct, as we may learn from the following letter, which our author addreſſed to him on the 15th of September, 1742.

---

band, did not ſcruple openly to proclaim herſelf an adultereſs, by declaring that the child of which ſhe was then pregnant, which was *Savage*, was begotten by the Earl of *Rivers*. From the moment of his birth, ſhe conceived an abhorrence for the fruit of her infidelity; ſhe diſappointed him of the proviſion which the Earl of Rivers intended him, by making the Earl believe that he was dead. In his riper years, having unfortunately ſlain a perſon, in a ſcuffle at a brothel, he was convicted of murder, and when his friends interceded for his pardon, ſhe, by a falſe repreſentation, endeavoured to exclude him from the royal mercy. In ſhort, this monſter of a woman appears to have been incredibly unnatural. *Savage*, though but an indifferent poet, was not deſtitute of parts. His poem called the BASTARD, has undoubted merit; which indeed is always moſt conſpicuous in thoſe works which come warm from our feelings.

" I am ſorry to ſay there are in your letter " ſo many miſunderſtandings, that I am weary " of repeating what you ſeem determined not " to take rightly.

" I once more tell you, that neither I, nor " any one who contributed at firſt to aſſiſt you " in your retirements, ever deſired you ſhould " ſtay out of London, for any other reaſon than " that your debts prevented your ſtaying in it.

" No man deſired to confine you to the " country, but that the little they contributed " might ſupport you better there than in a " town.

" It was yourſelf who choſe Swanzey for " your place; you no ſooner objected to it after- " wards, (when Mr. Mendez ſtopt his allow- " ance, upon complaint that you had uſed him " ill) but I endeavoured to add to it, and agreed " to ſend remittances to any other country place " you pleaſed. Indeed I apprehended Briſtol " was too great a city to ſuit a frugal expence; " however I ſent thither all I could, and now " with as good a will, I add this little more at " your deſire, which I hope will anſwer your " end you propoſe of making eaſy your journey " to London.

" I heartily wiſh you may find every advan- " tage, both in profit and reputation, which " you expect from your return and ſucceſs; not

" only

" only on the ſtage, but in every thing you " ſhall commit to the preſs. The little I could " contribute to aſſiſt you ſhould be at your ſer- " vice there, could I be ſatisfied it would be " effectually ſo; (though intended only while " you were obliged to retire.) But the con- " trary opinion prevails ſo much with the per- " ſons I applied to, that it is more than I can " obtain of them to continue it. What mortal " would take your play, or your buſineſs with " Lord T. out of your hands, if you could " come, and attend it yourſelf. It was only in " defect of that, theſe offices of the two gen- " tlemen you are ſo angry at, were offered. " What intereſt but trouble could they have had " in it? And what was done more in relation " to the Lord, but trying a method we thought " more likely to ſerve you, than threats and in- " jurious language? You ſeemed to agree with " us at your parting, to ſend ſome letters, which " after all were left in your own hands, to do " as you pleaſed. Since when, neither they " nor I ever ſaw or ſpoke to him, on yours or " any other ſubject. Indeed I was ſhocked at " your ſtrong declarations of *vengeance* and " *violent meaſures* againſt him, and am very glad " you now proteſt you meant nothing like what " thoſe words imported."

On another occaſion, he thus warmly expoſtulates with him.

" Sir, I muſt be ſincere with you, as our " correſpondence is now likely to be cloſed.

" Your

"Your language is really too high, and what "I am not uſed to from my ſuperiors; much "too extraordinary for me, at leaſt ſufficiently "ſo, to make me obey your commands, and "never more preſume to adviſe or meddle in "your affairs, but leave your own conduct en- "tirely to your own judgment. It is with con- "cern I find ſo much miſconſtruction joined "with ſo much reſentment, in your nature. "You ſtill injure ſome, whom you had known "many years as friends, and for whoſe inten- "tions I could take upon me to anſwer; but I "have no weight with you, and cannot tell "how ſoon (if you have not already) you may "miſconſtrue all I can ſay or do; and as I ſee in "that caſe how unforgiving you are, I deſire to "prevent this in time. You cannot think yet, "I have injured you, or been your enemy: and I "am determined to keep out of your ſuſpicion, "by not being officious any longer, or obtrud- "ing into any of your concerns further than "to wiſh you heartily ſucceſs in them all, and "will never pretend to ſerve you, but when both "you and I ſhall agree that I ſhould. I am, &c."

From a letter which our author wrote to Mr. Allen, in which the foregoing letter ſeems to have been incloſed, it appears that Mr. Savage's unaccountable and ungrateful return, had made a ſtrong impreſſion on his mind.

"Pray forward the incloſed to the ſimple man "it is directed to. I could not bring myſelf "to write to him ſooner, and it was neceſſary

"to

" to tell him how much I diſapproved his lan-
" guage and conduct. What a pleaſure it had
" been to me, had he been a better man, whom
" my ſmall charity had been a true relief to;
" or were he leſs miſerable, that I might beſtow
" it better, without abandoning him to ruin."

In a ſubſequent letter to the ſame gentleman, Mr. POPE apologizes for the emotions he expreſſed in his laſt.

" My laſt ſhort letter, ſays he, ſhewed you
" I was peeviſh. Savage's ſtrange behaviour
" made me ſo, and yet I was in haſte to relieve
" him, though I think nothing will relieve
" him."

Such was the humanity and generoſity of our author, that his reflections on the ſufferings of this unhappy man, outweighed the conſideration of his demerits.

From the ſame humane and noble principles he aſſiſted Dennis in his diſtreſs, and generouſly ſubſcribed to his works, though he had offended him by the groſſeſt abuſe, and endeavoured to injure his reputation by the moſt illiberal criticiſm *.

His

* In his laſt diſtreſſes, he wrote an inimitable Prologue to a play for his benefit. All ſerious encomium on the *fortune-ſtruck* critic had been a joke; he therefore, by the moſt delicate pleaſantry on the great critic's paſt atchievements,

His gratitude was equal to his generoſity. He never forgot any benefit that he had received, or ever omitted an occaſion of making a grateful return to his benefactor. Of this, we have a remarkable inſtance, in the ready zeal with which he applied to Sir Robert Walpole, on behalf of one Southcot, a prieſt of his acquaintance. Our poet, when he was about *ſeventeen*, had a very bad fever in the country, which it was feared would end fatally. In this condition, he wrote to this Southcot, then in town, to take his laſt leave of him: Southcot, with great affection and ſolicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. Not content with that, he rode down poſt to Mr. POPE, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the deſired effect.

A long time after this, Southcot, who had an intereſt in the court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey void near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehenſion that his promotion would give umbrage to the Engliſh court: To which this Southcot, by his intrigues in the Pretender's ſervice, was become very obnoxious. The perſon to whom this was written, happening to

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ments, affected a very ſerious recommendation of him to the audience. And theſe ſtrokes of humour were ſo delicate, and devoid of all acrimony, that Dennis, who was then blind and preſent, and to whom his friends avoided to communicate the knowledge of the author, heard it with great complacency as a ſerious panegyric.

acquaint

acquaint Mr. Pope of the caſe, he immediately wrote a pleaſant letter to Sir Robert Walpole, in the prieſt's behalf: he acquainted the miniſter with the grounds of his ſolicitation, and begged that this embargo, for his ſake, might be taken off; for that he was indebted to Southcot for his life, which debt muſt needs be diſcharged either here, or in purgatory. The miniſter received the application favourably, and with much good nature, wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove the objection. In conſequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful ſenſe of Sir Robert's civility: and it was in acknowledgement of this favour, that our author always ſpoke of him with eſteem and reſpect, and ſhewed his regard to him on all occaſions, even at the time when it was the faſhion to revile him *.

Indeed the gratitude, benevolence, and humanity of our author's nature, were conſpicuous in his laſt moments. He lamented, even in that

* Among other ſtrokes of commendation, the following ſhort encomium, in the Epilogue to his Satires, is moſt excellent.

" Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
" Of ſocial pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for pow'r:
" Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
" Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

Theſe four lines did Sir Robert more honour, than all the panegyrics purchaſed with the wealth of the treaſury.

extreme

extreme period, that he had ſo little to leave to his deareſt friends; and very pertinently quoted two of his own verſes, which deſcribe his life, as having been divided *between careleſneſs and care.*

In every, even the leaſt intermiſſion from pain, he was always expreſſing ſome kind ſentiment concerning his preſent or abſent friends; which occaſioned one who was near him to remark, that "his humanity had out-lived his underſtanding."—"It has ſo," ſaid Lord Bolingbroke, who was within hearing: "I never knew "a man that had a tenderer heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendſhip "for mankind."

His Lordſhip never made a juſter reflection. It was not only as a friend to individuals, that Mr. POPE's character appears in an amiable light. He had a ſincere love for his country; and a diffuſive benevolence for the whole human race.

When we conſider him as a citizen, and reflect that he lived amidſt the rage of contending parties; at a time when the conſtitution was ſcarce ſettled, and at a juncture every way nice and troubleſome for one of his religion; we can but admire the good ſenſe and prudence with which he conciliated the eſteem of all parties; and the ſteady adherence which he conſtantly ſhewed to the eſſential principles of true patriotiſm.

Though,

Though, as has been intimated, it was unjuſtly ſurmiſed, from his intimacy with Swift, and others of that party, that he took a ſhare in the political ſquabbles of thoſe days; yet, it is now certain, that he never intermeddled with any public concerns.

His pen was guided by more noble and extenſive views, than that of ſerving a faction or party. He expreſſes a manly and generous indignation of ſuch narrow motives, addreſſing himſelf to Dean Swift, on the ſubject of party-writing.

" God forbid," ſays he, " that an honeſt and " witty man ſhould be of any party, but that " of his country. They have ſcoundrels enough " to write for their paſſions and their deſigns; " let us write for truth, for honour, and for " poſterity."

He was ſo cautious, as not even to expreſs his ſentiments on thoſe occaſions, in his moſt intimate correſpondences.

In one of his letters to Mr. Allen, he diſclaims all topics of this nature.

" The face of public affairs," ſays he, " is " very much changed, and this fortnight's va- " cation very buſy. It is a moſt important in- " terval; but I never in my life wrote a letter " on theſe ſubjects: I content myſelf, as you " do, with honeſt wiſhes for honeſt men to go- " vern

" vern us, without aſking for any party or de-
" nomination beſide. This is all the diſtinction
" I know."

In another letter, he expreſſes himſelf to the ſame effect——

" I have nothing," ſays he, " to tell you of
" public affairs. I never, I think, in my life
" was guilty of one letter upon thoſe ſubjects,
" though no man wiſhes the public better. But
" I find all thoſe that ſeem to deſign it beſt,
" better contented than ever."

Nevertheleſs, our author teſtified great anxiety on account of the diſtracted ſtate of affairs, which, from time to time, threatened miſchief to the public. In a letter to the gentleman above-mentioned, he ſays,

——" The public is, indeed, more my concern
" than it uſed to be, as I ſee it in more danger;
" but your reflection and advice ought to alle-
" viate thoſe uneaſy thoughts, when, to truſt
" providence, is all I can do; and ſince my
" ſphere is reſignation, not action."

At another time, he expreſſes himſelf very feelingly on the ſame ſubject.

" As this world," ſays he, " is a place of no
" ſtability, of no dependance, I believe there
" is no honeſt man, who has any affections out
" of himſelf, but will always find more or leſs

" to

" to be ſorry for, or to wiſh otherwiſe; ſo I " own my mind troubled, whenever I reflect on " public diſappointments, and the prevalence of " corrupt and ſelfiſh counſels."

But in the following letter, he ſeems to have been more than commonly affected, by ſome alarming apprehenſion *.

" My mind," ſays he to Mr. Allen, " at preſent " is as dejected as poſſible; for I love my coun- " try †, and I love mankind; and I ſee a diſ- " mal ſcene opening for our own and other na- " tions, which will not long be a ſecret to you."

He was indeed a lover of mankind, and his diffuſive benevolence forms the moſt amiable part of his character. His ſentiments on this head were not penned for the public eye alone, but are expreſſed throughout the courſe of his private correſpondences, with ſuch unaffected feeling, as prove them to have been the genuine offspring of his heart.

In one of his letters to Mr. Allen, his reflections on univerſal benevolence, ſhew the extenſive liberality of his mind.

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* The unhappy and unſucceſsful war which a faction forced the nation into, in oppoſition to, and in order to deſtroy, Sir Robert Walpole,

† Our author's patriotic ſentiments were ſo delicate, that whenever he made uſe of any foreign manufacture, he would ſay--" Pardon me, my country; I offend but ſeldom."

" Dear Sir,

" For you are always truly ſo to me; and I " know your goodneſs ſo well, that I need not " be put in mind of it by your benefactions. A " man is not amiable becauſe he is good to our- " ſelves only, but the more ſo the more he is " good to; therefore, when we hear of benefits, " we ought to be as ſenſible of them as when " we feel them: Yet this is ſeldom the caſe: we " apply the terms of good, benevolent, juſt, &c. " merely as relative to ourſelves, and are in this " as unjuſt to men, as philoſophers and divines " are to God, whoſe ways and workings they " magnify or diſapprove, according to the effect " they have on themſelves only."

His humanity and benevolence not only embraced mankind, but comprehended a feeling for the whole animal creation. He ſhewed very ſtrong traits of this tender diſpoſition in a converſation which he held with ſome of his friends, concerning the late Dr. Hales—

One of the company, ſpeaking of the Doctor, ſaid, " I love to ſee him, he is ſo good a man." " True," ſaid Mr. POPE, " he is a very good " man; only I am ſorry he has had his hands " ſo much imbrued in blood." " What," ſaid the other, " he cuts up rats!" " Yes," replied Mr. POPE, " and dogs too.—Indeed he does it " with a view of being uſeful to man; but how " do we know that we have a right to kill crea-

" tures,

" tures, that we are ſo little above, as dogs, for " our uſe?"

It will not be matter of wonder, that a man who had ſuch pure, ſuch warm, ſuch extenſive ideas of benevolence, humanity, and every branch of moral virtue, ſhould have a ſtrong abhorrence and antipathy to vice.

This antipathy gave birth to his ſatires, which created him ſo many enemies; and which, though they did not produce all the reformation he wiſhed, did nevertheleſs, perhaps, contribute, in ſome degree, to check the *growing* profligacy and licentiouſneſs of the times in which he lived *.

Such

* Mr. POPE died at the very opening of this ſcene, and ſo only ſaw the firſt movement of the *giant ſtrides* he ſomewhere ſpeaks of, but divined the reſt. The monſters which made them were but juſt hatched, and it was ſome time after that their full horrors aſtoniſhed the aſſembled public, in blaſphemies too impious to be recorded. To theſe extreams of evil times, and to the countenance and protection theſe inſtruments of ruin met with, the Editor of Mr. POPE's works alludes, in the following words of his dedication to the third volume of the *Divine Legation*, the edition of 1765. As it contains a very graphical deſcription of the then miſerable ſtate of things, it may be neither unentertaining nor unuſeful.

——" I have detained your Lordſhip with a tedious ſtory; " and ſtill I muſt beg your patience a little longer. We " are not yet got to the end of a bad proſpect.—While I " and others of my order, have been thus vainly contend- " ing *pro aris*, with the unequal arms of reaſon, we had the

Such who think it a violation of charity to ſtigmatize vice and vicious men, in the manner our

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" further diſpleaſure to find, that our rulers (who, as I ob-
" ſerved above, had needleſsly ſuffered thoſe ties of religion
" to be unlooſed, by which, till of late, the paſſions of the
" people had been reſtrained) were ſtruggling almoſt as un-
" ſucceſsfully *pro focis*, with a corrupt and debauched com-
" munity.

" General hiſtory, in its records of the riſe and decay of
" ſtates, hath delivered down to us, among the more im-
" portant of its leſſons, a faithful detail of every ſymptom,
" which is wont to forerun and prognoſticate their ap-
" proaching ruin. It might be juſtly deemed the extrava-
" gance of folly to believe, that thoſe very ſigns which have
" conſtantly preceded the fall of other ſtates, ſhould ſignify
" nothing fatal or alarming to our own. On the other
" hand, I would not totally condemn, in ſuch a dearth of
" religious proviſion, even that ſpecies of piety, which
" ariſes from a national pride, and flatters us with being the
" peculiar attention of heaven; who will avert thoſe evils
" from his favoured people, which the natural courſe of
" things would otherwiſe make inevitable: for indeed we
" have ſeen (and what is as ſtrange as the bleſſing itſelf, the
" lit le attention which is paid to it) ſomething very like
" ſuch an extraordinary protection already exerted; which
" reſiſts, and till now hath arreſted, the torrent juſt ready to
" overwhelm us. The circumſtance I mean is this,—that
" while every other part of the community ſeems to lie in
" *fœce Romuli*, the adminiſtration of public juſtice in Eng-
" land, runs as pure as where neareſt to its celeſtial ſource;
" purer than Plato dared venture to conceive it, even in his
" feigned Republic.

" Now, whether we are not to call this the interpoſing
" hand of Providence; for ſure I am, all hiſtory doth not
" afford ſo much purity and integrity in one part, co-exiſt-
" ing with ſo much decay, and ſo many infirmities in the
" reſt: or whether profounder politicians may not be able
" to

our great Satiriſt has done, would do well to examine themſelves, and reflect what it really is which gives them offence; whether it be a vir-

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" to diſcover ſome hidden force, ſome peculiar virtue in the " eſſential parts, or in the well-adapted frame, of our excel- " lent conſtitution:—In either caſe, this ſingular and ſhin- " ing phaenomenon, hath afforded a chearful conſolation " to thinking men, amidſt all the dark aſpect from our diſ- " orders and diſtreſſes.

" But the evil genius of England would not ſuffer us to " enjoy it long; for as if envious of this laſt ſupport of go- " vernment, he hath now inſtigated his blackeſt agents to the " very extent of their malignity; who after the moſt villain- " ous inſults on all other orders and ranks in ſociety, have " at length proceeded to calumniate even the King's ſu- " preme Court of Juſtice, under its able and moſt unble- " miſhed adminiſtration.

" After this, who will not be tempted to deſpair of his " country, and ſay with the good old man in the icene;

——— " *ipſa ſi cupiat ſalus*
" *Servare prorſus non poteſt, hanc*
" *Familiam.*"

" Athens, indeed, fell by degenerate manners like our " own: but ſhe fell the later, and with the leſs diſhonour, " for having always kept inviolable that reverence which " ſhe, and indeed all Greece, had been long accuſtomed " to pay her auguſt court of Areopagus. Of this modeſt " reſerve, amidſt a general diſorder, we have a ſtriking inſtance " in the conduct of one of the principal inſtruments of her ruin. " The witty Ariſtophanes began, as all ſuch inſtruments " do (whether with wit or without) by deriding virtue and " religion, and this in the brighteſt exemplar of both, the " godlike Socrates. The libeller went on to attack all con- " ditions of men. He calumniated the magiſtrates; he " turned the public aſſemblies into ridicule; and with the " moſt beaſtly and blaſphemous abuſe, outraged their

a virtuous zeal, which cannot bear, without receiving ſcandal, to ſee their neighbour's faults publicly expoſed, without public authority; or whether it is not poſſible that the offence they take may have another ſource, and ariſe from a ſecret uneaſineſs, often hid from themſelves, to ſee vice ſeverely handled.

To give a rule to diſcover the true principle and motive on which they judge, it may be proper to aſk them, Whether, at the ſame time they are ſo ſcandalized at thoſe who pull off the maſk and expoſe wicked men, they feel the like offence at the vices which occaſion the ſatire. If they ſay they do, we may allow them to be ſincere in their cenſure, how ill-grounded ſoever it may be. But if they be offended only at the chaſtiſement, and not at the crimes which have pro-

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" prieſts, their altars, nay, the very eſtabliſhed gods themſelves.—But here he ſtopped; and unawed by all beſide, whether of divine or human, he did not dare to caſt ſo much as one licentious trait againſt that venerable judicature. A circumſtance, which the readers of his witty ribaldry, cannot but obſerve with ſurprize and admiration; not at the poet's modeſty, for he had none, but at the remaining virtue of a debauched and ruined people; who yet would not bear to ſee that clear fountain of juſtice defiled by the odious ſpawn of buffoons and libellers.

" Nor was this the only conſolation which Athens had in its calamities. Its pride was flattered in falling by apoſtate wits of the firſt order: while the agents of public miſchief among us, with the hoarſe notes and blunt pens of ballad-makers, not only accelerate our ruin, but accumulate our diſgrace: wretches the moſt contemptible for their parts, the moſt infernal for their manners."

voked

voked it, it is a ſure ſign that this parade of charity is all hypocriſy. In a word, bad men, as a great writer ſays, *perſecute the good to gratify the blindneſs of their paſſions, whereas the good purſue evil men with all the temper and impartiality of a judge, and all the charity of a chirurgeon; who give pain only for the ſake of the public, and the party himſelf.*

That ſuch were the motives which actuated our poet, may be inferred from the diſpoſition he ſhewed at the early dawn of his genius, and for a long time after. His firſt poems breathed nothing but amity and univerſal love. But his experience in the world inflamed his hatred againſt vice, in proportion to his love of virtue: And perhaps it is among the wiſeſt of the ſchoolmen's maxims, which ſays—*Amor eſt odio prior, et odium ex amore oritur.*

When we reflect, however, on the numerous inſtances of vice and folly which ſurround us, and are proofs againſt the repeated antidotes of ſatire, we are apt to conclude, that it has no effect on the morals and manners of mankind.

But we do not conſider, that, though a ſwarm of incurables crowd to our obſervation, yet the many who are benefited are imperceptible; and that ſome of them perhaps do not know themſelves the hand which did them good.

If the pen of ſatire does but reclaim one, it is not employed in vain: and conſidering how many have got his works by heart, we cannot

doubt but that the ſatirical ſtrokes with which they abound muſt now and then, at leaſt, have had a good influence on their conduct.

In truth, the keenneſs of his ſatire ſo deeply affected the objects of it, that we need not ſcruple to believe the powerful effects of poetical chaſtiſement recorded by the antients. The jambic rage of Archilochus, could not have been more ſevere and effectual: though it is true, that he himſelf, as has been ſhewn above, lamented the inefficacy of his endeavours, and declined the office in deſpair of ſucceſs.

In the latter part of his life, the general depravity of manners which he noticed, rather moved his contempt, than his reſentment. Nevertheleſs, he ſometimes very feelingly bewailed the treachery and perfidy he had experienced in conſequence of the miſtaken connections he had formed, and to which every man of warm attachments will be expoſed. In a letter addreſſed to Mr. Bethel, he ſays—

" I have lived long enough, when I have
" lived to deſpiſe and lament the worthleſſneſs,
" perfidiouſneſs and meanneſs of half my ac-
" quaintance; and to ſee the dirtineſs and diſ-
" honeſty of thoſe we thought beſt of. I dare
" ſay you feel the ſame ſhock, and that neither
" of us would chuſe to ſtay an hour more on
" the earth for their ſakes or company.

" It is a comfort, he adds, to me, that my old
" and long experienced friend Lord Bolingbroke
" is here, in caſe this ſhould be my laſt winter."

By

By this, and many other inſtances, which will be ſhewn, it will appear, that our author's partiality for his noble friend roſe to a degree of frenzy and faſcination: inſomuch that in a converſation with a friend about the comet, which, at that time, was the ſubject of all men's attention, he ſaid he ſhould not be ſurpriſed if it was come to convey Lord Bolingbroke to ſome ſuperior orb, as apparently he did not belong to this, juſt as a ſtage-coach ſtops at a man's door to take up paſſengers.

From his Lordſhip's behaviour likewiſe in Mr. Pope's laſt illneſs, as above related, one might reaſonably conclude that the friendſhip and affection between them was reciprocal. No one, who recollects the account which has been given of the ſympathetic tenderneſs and deep concern which his Lordſhip expreſſed for his departing friend, would believe that he would be the firſt, nay the only one, to throw dirt on his aſhes, and aſperſe his memory by the imputation of a baſeneſs, which his ſoul, above all others, abhorred—that of treachery.

But this will appear *leſs* extraordinary, when it is conſidered that his Lordſhip came early into the great world: and that what natural good principles he had, were corrupted by that political accommodation, that habit of diſſimulation, which is, or is thought to be, neceſſary for thoſe who fill the high ſtations in the active ſcenes of life. To this, perhaps, as well as to ſome conſtitutional cauſes, it was owing, that his Lordſhip's feel-

feelings were many of them affected, all of them tranſient.

Had his affection for his friend ſprung from his heart, he would rather have drawn a ſhade over his *real* failings, than have perverted an innocent circumſtance by all the malice of miſrepreſentation, as he did in the following inſtance; which properly falls into this part of the hiſtory, as it would be inexcuſable to cloſe the account of our author's moral character, without clearing it from the aſperſions caſt upon him by his FALSE FRIEND: For this purpoſe it will be ſufficient to ſtate the facts, and to ſuggeſt ſuch vindication as naturally ariſes out of thoſe facts.

In the year 1749, a treatiſe was publiſhed by Lord Bolingbroke, intitled Letters on the Spirit of Patriotiſm, on the Idea of a Patriot King, and on the State of Parties at the Acceſſion of King George the Firſt. In the preface to his treatiſe, a very ſevere aſperſion was caſt on Mr. POPE'S honour and ſincerity. For the writer roundly aſſerts, that thoſe papers were written ſeveral years, at the requeſt and for the ſake of ſome particular friends, without any deſign of ever making them public: and he accounts for their publication at that time in the following manner. "The original draughts," he tells us, "were entruſted to a MAN on whom the author "thought he might entirely depend, after he "had exacted from him, and taken his promiſe, "That they ſhould never go into any hands, "except thoſe of five or ſix friends, who were "named to him. In this confidence, the author

"reſted

" reſted ſecurely for ſome years; and though
" he was not without ſuſpicion, that they had
" been communicated to more perſons than he
" intended they ſhould be, yet he was kept,
" by repeated aſſurances, even from ſuſpecting
" that any copies had come into any hands.
" But this MAN was no ſooner dead, than he
" received information, that an entire edition
" of 1500 copies of theſe papers had been
" printed; that this very MAN had corrected
" the preſs, and that he had left them in the
" hands of the printer, to be kept with great
" ſecrecy till farther orders.

" The honeſt printer," he adds, " kept his
" word with him, better than he kept it with
" his friend; ſo that the whole edition came at
" laſt into the hands of the author, except ſome
" few copies which this perſon had taken out of
" the heap and carried away. By theſe copies,"
he continues, " it appeared, that the MAN who
" had been guilty of this breach of truſt, had
" taken upon him farther to divide the ſubject,
" and to alter and omit paſſages, according to
" the ſuggeſtion of his own fancy."

This charge, it is true, was not publiſhed directly by his Lordſhip. It was uſhered into the world by an editor, worthy of ſo dark an office—One who, though he courted Mr. POPE, while living, with a degree of abject ſervility, yet has not ſcrupled to mention him, after his death, in the groſſeſt terms of rudeneſs. But this editor, or to uſe his own language, this

MAN,

MAN, was never remarkable for the delicacy of his moral feelings.

As this charge, however, was publiſhed with his Lordſhip's privity and approbation, he is as much morally reſponſible for it, as if it came directly from himſelf. The imputation, it muſt be confeſſed, is of a very grievous nature, but when the particulars of the fact, the characters of the parties, together with other collateral circumſtances, are taken into conſideration, every unprejudiced mind will acquit Mr. POPE, of any mean or ungenerous deſign with reſpect to his friend.

That an edition was ſecretly printed, is not denied: but it is from the motives with which it was printed, that we muſt either cenſure or acquit Mr. POPE.

It happens that the *internal* evidence, which accompanies ſome particular facts, often beſpeaks the intention of the agent with greater certainty, than all the *external* circumſtances of poſitive proof, which can be adduced. Of this nature is the charge imputed to Mr. POPE. It is not pretended that any preſent uſe or advantage was made of the impreſſion, nor was it likely that any could be derived from it, but on the preſumption of Mr. POPE's ſurviving his noble friend. An event, which, conſidering the crazy ſtate of Mr. POPE's conſtitution, was much too diſtant and uncertain, for him to entertain any reaſonable expectations of ſuch future profit.

Warburton ſhould out but preſumed to inſert "whether with the knowledge & approbation of J. B. cannot now be known, ſince Mr P. died before the complaint was made. This is certain that Mr P. preſumed it to ſhow to others he communicated a copy of the printed Book as done both with the knowledge & approbation. However

The expence of printing it was certain: The expectation of gain was uncertain. Admitting it to have been ever ſo ſure: the proſpect was ſtill very diſtant, and the expected profit could never ariſe but upon the contingency of Mr. Pope's being the ſurvivor, of which, as has been intimated, the chance was againſt our author.

Beſides, had Mr. Pope conſidered this as the leaſt breach of truſt, or violation of faith and friendſhip, he would never have bequeathed his papers to his Lordſhip's care, nor have made him his executor: and by that means have thrown the impreſſion into his hands. On the contrary, had he been conſcious of any thing treacherous or even indelicate, he would, no doubt, have ordered the impreſſion to be deſtroyed. Nay, had he ever harboured any intentions that were baſe and perfidious, he would never have ſuffered the printer to have continued maſter of the proofs of his treachery, but would, from the firſt, have taken the copies into his own poſſeſſion. Add to this, that Mr. Pope's fortune was ſuch, as placed him far above the little temptation of benefiting himſelf by ſuch a baſe and ſordid attempt. It is more reaſonable therefore to ſuppoſe that Mr. Pope took this ſtep out of fondneſs for his friend, and partiality for the merits of a treatiſe, which at beſt contains little more than common-placed declamation.

The pretence given by his Lordſhip therefore, for this cruel treatment of his friend's memory,

mory, was all feigned; the root of which has been partly ſhewn, and will be further explained. For this *Patriot Prince*, as it was firſt called, and afterwards the *Patriot King*, was a very innocent performance which might have been proclaimed at the market-croſs, and nothing but its inſignificancy could make the author averſe to its publication; for the liberty Mr. POPE took of *altering and omitting paſſages*, of which he is accuſed in this infamous advertiſement, was only to ſtrike out ſome inſults on the throne, and the then reigning monarch. This Patriot Prince, in ſhort, is no better than a mere ſchool declamation, which acquaints the world with this important ſecret, That if *a prince could be once brought to love his country, he would always act for the good of it* *.

Mr. POPE however, who was partial to this piece, no doubt conſidered his friend's injunction, as a kind of modeſt reluctance, to which he

* An eminent perſon, now a prelate of the church, had the honour of entertaining the preſent K. of P. when he was in England, by the name of Count Poniatowſki; and chancing to aſk him the character of a project for reforming the kingdom of Poland, publiſhed by a great perſonage of that kingdom, the Count replied, "It is much of the character of your Bolingbroke's Declamation, called the "Patriot Prince, which is ſaying juſt nothing." This was well and wiſely obſerved. For to do any thing to the purpoſe towards obtaining ſo happy an event, is not to ſhew how men might be ſo new modelled as to enſure the happineſs of ſociety, but to ſhew, if the writer can, how man, as he exiſts at preſent, may be made inſtrumental, by turning his natural paſſions and affections to a right bias, to the procuring this happineſs.

might offer violence, without the fear of giving offence, or the apprehenſion of incurring cenſure. He probably recollected that the friends of Virgil, had publiſhed the Eneid even againſt his dying requeſt, and that, by diſregarding his will, they had immortalized his fame. Nay, it is to be more than ſuſpected that he did not print this edition without the knowledge and conſent of his noble friend: however the latter might afterwards make this a pretence for indulging his ſpleen and reſentment againſt the dead poet, whom he dared not to attack while living.

That his Lordſhip harboured ſuch latent reſentment againſt him, is not to be doubted; and it aroſe partly from Mr. POPE's reform of his *Eſſay on Man*, in oppoſition to his Lordſhip's ſyſtem, of which an account has been already given, and partly from his friendly ſincerity, on another occaſion, which mortified his Lordſhip's exceſſive vanity, as appears from the following anecdote, which is extracted from a work already mentioned, intitled "A View of Lord "Bolingbroke's Philoſophy."

About the year 1742, ſome time before his Lordſhip's return to England, Mr. Warburton was with Mr. POPE, at Twickenham, who ſhewed him a printed book of *Letters on the ſtudy and uſe of hiſtory*, and deſired his opinion of it. It was the firſt volume of the work ſince publiſhed under that name. Mr. Warburton on turning it over, told him his thoughts of it with great

great freedom. What he ſaid to Mr. POPE of the main ſubject is not material, but of the digreſſion concerning the authenticity of the Old Teſtament, he obſerved to his friend, that the author's arguments, poor as they were, were all borrowed from other writers; and had been confuted again and again, to the entire ſatisfaction of the learned world: that the author of theſe letters, who ever he was, had miſtaken ſome of thoſe reaſonings; had miſrepreſented others, and had added ſuch miſtakes of his own, as muſt diſcredit him with the learned, and diſhonour him with all honeſt men: that therefore, as he underſtood the author was his friend, he could not do him a better ſervice than to adviſe him to ſtrike out this *digreſſion*; which had nothing to do with his ſubject, and would ſet half his readers againſt the work, whenever it ſhould be publiſhed. Mr. POPE ſaid his friend (whoſe name he kept ſecret) was the moſt candid of men, and that Mr. Warburton could not do him a greater pleaſure than to tell him his thoughts freely on this occaſion. He urged this ſo warmly, that his friend complied, and, as they were then alone, ſcribbled over half a dozen ſheets of paper before he roſe from the table at which they were ſitting. Mr. POPE having read what he had written, approved it: and to convince him that he did ſo, he took up the printed volume, and croſſed out the whole *digreſſion* with his pen. The animadverſions were written with all the civility the writer was likely to uſe to a friend Mr. POPE appeared to reverence, but the word *prevarication*, or ſomething like it, chanced to eſcape

eſcape his pen. The papers were ſent to Paris, and received with unparalleled indignation. Little broke out; but ſomething did; and Mr. Pope found he had not paid his court by this officious ſervice. However, with regard to the writer of the papers, all was carried, when his Lordſhip came over, (as he ſoon afterwards did) with ſingular politeneſs; and ſuch a ſtrain of compliment, as men are wont to beſtow on thoſe, whoſe homage they intend to gain. Yet all this time, his Lordſhip was meditating and compiling an angry and elaborate anſwer to theſe private, haſty and well meant animadverſions. And it was as much as they could do, who had moſt intereſt with him, to perſuade him at length to burn it. The event has ſince ſhewn, that it had been happy for his Lordſhip's reputation, had the advice to ſtrike out the digreſſion been followed, as it is that chiefly which has ſunk him in the popular opinion, and loſt him the merit of the very beſt of all his compoſitions.

Mr. Pope, nevertheleſs, was ſtill courted and careſſed: and the vengeance treaſured up againſt him for the impiety of eraſing thoſe ſacred pages, broke not out till the poet's death.

It is not to be wondered that his Lordſhip ſhould harbour ſuch a pitiful reſentment, when his character is conſidered; which was vain, arrogant, and vindictive. Being diſappointed in his views of taking the lead in the political world, he as vainly attempted to preſide in the literary republic: and as he could not endure

a colleague in politics, neither could he bear a rival in letters. To be oppoſed in either, mortified his pride, and provoked his malice; and he became the CALUMNIATOR of his friend, from the ſame principle that he turned a rebel to his country. Mr. POPE's better judgment might have taught him, that the man who was falſe to his public, would never be true to his private, connexions.

But Mr. POPE, on the other hand, was candid, open, ſincere, and free from the little malice of envious competition. Add to this, that he had a kind of reverential regard, and a blind partiality for this unworthy friend, as may be collected from what has been already mentioned, but more particularly from the following paſſages.——In a letter from Mr. POPE to Mr. Allen, he ſays——

" I am now alone; Lord Bolingbroke executed
" his deeds for the ſale of Dawley on Friday,
" and ſet ſail the next day for France from
" Greenwich. God knows if ever I may ſee
" again the greateſt man I ever knew, and one
" of the beſt friends. But this I know that no
" man is ſo well worth taking any journey to
" ſee, to any man who truly knows what he is.
" I have done ſo theſe thirty years, and CANNOT
" BE DECEIVED IN THIS POINT, whatever
" I may be in any other man's Character."

The ſame partial infatuation appears in one of his letters to Mr. Bethel, where he ſays,----

" Lord

" Lord Bolingbroke has at length ſucceeded to " his father's eſtate, and is now in England for a " fortnight or three weeks. I believe it will be " the laſt time he will ſee his native country; " and I ſhould be a worſe man than I am, if " this were not a ſenſible concern to me, on " many accounts, ſince no man, I am per- " ſuaded, is ſo capable now to ſerve it."

It was not only in his familiar letters, but alſo in private converſation, that he betrayed this exceſſive partiality for ſo undeſerving a friend. He once declared, to a common friend, that " Lord Bolingbroke knew more of Europe, " than perhaps all Europe put together."

Were there no other circumſtances or conſiderations to vindicate Mr. Pope, the very extravagance of his attachment to Lord Bolingbroke, which bordered even upon imbecility *, would be alone ſufficient to convince any reaſonable and impartial mind, that he could not, from any ſelfiſh conſiderations, be induced to violate his engagements to ſo reſpected and re-

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* Nevertheleſs, Mr. Pope was not quite blind to the weak part of his Lordſhip's capacity.—In a letter to Dean Swift, ſpeaking of this favourite idol, he ſays—

" Lord B——— is above trifling: When he writes of " any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; if " EVER HE TRIFLES, IT MUST BE WHEN HE TURNS DI- " VINE."

vered a friend, though he afterwards proved ſo unworthy †. Having

† It would be unpardonable not to acquaint the reader, that at the time when this infamous charge firſt made its appearance, Mr. Warburton, the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, with the laudable zeal of a true friend, wrote a ſpirited vindication of Mr. POPE's conduct, which is to be found, with ſome few literal and verbal corrections, in the Appendix, No. 2*.

This noble exertion of one of the beſt offices of friendſhip, drew a load of abuſe on the writer. The truth is, that the indignant and undiſſimulating ſpirit which he ſhews in this little piece, as well as in his greater productions, has provoked the impotent rage, not only of thoſe who have ſmarted under his laſh, but of others who dreaded a ſcourge, which they were conſcious of deſerving. It is his Lordſhip's peculiar felicity, however, to have incurred all the ſcurrility with which he has been treated, by the two moſt glorious efforts, which could excite ſuch reſentment and rancour—the *vindication of his Friend*, and the *defence of Religion*.

But while wit and learning are honoured and renowned, while the generous warmth of friendſhip is held dear and valuable, while a pious zeal for religion, is revered among mankind, his Lordſhip's eminent worth and abilities, will place him among the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of the age.

* It is obſervable, that another vindication was publiſhed at that time, under the title of a *Letter to the Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke*; in a note of which, an anecdote is preſerved, that, to ſuch as did not know the editor of the Patriot King, may ſerve to expoſe his ridiculous vanity.

"The editor being in company with the perſon to whom Mr. POPE had conſigned the care of his works, and who, he thought, had ſome intention of writing Mr. POPE's Life, told him he had an anecdote, which he believed nobody

Having reſcued our author's *moral* character from the only imputation that was ever thrown upon it (ridiculous as it was) it will perhaps be expected that ſome notice ſhould be taken of his *Religion*. It may appear ſtrange, that one of his ſtrong ſenſe and liberal mind, ſhould perſiſt in profeſſing a religion, founded in the groſſeſt error and abſurdity, and ſupported by the moſt manifeſt fraud and tyranny.

But this ſeems rather to have been owing to the tenderneſs of his heart, than the weakneſs of his head.

When we conſider how deeply thoſe principles are imprinted, which we imbibe in our youth, and the reverence we entertain for the opinions of our parents, more eſpecially when filial affection comes in aid of parental authority;

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nobody knew but himſelf. "I was ſitting one day, ſaid "he, with Mr. POPE, in his laſt illneſs, who coming "ſuddenly out of a reverie, which you know he frequently "fell into at that time, and fixing his eyes ſtedfaſtly on me, "Mr. M—, ſaid he, I have had an odd kind of a viſion: me-"thought I ſaw my own head open, and *Apollo* come out of "it; I then ſaw your head open, and *Apollo* went into it; "after which our heads cloſed up again." The perſon to whom he addreſſed this idle diſcourſe, could not help ſmiling at his vanity, and with ſarcaſtic humour replied,—"Why, "Sir, if I had an intention of writing *your* life, this might "perhaps be a proper anecdote; but I do not ſee, that in "Mr. *Pope*'s, it will be of any conſequence whatever." Neither in truth would it have appeared now, did it not ſerve as a trait to characterize the pitiful inſtrument of ſo baſe an aſperſion on the memory of ſuch a worthy man and ſuch an exalted genius as Mr. POPE.

when we reflect on the regard we pay to our earlieſt and moſt intimate friendſhips and connections, which we ſhould forfeit by abandoning thoſe principles, we ſhall find that it requires ſomething more than a ſtrong underſtanding, to make an open renunciation of opinions, which would be attended with the loſs of all thoſe heart-felt pleaſures, which we derive from the love of our parents, and the eſteem of our earlieſt friends.

Theſe were, no doubt, among the obſtacles which reſtrained Mr. POPE from publicly renouncing a religion, the bigotry of which he has more than once expoſed and ridiculed in his writings.

He tells us himſelf, that he lived under penal laws, and many other diſadvantages; not for want of honeſty or conſcience, but merely for having too weak a head, or too tender a heart.

As no one can ſuppoſe it owing to the former, candour muſt neceſſarily impute it to the latter: And that this was the true cauſe, is farther evident from the pious declaration he made on Lord Oxford's expreſſing his concern, that he ſhould be incapable of taking a place. "Which," ſaid our author, "I could not be capable of "without giving a great deal of concern to "my father and mother; ſuch concern," he added emphatically, "as I would not give to "either of them, for all the places he could "have given me."

But

But the powerful effect of Mr. Pope's filial piety and affection, cannot be better exemplified than by the following authentic anecdote.

The Queen declared her intention of honouring him at Twitenham with a visit. His mother was then alive; and lest the visit should give her pain, on account of the danger his religious principles might incur by an intimacy with the court, his piety made him, with great duty and humility, beg that he might decline this honour †.

Several of his friends, however, as might well be expected, were anxious that he should abjure the profession of a religion, so inconsistent with his enlightened understanding, and so injurious to his interest.

Among others, Atterbury the Bishop of Rochester, strenuously exerted his endeavours for that purpose. He had often pressed him to this

† Some years after, his mother being then dead, the Prince of Wales condescended to do him the honour of a visit: When Mr. Pope met him at the water-side, he expressed the sense of the honour done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful professions of attachment. On which the Prince said, "It is very well; but how shall we reconcile your love to a Prince, with your professed indisposition to Kings: Since Princes will be Kings in time?" Sir, replied Pope, I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the Lion; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached, and caressed with safety and pleasure.

effect in private converſation, but Mr. POPE always declined or eluded the ſubject.

On the death of his father, however, the Biſhop addreſſed him very ſeriouſly on this ſubject, in the following letter.

" I have nothing to ſay to you on that melan-
" choly ſubject, with an account of which the
" printed papers have furniſhed me, but what
" you have already ſaid to yourſelf.

" When you have paid the debt of tender-
" neſs you owe to the memory of a father, I
" doubt not but you will turn your thoughts
" towards improving that accident to your own
" eaſe and happineſs. You have it now in your
" power to purſue that method of thinking and
" living which you like beſt."

To this Mr. POPE wrote the following well penned anſwer.

" My Lord,

" I am truly obliged by your kind condolence
" on my father's death, and the deſire you ex-
" preſs that I ſhall improve this incident to my
" advantage. I know your Lordſhip's friend-
" ſhip to me is ſo extenſive, that you include in
" that wiſh, both my ſpiritual and my temporal
" advantage; and it is what I owe to that
" friendſhip, to open my mind unreſervedly to
" you on this head. It is true, I have loſt a

" parent,

" parent, for whom no gains I could make
" would be any equivalent. But that was not
" my only tye: I thank God another ſtill re-
" mains (and long may it remain) of the ſame
" tender nature: *Genitrix eſt mihi*---and excuſe
" me if I ſay with Euryalus,

" *Nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.*"

" A rigid divine may call it a carnal tye, but
" ſure it is a virtuous one; at leaſt, I am more
" certain, that it is a duty of nature to preſerve
" a good parent's life and happineſs, than I am
" of any ſpeculative point whatſoever.

" *Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli*
" *Hanc ego, nunc, linquam!*

" For *ſhe*, my Lord, *would think this ſepara-*
" *tion more grievous than any other*; and I, for
" my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did
" of the ſucceſs of ſuch an adventure (for an
" adventure it is, and no ſmall one, in ſpite of
" the moſt poſitive divinity.) Whether the
" change would be to my ſpiritual advantage,
" God only knows: this I know, that I mean
" as well in the religion I now profeſs, as I can
" poſſibly ever do in another. Can a man who
" thinks ſo juſtify a change, even if he thought
" both equally good? To ſuch an one, the part
" of joining with any one body of Chriſtians
" might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it would
" not be ſo, to renounce the other.

" Your

" Your Lordſhip has formerly adviſed me to " read the beſt controverſies between the " Churches. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo " at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and " my father had no other books) there was a " collection of all that had been written on both " ſides in the reign of King James the Second: " I warmed my head with them, and the conſe- " quence was, that I found myſelf a Papiſt and " a Proteſtant by turns, according to the laſt " book I read *. I am afraid moſt ſeekers are in " the ſame caſe, and when they ſtop, they are " not ſo properly converted, as out-witted. You " ſee how little glory you would gain by my " converſion. And after all, I verily believe " your Lordſhip and I are both of the ſame re- " ligion, if we were thoroughly underſtood by " one another; and that all honeſt and reaſon- " able Chriſtians would be ſo, if they did but " talk enough together every day; and had no- " thing to do together, but to ſerve God, and " live in peace with their neighbour.

" As to the temporal ſide of the queſtion, I " can have no diſpute with you; it is certain, " all the beneficial circumſtances of life, and all " the ſhining ones, lie on the part you would " invite me to. But if I could bring myſelf to

* This is an admirable deſcription of every reader buſied in religious controverſy, without poſſeſſing the *Principles* on which a right judgment of the points in queſtion is to be regulated. See the note on this Letter, vol. 8. edit. 8vo. of POPE's Works, p. 87.

" fancy,

" fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that " I have any talents for active life, I want health " for it; and beſides it is a real truth, I have " leſs inclination (if poſſible) than ability. " Contemplative life is not only my ſcene, but " it is my habit too. I begun my life where " moſt people end theirs, with a diſ-reliſh of all " that the world calls ambition: I do not know " why it is called ſo, for to me it always ſeemed " to be rather ſtooping than climbing. I'll tell " you my politic and religious ſentiments in a " few words. In my politics, I think no fur- " ther than how to preſerve the peace of my " life, in any government under which I live; " nor in my religion, than to preſerve the peace " of my conſcience in any church with which I " communicate. I hope all churches and all " governments are ſo far of God, as they are " rightly underſtood, and rightly adminiſtered: " and where they are, or may be wrong, I leave " it to God alone to mend or reform them; " which whenever he does, it muſt be by greater " inſtruments than I am. I am not a Papiſt, " for I renounce the temporal invaſions of the " papal power, and deteſt their arrogated autho- " rity over princes and ſtates. I am a Catholic " in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. If I was " born under an abſolute prince, I would be a " quiet ſubject; but I thank God I was not. I " have a due ſenſe of the excellence of the " Britiſh conſtitution. In a word, the things " I have always wiſhed to ſee, are not a " Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a " Spaniſh Catholic, but a true Catholic: and

" not

" not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories,
" but a King of England. Which God of his
" mercy grant his preſent Majeſty may be,
" and all future Majeſties: You ſee, my Lord, I
" end like a preacher: this is *ſermo ad clerum*,
" not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite
" obligation and ſincere thanks, ever your, &c."

In this letter the diſcerning few will read a full confeſſion of our author's faith. He was not a ſlave to bigotry or ſuperſtition. He was not, as he himſelf ſomewhere jocularly expreſſes it, an idol-worſhipper, though a Papiſt. In ſhort, from the many free and bold ſtrokes which are to be found not only in his public writings, but in his private correſpondences, againſt the groſſer abſurdities of the Romiſh religion, it is evident that he was not dupe to the tenets of it.

That he did not renounce this religion on the death of his mother, is, among other cauſes, to be imputed to his tender caution of not giving ſcandal to ſome of his intimates of that perſuaſion, whom he eſteemed and loved.

His nice attention to avoid giving offence by a ſeeming neglect of religious decorum, was conſpicuous in his lateſt moments.

When Mr. Hooke aſked him whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether he ſhould ſend for a prieſt, he anſwered—" I do not ſuppoſe it to be eſſen-
" tial;

" tial; but," he added, " it will look right, and I " heartily thank you for putting me in mind " of it *."

Theſe words alone, ſpoken on ſo ſolemn an occaſion, are ſufficient, without any other circumſtances, to point out to thoſe of any penetration, what has been intimated above, that our author's underſtanding was too ſolid and acute to be perverted by the fallacy and foppery of a religion, which can only impoſe upon the vulgar.

To the reaſons before aſſigned, why Mr. POPE did not, on the death of his mother, publickly renounce the Romiſh religion, it may be added, that the contempt with which CONVERTS are too often treated, and the ſuſpicion which is generally entertained of their ſincerity, more eſpecially when their converſion inclines to that ſide to which temporal intereſt gives a bias, were motives which muſt have very powerfully cooperated on one of our author's extreme delicacy and ſenſibility, which made him abhor the thought of being ſuſpected to ſacrifice his religious principles, from any motive of worldly honour or intereſt.

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* Mr. Hooke, on this occaſion, told the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, that the prieſt, whom he had provided to do the laſt office to the dying man, came out from him, penetrated to the laſt degree with the ſtate of mind in which he found his penitent; reſigned and wrapt up in the love of God and man.

Not

Not many months before his death, in a ſerious and retired converſation with the preſent Biſhop of Glouceſter, ſpeaking of perſecution for religious opinions, he ſaid he was convinced that the Church of Rome had all the marks of that anti-chriſtian power, predicted of in the writings of the New Teſtament. On which his friend aſking him why he would not publicly leave that corrupt church, which would be a great triumph to truth, and do public ſervice to his country; he replied, he thought himſelf of too little conſequence to do much good thereby, and he was very certain it would be expoſing himſelf to much abuſe.

Nevertheleſs, no man ever expreſſed a greater reverence and veneration of the Deity, or entertained a firmer perſuaſion of the truths of Chriſtianity.

Witlings and Freethinkers are always forward to pervert the ſentiments of eminent writers, ſo as to give countenance to their own ridiculous and licentious principles.

Whenever our author's writings were thus miſapplied, it gave him unaffected concern; and he readily embraced the firſt occaſion of entering his proteſt againſt all ſuch miſconſtructions.

With this pious view, as has been intimated, he penned his *Univerſal Prayer*, on the idea of the

the Lord's Prayer, to obviate all ſuſpicions of his inclining toward fate and naturaliſm, by ſhewing his firm belief of Revelation, his religious acquieſcence in the ſupreme will, and his confidence full of hope and immortality.

He was wont to ſay, among his private friends, that "he was ſo certain of the ſoul's "being immortal, that he ſeemed to feel it "within him, as it were by intuition."

A day or two before his death, he was, as is common in the laſt ſtage of his diſorder, at times, delirious. In one of theſe temporary abſences of reaſon, or rather in one of its diſorders, he roſe by four in the morning, and a friend at that time with him and anxious for him, went and ſought after him, and found him in his library very buſy in writing. He perſuaded him to deſiſt, and took away the paper unperceived, to ſhew it to Mr. Warburton. But what does the reader conjecture was the ſubject of this great man's diſordered thoughts? It was on the *Immortality of the Soul:* on a theory of his own juſt then excogitated; in which he ſpeaks of thoſe material things which tend to ſtrengthen and ſupport the ſoul's immortality, and of thoſe which weaken and deſtroy it. Viſions ſuggeſted to him, from former reflexions on his own caſe. This is only mentioned to ſhew, that the ſame momentous ideas poſſeſſed his mind both in ſickneſs and health, in the ſane and inſane ſtate of his mind.

Added by Warburton on Ruffhead's MS.

In

In ſhort, he worſhipped the Supreme Being with an ardent and pure devotion: he took all occaſions to manifeſt his firm belief of Revelation, and, as the reſult of the whole, he ſteadily and uniformly practiſed all the eſſential duties of religion.

Our author, ſome months before his death, made his Will, the contents of which have already been made public: but as this ſolemn inſtrument ſeems, with the utmoſt propriety, to claim a place in the hiſtory of his life, a copy of it is here ſubjoined.

" In the name of God, Amen. I Alexander " POPE of Twickenham, in the county of Mid- " dleſex, make this my laſt will and teſtament. " I reſign my ſoul to its Creator in all humble " hope of its future happineſs, as in the diſ- " poſal of a Being infinitely good. As to my " body, my will is, that it be buried near the " monument of my dear parents at Twicken- " ham, with the addition, after the words *filius* " *fecit*—of theſe only, *et ſibi: Qui obiit anno* " 17— *aetatis* —— and that it be carried to the " grave by ſix of the pooreſt men of the pariſh, " to each of whom I order a ſuit of grey coarſe " cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at " any inconvenient diſtance, let the ſame be " done in any other pariſh, and the inſcription " be added on the monument at Twickenham. " I hereby make and appoint my particular " friends, Allen Lord Bathurſt, Hugh Earl of " Marchmont, the Honourable William Mur-

" ray,

" ray, his Majeſty's ſolicitor general, and
" George Arbuthnot, of the Court of Exche-
" quer, Eſq; the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them,
" executors of this my laſt will and teſtament.

" But all the manuſcript and unprinted pa-
" pers, which I ſhall leave at my deceaſe, I
" deſire may be delivered to my noble friend,
" Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whoſe
" ſole care and judgment I commit them, either
" to be preſerved or to be deſtroyed; or, in caſe
" he ſhall not ſurvive me, to the aboveſaid Earl
" of Marchmont. Theſe, who in the courſe of
" my life have done me all other good offices,
" will not refuſe me this laſt after my death: I
" leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark
" of my truſt and friendſhip; only deſiring
" them each to accept of ſome ſmall memorial
" of me: That my Lord Bolingbroke will add
" to his library all the volumes of my works,
" and tranſlations of Homer, bound in red
" Morocco, and the eleven volumes of thoſe
" of Eraſmus: That my Lord Marchmont will
" take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by
" Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Boling-
" broke, by Richardſon, which he ſhall prefer:
" That my Lord Bathurſt will find a place for
" the three ſtatues of the Hercules of Farneſe,
" the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in
" *chiaro oſcuro*, done by Kneller: That Mr.
" Murray will accept of the marble head of
" Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Iſaac New-
" ton, by Guelfi: and that Mr. Arbuthnot will

" take the Watch I commonly wore, which the " King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of " Peterborough, and he to me on his death-" bed; together with one of the pictures of Lord " Bolingbroke.

" Item, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of " the busts of Spencer, Shakespear, Milton, and " Dryden, in marble, which his royal master " the Prince was pleased to give me. I give " and devise my library of printed books to " Ralph Allen of Widcombe, Esq; and to the " Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the " survivor of them (when those belonging to " Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when " Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen threescore out " of the number.) I also give and bequeath to " the said Mr. Warburton, the property of all " such of my works already printed, as he hath " written, or shall write commentaries or notes " upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed " of, or alienated; and all the profits which shall " arise after my death from such editions as he " shall publish without future alterations.

" Item, In case Ralph Allen, Esq; abovesaid " shall survive me, I order my executors to pay " him the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, " being, to the best of my calculation, the ac-" count of what I have received from him; " partly for my own, and partly for charitable " uses. If he refuse to take this himself, I de-" sire him to employ it in a way, I am per-

" ſuaded he will not diſlike, to the benefit of " the Bath hoſpital *.

" I give

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* The reader cannot fail to be ſmitten with the apparent coolneſs which Mr. POPE, by this extraordinary bequeſt, betrays towards his truly amiable and generous friend Mr. Allen: and the impartiality of hiſtory will not allow me to conceal the cauſe.

Mr. POPE's extravagant attachment to Mrs. Blount is well known, and ſtrongly diſplayed in this Will itſelf. About a year before Mr. POPE's death, this Lady, at the deſire of Mr. POPE and Mr. Allen, paid a viſit to the latter at Prior Park, where ſhe behaved herſelf in ſo arrogant and unbecoming a manner, that it occaſioned an irreconcileable breach between her and ſome part of Mr. Allen's family. As Mr. POPE's extreme friendſhip and affection for Mrs. Blount, made him conſult her in all his concerns, ſo when he was about making his laſt will, he adviſed with her on the occaſion; and ſhe declared to him ſhe would not accept the large proviſion made by it for herſelf, unleſs he returned back, by way of legacy, all that he had received of Mr. Allen, on any account: and Mr. POPE, with the greateſt reluctance, complied with the infirmity of ſuch a vindictive ſpirit.

Mr. Allen, on reading this clauſe, and obſerving the *ſum* mentioned, ſmiled and ſaid—" Poor Mr. POPE was always " a bad accomptant; however," ſays he, " I *will receive* " the legacy (as Mrs. Blount is the reſiduary legatee) and " give it to the Bath hoſpital:" which he accordingly did. And to ſhew that his affection to Mr. POPE was ſtill the ſame (laying all that was blameable in this affair to the charge of Mrs. Blount) he doubled the legacy Mr. POPE left to his faithful and favourite ſervant John Searl, and took him and his family into his protection.

One of Mr. POPE's intimate friends, who was obliged to him for all he had, being diſappointed by his will, had the inſolence to obſerve on this occaſion, that " *the public ſaid*

" I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs.
" Magdalen Racket, the sum of three hundred
" pounds; and to her sons, Henry, and Robert
" Racket, one hundred pounds each. I also
" release and give to her all my right and interest
" in and upon a bond of five hundred pounds,
" due to me from her son Michael. I also give
" her the family pictures of my father, mother,
" and aunts, and the diamond ring my mother
" wore, and her golden watch. I give to Eras-
" mus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cotte-
" rell, William Rollinson, Nathaniel Hook,
" Esquires, and to Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, to
" each the sum of five pounds, to be laid out in
" a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my

(hiding his own rancour under a name which will bear every thing) " *that Mr. Pope had divided his fortune without any* " *other regard than to his fame and his mistress.*" So early were these returns for the purest friendship paid to his memory.

It is certain, however, that Mr. POPE in this, as in the case of Lord Bolingbroke, deserved pity instead of blame. For though he had the strongest friendship and affection for Mrs. Blount, yet it was of a kind the most innocent and pure, notwithstanding what malignant or mirthful people might suggest to the contrary, either in jest or earnest. But no excuse can be made for Mrs. Blount's abuse of the influence she had over him; or for the indifference and neglect she shewed to him throughout his whole last illness.

In short, it was his fortune, like Manley's in the PLAIN DEALER, to be egregiously duped by his friend, and his mistress. The mask of rigid, savage virtue, which the former assumed when he turned philosopher, and the tenderness of friendship which he thought he saw in the other, made a sport of one of the best heads and hearts that ever was.

" ser-

In Warburton's hand writing. See MS note prefixed to this Volume,

ſervant, John Searl, who has faithfully and
" ably ſerved me many years, I give and deviſe
" the ſum of one hundred pounds, over and
" above a year's wages to himſelf and his wife;
" and to the poor of the pariſh of Twickenham,
" twenty pounds, to be divided among them by
" the ſaid John Searl: And it is my will, if
" the ſaid John Searl die before me, that the ſaid
" ſum of one hundred pounds go to his wife or
" children.

" Item, I give and deviſe to Mrs. Martha
" Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha
" Blount, late of Welbeck-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-
" ſquare, the ſum of one thouſand pounds im-
" mediately on my deceaſe: and all the furni-
" ture of my grotto, urns in my garden, houſe-
" hold-goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is
" not otherwiſe diſpoſed of in this my will, I
" give and deviſe to the ſaid Mrs. Martha
" Blount, out of a ſincere regard, and long
" friendſhip for her. And it is my will, that
" my aboveſaid Executors, the ſurvivors or ſur-
" vivor of them, ſhall take an account of all my
" eſtate, money or bonds, &c. and, after paying
" my debts and legacies, ſhall place out all the
" reſidue upon government, or other ſecurities,
" according to their beſt judgment; and pay the
" produce thereof, half-yearly, to the ſaid Mrs.
" Martha Blount, during her natural life: and
" after her deceaſe, I give the ſum of one thouſand
" pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her
" ſons, Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided
" equally among them, or to the ſurvivors or

" ſurvivor of them; and after the deceaſe of " the ſaid Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the ſum " of two hundred pounds to the aboveſaid Gil- " bert Weſt; two hundred to Mr. George Ar- " buthnot; two hundred to his ſiſter, Mrs. " Anne Arbuthnot; and one hundred to my " ſervant, John Searl; to which ſoever of theſe " ſhall be then living: And all the reſidue and " remainder to be conſidered as undiſpoſed of, " and go to my next of kin.

" This is my laſt will and teſtament, written " with my own hand, and ſealed with my ſeal, " this twelfth day of December, in the year of " our Lord, one thouſand ſeven hundred and " forty-three.

" ALEX. POPE.

" Signed, ſealed, and declared
" by the Teſtator, as his laſt
" will and teſtament, in
" preſence of us,

" Radnor.
" Stephen Hales, miniſter of Ted-
" dington.
" Joſeph Spence, profeſſor of hiſ-
" tory in the Univerſity of
" Oxford."

Soon after he had made his will, he wrote a letter to the learned commentator on his works, wherein is the following pathetic paſſage. "I "own," ſays he, "the late encroachments upon "my conſtitution, make me willing to ſee the "end of all farther care about me or my works. "I would reſt for the one, in a full reſignation "of my being to be diſpoſed of by the Father "of all mercy; and for the other (though in-"deed a trifle, yet a trifle may be ſome example) "I would commit them to the candour of a ſen-"ſible and reflecting judge, rather than to the "malice of every ſhort-ſighted and malevolent "critic, or inadvertent and cenſorious reader: "And no hand can ſet them in ſo good a light, "or ſo well can turn their beſt ſide to the day, "as your own."

In the year 1751, was publiſhed a compleat edition of Mr. Pope's works. In what manner it was executed, and how far Mr. Pope has been juſtified in the choice he made both of a friend, and a critic, the approbation of the impartial public has long ſince determined.

To that impartial tribunal, I ſubmit the foregoing ſheets, in which I have endeavoured to do juſtice to Mr. Pope's character, whether he is conſidered as an author, or as a man. If I have been miſtaken in my judgment of his *literary* capacity, his writings are in every body's hands, and the reader's better taſte will correct me. In the delineation of his *moral* character, I have been

more attentive to preſerve a faithful likeneſs, than to draw a graceful picture.

The work, ſuch as it is, will not, I truſt, be altogether without its uſe: One of the moſt inſtructive gifts to poſterity, being the Life of a Man of GENIUS and VIRTUE.

FINIS.

APPENDIX, No I.

LETTERS FROM Mr. POPE, TO AARON HILL, Esq;

LETTER I.

From Mr. POPE, *to* AARON HILL, *Esq;*

SIR, Jan. 26, 1730-31.

I AM obliged to you for your compliment, and can truly say, I never gave you just cause of complaint. You once mistook on a bookseller's idle report *, and publickly expressed your mistake; yet you mistook a second time, that two initial letters, only †, were meant of you, though every letter in the alphabet was put in the same manner: and, in truth (except some few) those letters were set at random to occasion what they did occasion, the suspicion of bad and

* Of what was Mr. Pope's opinion of Mr. Hill's poem called the *Northern star.*

† The initial letters to the characters of the several kinds of genius in the Profund, in the 6th chap. of *the Art of sinking in Poetry.*

jealous

jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, and moſt of whoſe names I did not know.

Upon this miſtake you were too ready to attack me, in a paper of very pretty verſes, in ſome public journal.—I ſhould imagine the Dunciad meant you a real compliment, and ſo it has been thought by many, who have aſked, to whom that paſſage made that oblique Panegyric? As to the notes, I am weary of telling a great truth, which is, that I am not author of them; though I love truth ſo well, as fairly to tell you, Sir, I think even that note a commendation, and ſhould think myſelf not ill uſed *to have the ſame words ſaid of me**: therefore, believe me, I never was other than friendly to you, in my own mind.

Have I not much more reaſon to complain of *the Caveat?* † Where give me leave, Sir, to tell you, with the ſame love of truth, and with the frankneſs it inſpired (which, I hope, you will ſee, through this whole letter,) I am falſly abuſed, in being repreſented "*ſneakingly to approve, and want the worth* "*to cheriſh, or befriend men of merit.*" It is, indeed, Sir, a very great error: I am ſorry the author of that reflection knew me no better, and happened to be unknown to thoſe who could have better informed him: for I have the charity to think, he was miſled only by his ignorance of me, and the benevolence to forgive the worſt thing that ever (in my opinion) was ſaid of me, on that ſuppoſition.

I do faithfully aſſure you, I never was angry at any criticiſm, made on my poetry, by whomſoever: if I could do Mr. Dennis any humane office, I would, though I were ſure he would abuſe me perſonally to-morrow; therefore it is no great merit in me, to find, at my heart, I am your ſervant. I am very ſorry you ever was of another opinion.—I ſee, by many marks, you diſtinguiſhed me from my cotemporary writers: had we known one another, you had diſtinguiſhed me from others, as a *man*, and no ill, or ill-natured one. I only wiſh you knew, as well as I do, how much I prefer qualities of the heart to thoſe of the head: I vow to God, I never thought any great matters of my

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* That Mr. H. *had publiſhed pieces in his youth, bordering upon the bombaſt.* Mr. P. uſed to laugh at what he had done himſelf of that ſort, and would quote verſes for the diverſion of his friends, from an epic poem he wrote when a boy.

† A thing which Mr. H. ſays was his.

poetical

poetical capacity; I only thought it a little better, comparatively, than that of ſome very mean writers, who are too proud.—But, I do know *certainly*, my moral life is *ſuperior* to that of moſt of the *wits* of theſe days. This is a ſilly letter, but it will ſhew you my mind honeſtly, and, I hope, convince you, I can be, and am,

Sir,

Your very affectionate
and humble Servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER II.

From Mr. POPE, *to* AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

Parſons Green, Feb. 5, 1730-1.

SINCE I am fully ſatisfied we are each of us ſincerely and affectionately ſervants to the other, I deſire we may be no further miſled by the warmth of writing on this ſubject. If you think I have ſhewn too much *weakneſs*, or if I think you have ſhewn too much *warmth*, let us forgive one another's temper. I told you I thought my letter a ſilly one; but the more I thought ſo, the more in ſending it I ſhewed my truſt in your good diſpoſition toward me. I am ſorry you took it to have an air of *neglect*, or *ſuperiority:* becauſe I know in my heart, I had not the leaſt thought of being any way ſuperior to Mr. Hill; and, far from the leaſt deſign to ſhew neglect to a gentleman who was ſhewing me civility, I meant in return to ſhew him a better thing, ſincerity; which I am ſorry ſhould be ſo ill expreſſed as to ſeem rudeneſs. I meant but to complain as frankly as you, that all complaints on both ſides might be out, and at a period for ever: I meant by this to have laid a ſurer foundation for your opinion of me for the future, that it might no more be ſhaken by miſtakes or whiſpers.

I am ſure, Sir, you have a higher opinion of my poetry than I myſelf. But I am ſo deſirous you ſhould have a juſt one of me every way, that I wiſh you underſtood both my temper in general, and my juſtice to you in particular, better than I find my letter repreſented them. I wiſh it the more, ſince you tell me how ill a picture my enemies take upon

upon them to give, of the mind of a man they are utter ſtrangers to. However, you will obſerve, that much *ſpleen* and *emotion* are a little inconſiſtent with *neglect*, and an opinion of *ſuperiority*. Towards them, God knows, I never felt any emotions, but what bad writers raiſe in all men, thoſe gentle ones of laughter or pity: that I was ſo open, concerned, and ſerious, with reſpect to you only, is ſure a proof of regard, not neglect. For in truth, nothing ever vexed me, till I ſaw your epigram againſt Dr. Swift and me come out in your papers: and this, indeed, did vex me, to ſee *one ſwan among the geeſe*.

That the letters A. H. were applied to you in the papers, I did not know (for I ſeldom read them); I heard it only from Mr. S. as from yourſelf, and ſent my aſſurances to the contrary. But I do not ſee how the annotator on the Dunciad could have rectified that miſtake, *publickly*, without particularizing *your name*, in a book where I thought it too good to be inſerted. No doubt he has applied that paſſage in the D. to you, by the ſtory he tells; but his mention of *bombaſt*, *only* in ſome of your *juvenile pieces*, I think, was meant to ſhew, that paſſage hinted only at that *allegorical muddineſs*, and not at any *worſe ſort of dirt*, with which ſome other writers were charged. I hate to ſay what will not be believed: yet when I told you, "Many aſked me to *whom* "that oblique praiſe was meant?" I did not tell you I anſwered, it was *you*. Has it eſcaped your obſervation, that the name is a ſyllable too long? Or (if you will have it a chriſtian name) is there any other in the whole book? Is there no author of two ſyllables whom it will better fit, not only as getting out of the allegorical muddineſs, but as having been *dipt in the dirt of party-writing*, and recovering from it betimes? I know ſuch a man, who would take it for a compliment, and ſo would his patrons too—But I aſk you not to believe this, except you are vaſtly inclined to it. I will come cloſer to the point: would you have the note *left out?* It ſhall. Would you have it expreſly ſaid, *you were not meant?* It ſhall, if I have any influence on the editors.

I believe the note was meant only as a gentle rebuke, and friendly: I underſtood very well the *caveat* on your part to be the ſame; and complained (you ſee) of nothing but two or three lines reflecting on my *behaviour* and *temper to other writers*; becauſe I knew they were not true, and you could not know they were.

You

You cannot in your cool judgment think it fair to fix a man's character on a point, of which you do not give one inſtance? Name but the man, or men, to whom I have unjuſtly omitted approbation or encouragement, and I will be ready to do them juſtice. I think I have *publickly* praiſed all the beſt writers of my time, except yourſelf, and ſuch as I have had no fair opportunity to praiſe. As to the *great* and *popular*, I have praiſed but few, and thoſe at the times when they were *leaſt popular*. Many of thoſe writers have done nothing elſe but flattered the Great and Popular, or been worſe employed by them in party-ſtuff. I do indeed think it *no great pride* in me, to ſpeak about *them* with ſome air of ſuperiority; and this, Sir, muſt be the cauſe (and no other) that made me addreſs *that declaration* of my temper towards *them*, to *you*, who had accuſed me of the contrary; not, I aſſure you, from the leaſt imagination of any reſemblance between you and them, either in merit or circumſtances.

I named Mr. Dennis, becauſe you diſtinguiſh him from the reſt: ſo do I. But, moreover, he was uppermoſt in my thoughts, from having endeavoured (*before* your admonition) to promote his affair, with Lord Wilmington, Lord Lanſdown, Lord Blandford, and Mr. Pulteney, &c. who promiſed me to favour it. But it would be unjuſt to meaſure my good-will by the effects of it on the Great, many of whom are the laſt men in the world who will pay tributes of this ſort, from their own un-giving nature; and many of whom laugh at me when I ſeriouſly petition for Mr. Dennis. After this, I muſt not name the many whom I have fruitleſly ſolicited: I hope yet to be more ſucceſsful. But, Sir, you ſeem too iniquitous in your conceptions of me, when you fancy I called ſuch things *ſervices*. I called them but *humane offices*: ſervices I ſaid I *would* render him, *if I could*. I *would* aſk a place for life for him; and I *have*; but that is not in my power: if it was, it would be a *ſervice*, and I wiſh it.

I mentioned the *poſſibility* of Mr. D.'s abuſing me for forgiving him, becauſe he actually did, in print, lately repreſent my poor, undeſigning, ſubſcriptions to him, to be the effect of fear and deſire to ſtop his critiques upon me. I wiſh Mr. Hill would (for once) think ſo candidly of me, as to believe me ſincere in one declaration, that "I deſire no "man to belye his own judgment in my favour." Therefore,

fore, though I acknowledge your generous offer * to give *examples* of *imperfections* rather out of your own works than mine, in your intended book; I conſent, with all my heart, to your confining them to *mine*; for two reaſons: the one, that I fear your ſenſibility that way is greater than my own (by obſerving you ſeem too concerned at that hint given by the notes on the Dunciad of a little fault in the works of your *youth* only): the other is a better, namely, that I intend to amend by your remarks, and correct the faults you find, if they are ſuch as I expect from Mr. Hill's cool judgment.

I am very ſenſible, that my *poetical* talent is all that may (I ſay not, will) make me *remembered:* but it is my *morality* only that muſt make me *beloved*, or *happy:* and if it be any deviation from *greatneſs of mind*, to prefer friendſhips to fame, or the honeſt enjoyments of life to noiſy praiſes; I fairly confeſs that meanneſs. Therefore, it is, Sir, that I much more reſent any attempt againſt my moral character (which I know to be unjuſt) than any to leſſen my poetical one, (which, for all I know, may be very juſt.)

Pray then, Sir, excuſe my weak letter, as I do your warm one. I end as I begun. You gueſſed right, that I was ſick when I wrote it: Yours are very well written, but I have neither health nor time to make mine ſo. I have writ a whole book of retractations of my writings (which would greatly improve your criticiſms on my errors) but of my life and manners I do not yet repent one jot, eſpecially when I find in my heart I continue to be, without the leaſt acrimony (even as little as I deſire you ſhould bear to myſelf) ſincerely, Sir,

Yours affectionately.

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* Mr. H. had told him that he had almoſt finiſhed *An Eſſay on propriety and impropriety in deſign, thought and expreſſion, illuſtrated by examples in both kinds, from the writings of Mr. Pope*; which, if it would create the leaſt pain in Mr POPE, he was willing with all his heart to have it run thus, *An Eſſay on propriety and impropriety, &c. illuſtrated by examples of the firſt from the writings of Mr. Pope, and of the laſt from thoſe of the author.*

LETTER III.

From Mr. POPE, *to* AARON HILL, *Esq;*

Sept. 1, 1731.

I COULD not perſuade myſelf to write to you ſince your great loſs, till I hoped you had received ſome alleviation to it, from the only hand which can give any, that of Time. Not to have mentioned it, however faſhionable it may be, I think unnatural, and in ſome ſenſe inhuman; and I fear the contrary cuſtom is too much an excuſe, in reality, for that indifference we too uſually have for the concern of another: in truth, that was not my caſe: I know the reaſon of one man is of little effect toward the reſignation of another; and when I compared the forces of yours and mine, I doubted not which had the advantage, even though in your own concern. 'Tis hard, that in theſe tender afflictions the greatneſs of the mind and the goodneſs are oppoſite to each other; and that while reaſon, and the conſideration upon what conditions we receive all the goods of this life, operate towards our quiet; even the beſt of our paſſions (which are the ſame things with the ſofteſt of our virtues) refuſe us that comfort. But I will ſay no more on this melancholy ſubject. The whole intent of this letter is to tell you how much I wiſh you capable of conſolation, and how much I wiſh to know when you find yourſelf ſo. I would hope you begin to ſeek it, to amuſe your mind with thoſe ſtudies of which Tully ſays, *Adverſis perfugium & ſolatium præbent*, and to tranſcribe (if I may ſo expreſs it) your own ſoftneſſes and generous paſſions into the hearts of others who more want them. I do not flatter you in ſaying, I think your tragedy will do this effectually (to which I had occaſion, the other day, to do juſtice to Mr. Wilks) or whatever elſe you chuſe to divert your own paſſion with, and to raiſe that of your readers.—I wiſh the change of place, or the views of nature in the country, made a part of your ſcheme.—You once thought of Richmond—I wiſh you were there, or nearer. I have thrice miſſed of you in town, the only times I have been there: my laſt month was paſſed at my Lord Cobham's, and in a journey through Oxfordſhire: I wiſh you as ſuſceptible, at this time, of theſe pleaſures as I am. I have been truly concerned for you, and for your daughter,

daughter, who I believe is a *true part* of you. I will trouble you no farther, but with the aſſurance that I am not unmindfully, Sir, *Yours*, &c.

LETTER IV.

From Mr. POPE, *to* AARON HILL, *Eſq*;

Sept. 3, 1731.

I HAVE been, and yet am, totally confined by my mother's relapſe, if that can be called ſo, which is rather a conſtant and regular decay. She is now on her laſt bed, in all probability, from whence ſhe has not riſen in ſome weeks, yet in no direct pain, but a perpetual languor. I ſuffer for her, for myſelf, and for you, in the reflection of what you have felt at the ſide of a ſick bed which I now feel, and of what I probably ſoon ſhall ſuffer which you now ſuffer, in the loſs of one's beſt friend. I have wiſhed (ever ſince I ſaw your letter) to aſk you, ſince you find your own houſe a ſcene of ſorrows, to paſs ſome days in mine; which I begin to think I ſhall ſoon have the ſame melancholy reaſon to ſhun. In the mean time, I make a ſort of amuſement of this melancholy ſituation itſelf, and try to derive a comfort in imagining I give ſome to her. I am ſeldom prompted to poetry in theſe circumſtances; yet I will ſend you a few lines I ſent t'other day from her bed-ſide to a particular friend. Indeed I want ſpirits and matter, to ſend you any thing elſe, or on any other ſubject. Theſe too are ſpiritleſs, and incorrect.

While ev'ry joy, ſucceſsful youth! is thine,
Be no unpleaſing melancholy mine.
Me long, ah long! may theſe ſoft cares engage;
To rock the cradle of repoſing age,
With lenient arts prolong a parent's breath,
Make languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of death.
Me, when the cares my better years have ſhown
Another's age, ſhall haſten on my own;
Shall ſome kind hand, like B***'s or thine,
Lead gently down, and favour the decline?
In wants, in ſickneſs, ſhall a *Friend* be nigh,
Explore my *thought*, and watch my aſking *eye*?

Whether

Whether that bleſſing be deny'd, or giv'n,
Thus far, is right; the reſt belongs to heav'n.

Excuſe this, in a man who is weak and wounded, but not by his enemies, but for his friends. I wiſh you the continuance of all that is yet dear to you in life, and am truly, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr. POPE, *to* AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

Twickenham, Dec. 22, 1731.

I Thank you for your tragedy, which I have now read over a ſixth time, and of which I not only preſerve, but increaſe, my eſteem. You have been kind to this age, in not telling the next, in your preface, the ill taſte of the town, of which the reception you deſcribe it to have given of your play (worſe, indeed, than I had heard, or could have imagined) is a more flagrant inſtance than any of thoſe trifles mentioned in my epiſtle; which yet, I hear, the ſore vanity of our pretenders to taſte flinches at extremely.—The title you mention had been a properer to that epiſtle—I have heard no criticiſms about it, nor do I liſten after them; *Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil* (I mean, I think the verſes to be ſo): but as you are a man of tender ſentiments of honour, I know it will grieve you to hear another undeſervedly charged with a crime his heart is free from: for if there be truth in the world, I declare to you, I never imagined the leaſt application of what I ſaid of Timon could be made to the D. of Ch—s, than whom there is ſcarce a more blameleſs, worthy and generous, beneficent character, among all our nobility: and if I have not loſt my ſenſes, the town has loſt them, by what I heard ſo late, as but two days ago, of the uproar on this head. I am certain, if you calmly read every particular of that deſcription, you'll find almoſt all of them point-blank the reverſe of that perſon's Villa. It is an aukward thing for a man to print, in defence of his own work, againſt a chimæra: you know not who, or what, you fight againſt: the objections ſtart up in a new ſhape, like the armies and phantoms of magicians, and no weapon can cut a miſt, or a ſhadow. *Yet it would have been*

a pleaſure to me, to have found ſome friend ſaying a word in my juſtification, againſt a moſt malicious falſhood. I ſpeak of ſuch, as have known by their own experience, theſe twenty years, that I always took up their defence, when any ſtream of calumny ran upon them. If it gives the duke one moment's uneaſineſs, I ſhould think myſelf ill paid, if the whole earth admired the poetry; and believe me, would rather never have written a verſe in my life, than that any one of them ſhould trouble a truly good man. It was once my caſe before, but happily reconciled; and among generous minds nothing ſo endears friends, as the having offended one another.

I lament the malice of the age, that ſtudies to ſee its own likeneſs in every thing; I lament the dulneſs of it, that cannot ſee an excellence: the firſt is my unhappineſs, the ſecond yours. I look upon the fate of your piece, like that of a great treaſure, which is buried as ſoon as brought to light; but it is ſure to be dug up the next age, and enrich poſterity.

I have been very ſenſible, on theſe two occaſions, to feel them (as I have done) at a time, when I daily feared the loſs of (what is, and ought to be dearer to me than any reputation, *but that of a friend*, or than any thing of my own, *except my morals)* the loſs of a moſt tender parent—She is alive, and that is all! I have perceived my heart in this, and you may believe me ſincerely, &c.

LETTER VI.

5 Feby. 1730 ii.

From Mr. POPE, *to* AARON HILL, *Eſq*;

I MADE a ſtrong eſſay to have told you in perſon how very kindly I took your two laſt letters. The only hours I had in my power from a neceſſary care that brought me back immediately, I would have impoſed on you. It will pleaſe you to know the poor woman * is rather better, though it may be but like the improvement of a light on the end of a dying taper, which brightens a little before it expires —Your hint about my title *of falſe taſte*, you will ſee, is made uſe of in the ſecond edition. Your opinion alſo of

---

* His Mother.

my

my giving ſome public diſſent or proteſt againſt the ſilly malicious miſconſtruction of the town, I agree to; but I think no one ſtep ſhould be taken in it, but *in concert* with the Duke whom they injure. It will be a pleaſure felt by you, to tell you, his Grace has written to me the ſtrongeſt aſſurance imaginable of the rectitude of his opinion, and of his reſentment of that report, which to *him* is an *impertinence*, to *me* a *villainy*.

I am afraid of tiring you, and (what is your beſt ſecurity) I have not time to do it. I'll only juſt tell you, that many circumſtances you have heard, as reſemblances to the picture of Timon, are utterly inventions of lyars; the number of ſervants never was an hundred, the paintings not of Verrio or La Guerre, but Bellucci and Zaman; no ſuch buffet, manner of reception at the ſtudy, terras, *&c.* all which, and many more, they have not ſcrupled to forge, to gain ſome credit to the application: and (which is worſe) belied teſtimonies of noblemen, and of my particular friends, to condemn me. In a word, the malice is as great as the dulneſs, of my calumniators: the one I forgive, the other I pity, and I deſpiſe both. Adieu; the firſt day I am near you, I will find you out, and ſhew you ſomething you will like. My beſt good wiſhes are yours, and Miſs Urania's.

LETTER VII.

From Mr. POPE, *to* AARON HILL, *Eſq;*

June 2, 1738.

I SENT you as honeſt an anſwer as I could, to the letter you favoured me with; and am ſorry you imagine any *civil reproach*, or *latent meaning*, where I meant to expreſs myſelf with the utmoſt openneſs. I would aſſure you, if you pleaſe, by my oath, as well as my word, that I am in no degree diſpleaſed at any freedom you can take with me in a private letter, or with my writings in public. I again inſiſt, that you alter or ſoften no one criticiſm of yours in my favour; nor deprive yourſelf of the liberty, nor the world of the profit, of your freeſt remarks on my errors.

In what I ſaid, I gave you a true picture of my own heart, as far as I know it myſelf. It is true, I have ſhewn a *ſcorn* of ſome *writers*; but it proceeded from an experience

that they were bad men, or bad friends, or vile hirelings; in which caſe, their being authors did not make them, to me, either more reſpectable, or more formidable. As for any other pique, my mind is not ſo ſuſceptible of it as you have ſeemed, on each occaſion, too much inclined (I think) to believe. What may have ſometimes ſeemed a *neglect* of others, was rather a *lazineſs* to cultivate or contract new friends, when I was ſatisfied with thoſe I had; or when I apprehended their demands were too high for me to anſwer.

I thank you for the confidence you ſhew you have in me, in telling me what you judge amiſs in my *nature*. If it be (as you too partially ſay) my only fault, I might ſoon be a perfect character: for I would endeavour to correct this fault in myſelf, and intreat you to correct all thoſe in my writings; I ſee, by the ſpecimen you generouſly gave me in your late letter, you are able to do it; and I would rather owe (and *own* I owe) that correction to your friendſhip, than to my own induſtry.

For the laſt paragraph of yours, I ſhall be extremely ready to convey what you promiſe to ſend me, to my Lord B. I am in hopes very ſpeedily to ſee him myſelf, and will, in that caſe, be the bearer; if not, I ſhall ſend it, by the firſt ſafe hand, to him. I am truly glad of any occaſion of proving myſelf, with all the reſpect that is conſiſtent with ſincerity, Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. POPE, *to* AARON HILL, *Eſq*;

June 9, 1738.

THE favour of yours of May the 11th, had not been unacknowledged ſo long, but it reached me not till my return from a journey, which had carried me from ſcene to ſcene, *where Gods might wander with delight*. I am ſorry yours was attended with any thoughts leſs pleaſing, either from the conduct towards you of the world in general, or of any one elſe, in particular. As to the ſubject-matter of the letter, I found what I have often done in receiving letters from thoſe I moſt eſteemed, and moſt wiſhed to be eſteemed by; a great pleaſure in reading it, and a great inability to anſwer it. I can only ſay, you oblige me, in ſeeming ſo well to know

know me again; as one extremely willing that the free exerciſe of criticiſm ſhould extend over my own writings, as well as thoſe of others, whenever the public may receive the leaſt benefit from it; as I queſtion not they will a great deal, when exerted by you. I am ſenſible of the honour you do me, in propoſing to ſend me your work before it appears: if you do, I muſt inſiſt, that no uſe in my favour be made of that diſtinction, by the alteration or ſoftening of any cenſure of yours on any line of mine.

What you have obſerved in your letter I think juſt; only I would acquit myſelf in one point: I could not have the leaſt *pique* to Mr. Th. in what is cited in the treatiſe of the *Bathos* from the play which I never ſuppoſed to be his: he gave it as Shakeſpear's, and I take it to be of that age: and indeed the collection of thoſe, and many more of the thoughts cenſured there, was not made by me, but Dr. Arbuthnot.—I have had two or three occaſions to lament, that you ſeem to know me much better as a *poet*, than as a *man*. You can hardly conceive how little either pique or contempt I bear to any creature, unleſs for immoral or dirty actions: any mortal is at full liberty, unanſwered, to write and print of me as a poet, to praiſe me one year, and blame me another; only I deſire him to ſpare my character as an honeſt man, over which he can have no private, much leſs any public, right, without ſome perſonal knowledge of my heart, or the motives of my conduct: nor is it a ſufficient excuſe, to alledge he was *ſo* or *ſo informed*, which was the caſe with thoſe men.

I am ſincere in all I ſay to you, and have no vanity in ſaying it. You really over-value me greatly in my poetical capacity; and I am ſure your work would do me infinitely too much honour, even if it blamed me oftener than it commended: for the firſt you will do with lenity, the laſt with exceſs. But I could be glad to part with ſome ſhare of any good man's admiration, for ſome of his affection, and his belief that I am not wholly undeſerving to be thought, what I am to you.

APPENDIX, No. II.

A

LETTER

TO THE

EDITOR of the LETTERS

ON

The Spirit of PATRIOTISM,
The Idea of a PATRIOT-KING,

AND

The State of Parties, &c.

Occaſioned by the

EDITOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Is this my Guide, Philoſopher and Friend?
POPE to L. B.

Printed in the Year MDCCXLIX.

APPENDIX, No. II.

A

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LETTERS, &c.

SIR,

I Addreſs this to you, as to a perſon different from the *Author* of theſe *Letters*. My reſpect for L. B's character will not ſuffer me to think you the ſame. Your *Advertiſement* is the crudeſt and moſt unmanaged attack on the honour of his deceaſed friend; and he certainly was under all the tyes of that ſacred relation, to defend and protect it.

Your charge, againſt Mr. POPE, runs in theſe words, —" The original draughts [*of theſe letters*] were intruſted to " a man, on whom the author thought he might entirely " depend, after he had exacted from him, and taken his " promiſe, that they ſhould never go into any hands, ex- " cept thoſe of five or ſix perſons who were then named to " him. In this confidence, the author reſted ſecurely for " ſome years; and though he was not without ſuſpicion " that they had been communicated to more perſons than " he intended they ſhould be, yet he was kept, by repeated " aſſurances, even from ſuſpecting that any copies had gone " into hands unknown to him. But this man was no ſooner " dead, than he received information that an entire edition " of 1500 copies of theſe papers had been printed; that " this very man had corrected the preſs, and that he had " left them in the han ds of the Printer, to keep with great " ſecrecy

" ſecrecy till further orders. The honeſt printer kept his " word with him better than he kept his with his friend: " ſo that the whole edition came, at laſt, into the hands of " the author, except ſome few copies, which this perſon " had taken out of the heap, and carried away. Theſe are " doubtleſs the copies which have been handed about, not " very privately, ſince his death. The reſt were all de- " ſtroyed in one common fire.——By theſe copies it ap- " peared, that the man who had been guilty of this breach " of truſt, had taken upon him further to divide the ſubject, " and to alter and omit paſſages according to the ſuggeſtions " of his own fancy. What aggravates this proceeding ex- " tremely is, that the author had hold him, on ſeveral oc- " caſions, amongſt other reaſons, why he could not con- " ſent to the publication of theſe papers, that they had been " written in too much heat and hurry for the public eye.— " He chanced to know that ſcraps and fragments of theſe " papers had been employed to ſwell a monthly magazine, " and that the ſame honourable employment of them was " to be continued——The Editor, therefore, who has in " his hands the genuine copy——reſolved to publiſh it."

This is the charge. And with regard to the fact, that Mr. P. *did print an entire edition of Lord B's letters without his conſent*, it muſt, as far as I can ſee, be left uncontroverted. For the *man* accuſed is *dead*. He cannot ſpeak for himſelf; and his papers, which might have ſpoken for him, were all deviſed by the dying *man*, to the truſt and abſolute diſpoſal of his *noble friend*.

My complaint (and I perſuade myſelf all impartial men will join in it) is, that the charge is inforced with ſo unfriendly, nay ſo vindictive a ſeverity, that the public is even invited to think the worſt of the accuſed's *intention:* there being nothing ſo baſe, or ſo mean, which the terms of the accuſation will not juſtify them to infer from it.

Since, therefore, you have ſo far forgot the office of a fair accuſer, as not only to avoid aſſiſting the judgment of the tribunal, you appeal to, in the *nature* of the FACT; but to prefer your accuſation in ſuch terms as muſt neceſſarily miſlead it, let me be allowed to remind the public of what you have ſo diſingenuouſly omitted or diſguiſed. Which I ſhall do no otherwiſe, than by conſidering all the poſſible motives Mr. P. could have for this action, ſuppoſing it to have been committed in the manner charged upon him. For though the *motive* cannot ſo alter the nature of actions, as

to

to make that right, which is, in itſelf, wrong; yet it may alleviate the weight of the very worſt; it may make thoſe pardonable, which are confeſſedly bad; and give even a ſplendour to the obliquities of others which a truly generous mind would honour. Whether the fact in queſtion, admitting it to be faulty, be not of this laſt claſs, muſt be ſubmitted to the tribunal to which we now make our joint appeal.

In an offence of this kind, committed by *authors* againſt one another, the motive, that moſt readily occurs, is *plagiariſm:* ſo that one might ſuſpect this *breach of truſt* was accompanied with an intended violation of property; and that the offender propoſed aſſuming to himſelf the glory of his friend's performance; eſpecially as he took the liberties here complained of, *to divide the ſubject, and to alter and omit paſſages according to the ſuggeſtions of his own fancy.* But if, in criminal proceedings, it be held a ſatisfactory anſwer to the charge of a paultry theft, that the accuſed was immenſely rich, we ſhall need no other plea to acquit Mr. P. of this ſuſpicion. Beſides, the author of the *letters* was well known to all L. B's friends; the title-page of this ſurreptitious edition tells us, they were written by a *perſon of quality*; and the honeſt Printer himſelf knew the true author, as appears by his applying to L. B. with information of the 1500 copies.

As to any *lucrative* views; if Mr. P's beneficent temper, his generous contempt of money, which made him at ſeveral periods of his life refuſe an honourable penſion from miniſters of more than one denomination, and decline every other way of eſtabliſhing his fortune than by a noble appeal to the public taſte: if this, I ſay, will not acquit him of ſo mean a ſuſpicion, I might appeal to the very *circumſtances* of the fact itſelf. He prints, at a conſiderable expence, 1500 copies of an eighteen-penny pamphlet to lye in the Printer's warehouſe; and which, according to your own account, did actually lye there till his death. And what book? one, which of all the author's writings, was leaſt calculated to catch the public attention, (however this extraordinary *advertiſement* may now raiſe their curioſity) as the ſubject of it had been ſo often hacknied over, in the papers of the CRAFTSMAN. Had profit been his point, who can doubt but he had rather choſen ſome of L. B's HISTORICAL tracts, which he had equally in his poſſeſſion.

Leaſt

Leaſt of all will it be ſuſpected to have been done to injure L. B. in his fame or fortune; the book itſelf being manifeſtly calculated to ſupport both, by putting him in that light wherein he moſt affects to be ſeen, *a diſpaſſionate and diſintereſted lover of his country.* Had Mr. P. deſigned to hurt his eaſe or reputation, he would probably have enriched us with his PHILOSOPHICAL or THEOLOGICAL works, where his noble friend gives leſs quarter to religious prejudices, than, here, to political corruptions; and which, by their being kept unpubliſhed, deprive religion of one conſiderable advantage. A.

In a word, had Mr. P. been conſcious to himſelf of any low, oblique, or unfriendly motive, how happened it that, at his death, he choſe it ſhould come to the knowledge of his friend? That he did *choſe* it, is moſt certain. *His honeſt Printer*, you tell us, *faithfully kept his word with him.* His laſt illneſs was long and tedious, and known by him, as well as by his phyſicians, to be fatal. He might therefore have burnt theſe 1500 copies with a ſecrecy equal to the oſtentation with which they *were all deſtroyed in one common fire* by this DEPOSITARY of the writings and reputation of a man, whoſe laſt vows to heaven were for the proſperity of his ſurviving FRIEND.

But, if we allow the fact, ſome reaſon, after all, muſt be given for his committing it. We have ſhewn the high abſurdity of ſuppoſing it to be done on any of the motives already mentioned: which, indeed, only envy and malignity could ſuggeſt. One, only, remains: and happily, that one is what every man, at firſt ſight, muſt acknowledge to be the true; *An exceſſive and ſuperſtitious zeal for L. B's glory.* He paid, as all the world knows, a kind of idolatrous homage to the *divine Attributes* of his friend. And ſhould this be thought a folly by ſober admirers, (a ſtrange one it muſt appear to L. B. himſelf) yet, ſure his L—p, though the laſt in juſtice, ſhould be the firſt in pity, to forgive it.

He was not only the warmeſt advocate for his L—p's *private* and *public* virtues againſt his adverſaries, but even againſt himſelf. It was his common ſubject of complaint, amongſt his other friends, that L. B. was faultily negligent of his glory, even though the good of his country, and the happineſs of the world depended on its being ſeen in its full ſplendour. That, although he ſeemed to be ſent down hither by providence, from ſome higher ſphere, to be the conſervator of the *rights* and the *reaſon of* mankind, yet he ſuffered his

A. Warburton propoſed to add, "By this, the Public may believe, if they pleaſe, that the Writer of theſe Letters would have had much more ſatisfaction than his Lordſhip afforded him an opportunity of giving them the view of L. Bolingbroke's Philoſophy while he was alive to defend his own principles."

actions to be misrepresented, and his character to be blackened, when only shining out, and shewing himself as he was, would be fully sufficient to dispell all those dark mists of ignorance and envy. And this being of so important concern, was the reason, I suppose, why his friend chose to prevent the loss of these *letters*: This too, well accounts for his tempering the extreme brightness of them, so offensive to mere mortals, with that terrestrial mixture of his own. The very circumstance, which you, Sir, well express, where you say, *he had taken upon him, further to divide the subject, and to alter and omit passages, according to the suggestions of his own fancy.* And who knows but he might think himself something more than a *Porte-feuille* of his friend's papers, for he frequently told his acquaintance, (to whom I appeal on this occasion) that L. B. would, at his death, leave his writings to his disposal. A mutual confidence! which they placed in one another. But the execution of it on Mr. P's part, at the same time that it makes the story probable, prevents our having any written evidence of it. But concerning the particulars of those changes and interpolations, as the matter appears by the difference between the two editions, I shall say no more at present.

Having seen Mr. P's motive for *printing*, the reader may be curious to know when he thought of *publishing*. It could not be till he had the author's leave: that, the long detention of the pamphlet in the Printer's warehouse sufficiently evinces. It could not be in expectation of the author's death: that, the great disparity in the chance of survivorship will not allow us to suppose. Besides, (and let this, as it is sufficient, decide the matter) To what purpose was the expence of printing, and the hazard of secreting an edition projected *now*, when he would have had it equally in his power, if that event happened, to do it then? We have nothing left, even on your own state of the case, but to believe that he expected (as he used to tell his friends) very speedily to obtain L. B's concurrence. What grounds he had for such expectation, the *prudent* disposition of his MS. papers will not permit us to say.

The too eager pursuit then of his friend's glory being his only motive for this presumptuous liberty (a truth so evident, that I am persuaded Mr. P. has not a single friend or acquaintance remaining who does not as firmly believe it as that L. B. wrote the *letters*, and that Mr. P. committed them

to

to the preſs) ſince this, I ſay, is the caſe, his L—p's known *virtue* will never ſuffer me to ſuppoſe that you, Sir, and the author of theſe *letters* can be the ſame perſon. His known *wiſdom* would leſs endure ſuch an imputation. Whatever you, Sir, may think, his L—p's glory will never ſtand brighter with poſterity than in the lines of this immortal poet. So that to defile the mirror, which holds his L—p up, by a kind of *magic* virtue, to the admiration of all times and places, would indeed ſhew him more *detached from the world, and indifferent to cenſure*, than even you, his apologiſt, think fit to repreſent him. It muſt ſurely be ſome *ſtrong neceſſity* that could induce his Lordſhip to be thus acceſſary to his own undoing, that is, undoing the charm which his poetical friend had worked ſo high. And yet your *advertiſement* ſupplies neither him nor your reader with any excuſe of this nature. You thought fit, I will ſuppoſe, that ſome reaſon ſhould be given for your publication of the *letters*. But had not your Bookſeller done this for you already, when he ſo often told the public, that it was *to prevent their being impoſed on by a ſpurious and mangled edition, of which one or two ſcraps had appeared in a* MAGAZINE? Poſſibly you will ſay, the reader might expect to know how they came there. If it was really your intention to ſatisfy him at any one's expence beſides Mr. P.'s, why did you not ſeek out and detect the man ingaged in that *honourable employment*, as by a proper irony you call it? Sure it was no difficult matter: for you tell us, again, that ſome of the copies *had been handed about not very privately* ſince Mr. P.'s death. Beſides, the law would have obliged the proprietor of the *Magazine* to diſcover from whom he had received his ſtoln-goods. Why then ſo much tenderneſs for him, who manifeſted his deſign by *publiſhing*, and ſo little for him, who only gave ſuſpicion of it, by *printing?* Or did the ORDER OF THINGS, which, indeed, (in Mr. P.'s language of his L——p) was here violated, require, that vengeance ſhould purſue, and trace up the crime, to the original offender; who had ſo audaciouſly ſtretched his hand to the forbidden tree, and gathered, without leave, of the knowledge of political good and evil. Or if the ſeverity of juſtice required even this; was it not enough to ſay, that the miſchief came firſt from Mr. P. by his giving abroad too many copies; without telling their COMMON ENEMIES, that he had printed *fifteen hundred?* For it came not from

theſe

theſe 1500, (which, you own, *were all deſtroyed in one common fire)* but from a ſtraggling copy which eſcaped that deſtruction. As this brand therefore on Mr. POPE's memory was needleſs, it could not come from the hand of his *noble friend.*

But whatever high notions I myſelf may have of L. B. I am not ſo vain to think my readers muſt needs ſubſcribe to them. They may, for ought I know, believe you and him to be one and the ſame. And then, I am half afraid, even his character, great as it is, will not ſecure him from their cenſure. Are the laws of friendſhip then ſo weak, may ſome of them be apt to ſay, are its bonds ſo ſlight, that *one* imprudent action committed againſt the *humour* of a friend, in a miſtaken fondneſs for his glory which came near to adoration, that *one* ſuch ſhall obliterate the whole merit of a life of ſervice, flowing from the warmeſt heart that the paſſion of friendſhip ever took poſſeſſion of? Obliterate, will they ſay, nay purſue, with inexorable vengeance, the poor delinquent to the foot of the moſt mercileſs tribunal; *that* PUBLIC, *one* part of which he had much offended by a vigorous war upon the general profligacy of manners; *another*, much more offended by the inſufferable ſplendor of his talents; and a third, and that no ſmall nor inconſiderable part, by his over zealous attachment to his very ACCUSER. Unhappy Poet! will they ſay, who has received the only wound to his honour from the hand of that friend, whoſe reputation he had, for many years, ſingly ſupported againſt an almoſt univerſal prejudice. But more unhappy ill-ſtarred FRIENDSHIP, if theſe be thy iniquitous conditions! Who after this ſhall ſeek, in thee, a ſolace for the cares of private life; or believe thee to be, what thy Partiſans have ſo often boaſted in thy favour, the pureſt and largeſt ſource of *public virtue?* Never, after this, wilt thou be thought deſerving of honeſter or better followers than MODERN PATRIOTS. For where true love of our country is, there, friendſhip wears a different face. At ſuch time it has been known, that when real and repeated injuries had torn in ſunder a well united friendſhip, the *death* of one of the parties has buried every paſt reſentment, and revived, in the boſom of the other, all his ancient tenderneſs: as if the refined and defecated paſſions of him, who had ſhaken off mortality, had, by that divine ſympathy of affections which lives between friends, communicated of its virtue to the

ſurvivor. Nay I have heard, ſome where or other, of a MAN *, who, when his dying friend, at the inſtigation, and to quiet the impotent paſſions, of another; (for what generous mind has not been deceived by ill-placed friendſhips?) had inſerted an unkind clauſe concerning him in his laſt will, took no other revenge for a folly ſo unprovoked, than by doubling the legacy which his deceaſed friend had left to an old faithful ſervant, becauſe he the ſurvivor deemed it to be too little.

But the greateſt have their weakneſſes. A French author, I have ſome time read, who has given us a hiſtory of the *Hermetick philoſophy*, brings almoſt every great name into the number of his Alchemiſts. He gives them all their due, but concludes every various eulogium alike——"now "his folly was in hoping to *extract gold from baſer metals.*" And may we not, after all the good that may be ſaid of our illuſtrious poet, (and there are few of whom ſo much can be *juſtly* ſaid) lament, that the folly which ran through his whole life was, in trying to *extract friendſhip out of politics?*

However, Sir, let the world talk as it may: I muſt ſtill perſiſt in thinking, that that noble perſon had no hand in your *Advertiſement*. On this firm aſſurance, it will be ſaid, perhaps, I might have left it to its own fortune, as not at all likely to miſlead poſterity; while it repreſents Mr. P. as mean, low, intereſted and perfidious, whoſe nature, if I were to define it, ſhould be done by the ſingle word FRIENDSHIP; ſo pure and ſo warm was the ray of that ſacred paſſion which animated, and governed all his faculties. But when I conſider how light a matter very often ſubjects the beſt eſtabliſhed characters to the ſuſpicions of poſterity, poſterity, often as malignant to virtue, as the age that ſaw it in its inſufferable glory; and how ready ſuch poſterity is to catch at a low revived ſlander, which the times that brought it forth ſaw deſpiſed and forgotten in its birth, I cannot but think it deſerving a remark. Theſe *letters*, Sir, of your publiſhing, afford us an indignant inſtance. The chaſtity of the *firſt* Scipio Africanus, in the caſe of the Spaniſh captive, was as celebrated, and as notorious as Mr. P's friendſhip for L. B. But one Valerius Antias (for calumny and hiſtory, the Oldmixon of Rome) made no ſcruple to aſſert, that far from reſtoring the fair Spaniard to her fa-

* Mr. Allen.

mily,

mily, he debauched and kept her. One would have hoped ſo mean a ſlander might have ſlept forgotten in the dirty corner of a poor pedant's * common-place. And yet we ſee it quoted as a fact †, by an inſtructor of Kings. Who knows, but that at ſome happy time or other, when a writer wants to prove, that real friendſhip becomes a great man as little as real chaſtity ‡, this *Advertiſement* of yours may be advanced to the ſame dignity of credit with the calumny of Valerius Antias? If it ſhould, I would not undertake to diſpute the fact itſelf, on which ſuch an inference might be made; for I remember Tully, a great ſtateſman himſelf,

* Agellius.

† "Now the reputation of the firſt Scipio was not ſo clear and "uncontroverted in *private* as in public life; nor was he allowed "by all to be a man of ſuch ſevere virtue as he affected, and as "that age required. Nævius was thought to mean him in ſome "verſes Gellius has preſerved. And Valerius Antias made no "ſcruple to aſſert, that far from reſtoring the fair Spaniard to her "family, he debauched and kept her. Notwithſtanding this, "what authority did he not maintain? in what eſteem and ve-"neration did he not live and die?" p. 204. of *the idea of a patriot-king*.

The Words of Nævius are theſe,

Etiam qui res magnas manu ſæpe geſſit glorioſe,
Cujus facta viva nunc vigent; qui apud gentes ſolus
Præſtat: eum ſuus pater cum pallio uno ab amica abduxit.

Theſe obſcure verſes were, in Gellius's opinion, the ſole foundation of Antias's calumny, againſt the univerſal concurrence of hiſtorians. *His ego verſibus credo adductum Valerium Antiatem adverſum ceteros omnes ſcriptores de Scipionis moribus ſenſiſſe*, l. 6. c. 8. And what he thought of this hiſtorian's modeſty and truth, we may collect from what he tells us of him in another place, where, having quoted two tribunitial decrees, which he ſays he tranſcribed from *Records*, [*ex annalium monumentis*] he adds, that Valerius Antias made no ſcruple to give the lye to them in public. *Valerius autem Antias, contra hanc decretorum memoriam contraque auctoritates veterum annalium——dixit, &c.* l. 7. c. 19. And Livy in his 36 B. quoting this Antias for the particulars of a victory, ſubjoins, concerning the number ſlain, *ſcriptori parum fidei ſit, quia in eo augendo non alius intemperantior eſt.* And he that will amplify on one occaſion, will diminiſh on another; for it is the ſame intemperate paſſion that carries him indifferently to either.

‡ See p. 201. of the Idea of a Patriot-King.

long ago obſerved, *Veræ amicitiæ difficillime reperiuntur in iis qui in republica verſantur.*

In concluſion, what we may learn from the moral of the tale is this, that exceſs, though in the ſocial paſſions, lays us more open to *popular cenſure* than even the total want of them: becauſe ſuch exceſſes often produce effects that low minds cannot underſtand; or if they could, they would ſtill want hearts warm enough to confeſs the value of them.

I am,

SIR,

&c.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

P. 7. l. 16. for *lex*, read, *les*.
53. — in the note—for *two*, read *four*.
58. l. 8. for *comprehenſion*, read *comprehenſive*.
60. l. 2. dele *perfect*.
67. l. 21. for *diſtinguiſhable*, read *diſtinguiſhed*.
106. l. 9. dele *it*.
133. l. 6. for *eſſay*, read *elegy*.
135. l. 17. for, *he fancies to behold*, read *in fancy he beholds*.
139. penult—for *figure*, read *image*.
142. line the laſt of the note, for *faction*, read *party*.
212. l. 8. for *account*, read *accident*.
353. line the laſt—read *moſt of the firſt characters*.
356. l. 6. for *taking*, read *having*.
382. antepenult—for *of*, read *or*.
396. l. 15. after *obligation to*, add *thank*.